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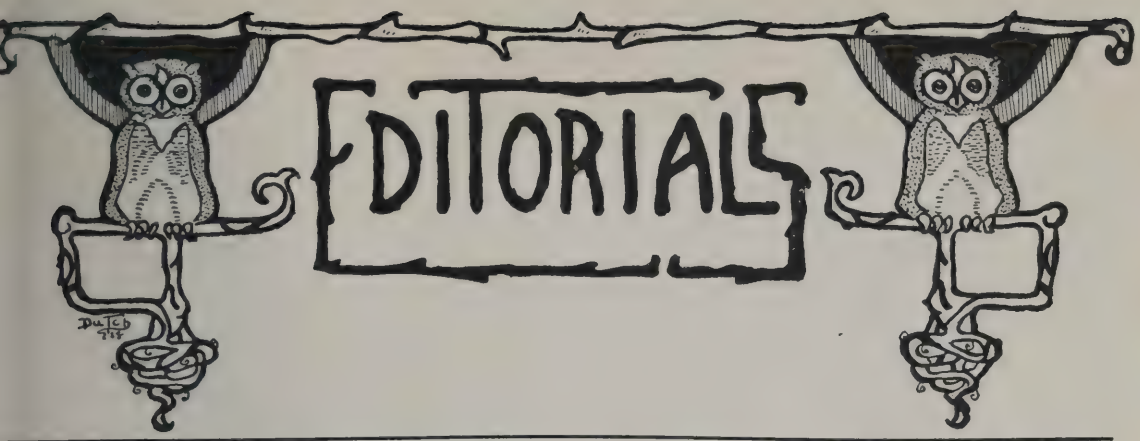
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Vita sine literas mors est

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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Co-operation

It has been customary for the first number of the **Review**, each year, to contain an appeal for the support and co-operation of the student body.

To some people, this may seem useless repetition. It may be useless for it may bring no results; but, I ask you earnestly, desiring suggestions, what else is there to do? Every paper needs co-operation more than anything else to make it a success.

Sometimes, it is the fault of the paper itself that it does not get the support of the student body. It does not present definite ways for the students to help. And so we offer the following suggestions:

Subscribe yourself and get others to do likewise. Without funds there can be no school paper and the funds are chiefly supplied by subscriptions.

Get advertisements, or, if you cannot do that, by patronizing the firms that do advertise, you will be helping others to get ads. Surely, we owe a little gratitude, which we can show in this way, to those business men who are willing to advertise in our paper.

Offer contributions. Particularly do we desire articles for the literary department and really good class notes. We want funny things that really happen, for they do happen every day.

And lastly, get your contributions in by the time specified. We must publish five issues at least. That is what you pay for. In order to do that, the time schedule set by the Review Board must be kept.

The paper must have co-operation for its success. And unless it gives an opportunity for co-operation it is a failure, for that is its purpose.

Do you want it to be a success?
Of course. Then co-operate!

Mr. Durrell

You have all heard of the Durrell cups but perhaps you do not know so much about the giver of these cups, Mr. Harry Clarke Durrell, a graduate of the school.

The other day, we were talking with Mr. Durrell and felt that more of the students should know about him and the work he is doing for the C. H. L. S.

So we started by asking him about the many cups he is offering. "Oh, yes," he said, "I am giving cups but I don't know just how many or what for. Somebody calls me up and says they want a cup for something and I give it to them of course. I'll give you anything you want. But let me see, there are the tennis cups for boys and girls. I haven't heard from the boys about theirs lately. And then there's the cup awarded to the winning class in the girls' gymnastic meet. I haven't heard anything about that lately either.

"Also there are the cups given at the prize debate each year. Each member of the winning team gets a cup and then their names are engraved on a larger cup which is kept by the school.

"Then I am offering up in Arlington, a cup for a girls' field hockey league. In it are girls from the Arlington, Waltham and one or two other high schools. Of course you can join if you ever organize a team."

How about it, girls?

Mr. Durrell then kindly offered a few valuable suggestions for the **Review** and complimented the excellent work done by the staff last year.

As he left he said, "But, I'm right there heart and soul in anything you do." Thank you, Mr. Durrell!

SCHOOL NOTES

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL.

The musical organizations of the school, under the leadership of Mr. Whorisky, have begun a year which they hope to make the most important and successful of their respective careers. There is splendid material in the school, and a little enthusiasm will help to make of this material a musical department of which the school may be proud.

The orchestra has been divided into two sections. The Thursday orchestra is the larger body and will receive the same interest and attention from Mr. Whorisky as will the Friday one, which is, however, on account of its size, a more manageable unit and will therefore be used in the answering of outside calls. Notwithstanding the coolness which has hitherto been shown towards it, and in spite of the scepticism which has been made evident as to its ability, the school orchestra is sure to become a model of its kind, if one may judge from the work it is doing at present.

In the choir there are thirty members. The work of this organization is well known, because it leads the chorus at assembly. But it needs more members. There are plenty of people in the school who can easily help to swell the numbers of the choir, for it is hardly representative of so large a body as the High and Latin School.

The most serious proposition which the school must face is the Boys' Glee Club. In this are nineteen boys. All efforts to secure recruits have thus far been unsuccessful. In 1915 our Boys' Glee Club won a cup in a contest with Rindge. To keep this trophy they must be victorious in three trials out of five. The fact that our school holds the cup is as sore a point with Rindge as is the victory which our football team gained over them last year. The very boys who are training on the gridiron are also flocking to the Glee Club, which already numbers one hundred and sixteen, and are planning to challenge our boys for the cup. Anyone can see the result of so unequal a contest. The cup will be taken from our school, and once away, it will not be easy to regain. There is just one way to prevent this, and that is to rally to the Glee Club and help it to hold the laurels which it has already gained.

Last year all the organizations united to give the comic opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore." This performance was as successful as Mr. Whorisky had hoped; and this year he will continue his splendid work by presenting the "Mikado." This is an opera which is superior to the "Pinafore," and it is hoped that it will be even more successful.

The thing which is needed in the musical departments of this school is support. Your school spirit should no more allow your Boys' Glee Club, as it stands, to encounter Rindge than it would allow you to send forth a faulty football team for the same purpose. You should stand behind the "Mikado" with the same enthusiasm with which you support your Senior Drama or your Get-together Day. If now and then the musical organizations do not reach your standard, do not leave the members to feel that they have failed; but help them to retrieve themselves by showing that you are with them.

Claire Wait, 1919.

DEBATING

As all other school activities, debating has started this year with a rush. There is an unprecedented interest in this activity which is sure to make this one of the best years in this respect the school has ever enjoyed. With three members, or one-half of last year's debating team back again and such an enthusiastic number of underclassmen, our prospects for success in interscholastic debating is indeed very bright.

This year an organization has been formed, called the C. H. L. S. Debating Association, in which there are four branches each branch representing one class. A member from each branch has been elected to represent it in the Debating Council of the school. This Council is to be at the head of all debating activities. Besides the four class representatives, there will also be in the Council the four boys who will direct the "Lyceum," a paper which is to be edited by the Debating Association. The members of the council are: Harry V. Goodwin (president), George A. McLaughlin, Robert Bennink, David Dow, Maynard Lawrence, Edward A. Sawin, Paul Rowe, Fred Lamkin.

A prize speaking contest will take place among the members of the Association in

which two cups will be awarded to the best two speakers. This will be held in the Hall either directly before the Christmas vacation or soon after it. There will be trial prior to this event in which three boys will be chosen from each of the four branches of the Association to represent it in the final contest. It is expected that an unusual number will compete and it will be good practice for those who expect to contest for the Liberty Medal next spring.

There has seldom been a year when the lower classmen took a greater interest in debating. Already there has been a debate between the Freshmen and the Sophomores on October 17, on the question, Resolved: That college property used for college purposes should be taxed. The Freshmen who upheld the affirmative were Duchin, Dow and Drake, while the Sophomores depended upon R. Fitzgerald, A. King, and Bunyon to present the negative. Duchin and Fitzgerald had the rebuttal for their respective teams. After a short discussion the judges awarded the decision to the Sophomores. It is important that the lower classmen, especially, should have a little practice before the trials for the school team; so this little skirmish came at a very opportune time. Harry Goodwin coached the Freshmen, while George McLaughlin assisted the Sophomores.

As for school debates, it is hoped that we will have at least four, with as many as possible of these here. A committee consisting of Goodwin (chairman), McLaughlin, and Sawin, have been appointed to arrange interscholastic debates. Arlington, Lexington, Lowell, Quincy, and Winthrop have been written to, and we expect some very exciting and interesting debates to follow. As Quincy gave us the short end of one of the two debates with her last year, we are particularly anxious to have at least one with her this year. Arlington and Lowell have already expressed their willingness to debate with us.

The Durrell Cup Debate will in all probability take place some time in February. This has been one of the most popular debates in the school year and we have every reason to expect it will continue to be so this year. This cup was given by Mr. Durrell a number of years ago, and each year the number of the winning team have their names inscribed upon it and also receive individual cups.

With such prospects ahead, we may well look forward to a most successful and active year for debating.

G. A. A. NOTES

On Friday, September 26, Mr. Cleveland called a mass meeting in the Latin hall of all girls taking gym. "All girls taking gym" meant a baby army. As we watched them rushing toward the hall the most expressive thing that could be said was, "And still they come." Finally quiet reigned, and Mr. Cleveland took the floor. He told us not to confuse the department of Physical Education and the G. A. A. This was done to avoid misunderstanding. He does not mean that the G. A. A. will not continue to work with and for the department of Physical Education as it has always done. Whom should we behold next but Miss Brown, who was fittingly greeted with an enthusiastic cheer. She told us how the organization started and what it has accomplished in the past. Miss Lillian Gay, our president, made some dates for all of us. In other words she gave a program for this year. Things are starting early, and they are going to keep on happening. That is to be expected with our ambitious officers.

And girls, don't forget the G. A. A. office, to the right of the stage in the Latin hall. For six years the G. A. A. has wandered about with no real home, but now Mr. Cleveland, realizing the needs of a growing child has given it a place of its own. The G. A. A. thanks him for this.

THE HALLIG.*

Paul J. W. Pigors.

Where the rolling waves lose themselves in the distant horizon, and the noisy scavengers of the sea follow the sea-bound ocean steamer, and dear little islands are strung like pearls along the rugged coast,—there is my home. Weatherbeaten oaks surround the little thatched fisherman's cottages, protecting them from the fierce nordwester. Unceasingly the waves lap against the sloping shore, giving and taking, but taking far more.

Great towering clouds, arising in the south, bring favorable wind. Then the little fishing boats leap about and tear impatiently at their moorings. Broad shouldered men bring nets and oars, and soon the horizon is dotted with tiny sails, jumping playfully from one choppy wave to the other. Then they are lost behind the heaving water, and drag the nets across the shoal, reaping a bounteous harvest.

A tiny wisp of smoke emerges from the chimney and dissolves in the hurrying wind. The busy women at home find work without end; and while the gray bearded granddaddy sits mending a net or building a toy boat, they cook, mend, and look after the house and small farm.

The little children play on the glistening beach, watching each wave attempting to overrun the island and break unsuccessfully. Joyously they follow each retreating wave and screaming escape the mad onrush of the next. Richly laden with treasures which the sea offered, the youngsters return home and cluster around the cheering fire, listening to the old mariner tell of adventurous voyages with his Clipper, the "Albatros."

The sea gulls fly inland screeching and circle over the island. The wind suddenly changes and ominous clouds gather in the west. The playful waves rise higher and higher, and instead of the glorious sunshine, a deathly pall hangs over the trees. The rising storm whips the rolling waves, which rear up like spirited horses and shake their splendid manes. With flying froth they advance toward the island, and envelop the slender lighthouse, which stands on the extreme end of the breakwaters, with spraying foam. Furious clouds flee before the rushing storm, which shakes the gnarled limbs of the old oaks. With flapping skirts and flying hair the women anxiously face the wind, shading their eyes, looking seaward for their loved ones. Silently their lips move.

There they come! Little reefed blotches of sails rise on the onrushing waves, and disappear in the swirling valleys. Will they rise again? With beating hearts they stare and watch. Giddily the rising boats poise on the top of the spraying foam and leap across the yawning gulfs.

The fishermen stand with steady eyes by the wheel. Like hungry wolves the waves leap at the frail crafts only to sink back, unsuccessful. The storm howls and plays a weird melody on the shivering ropes of the tense crafts. Now a boat is thrown on its side, it careens far over, and—after a breathless moment rights itself, leaving a seething, swirling streak behind. The skipper makes for the sheltering harbor. One by one the boats pass by the red buoy, that tears mightily at its anchor and tolls the warning bell. Soon they reach the sheltering breakwaters and run up to their moorings. Sixteen went out and only fourteen return. Silently the two women stand and watch. Their faces are set and no tears enter their eyes. They wait in vain.

Long ago the returned men have entered their homes and now rest by the cheerful, crackling fire. The lighthouse points its ghostly finger into the black void; the wind howls mournfully; and only two widows stand on the strand.

*An island deposited by the sea.

A PIECE OF BUNTING.

Pauline F. Goodrich, '20

On a Christmas morning, many years ago I stood upon the deck of a merchant-man, in the harbor of Cadiz, in Spain.

The cathedral and convent bells were ringing out their carols, in commemoration of that event, which, two thousand years ago brought tiding of peace on earth and good will to men. As I leaned on the taff-rail, infused with the glamour of youth, enveloped in the Indian-summer haze of that delicious atmosphere which predisposes the most stolid to revery, I gazed upon the beautiful town, that rose like a city of pearl from the sea, and mused.

I could hardly realize my own identity; that I, a boy born and reared on the margin of the Great Lakes, was floating on the same waters that had borne the Phoenician fleets three thousand years ago. Here I was looking on a city contemporary with Carthage, which was old before Rome was born. On the distant mountain side I could see the towers of Ronda, where Julius Caesar had fought a pitched battle of which he said that, although he had fought many times for victory, he had fought but once for his life, and here was the spot. And too, Hannibal had here probably stopped when starting on that march which was to end only in Rome's abasement or her triumph.

I thought of the advent of Christanity, and the dethronement of the idols of Baal; of Roderick, the last of the Goths, and his fateful love; of the coming of the Moors, and of the empire they reared; of the sorrows of Boabdil, the man without a country—the king without a throne. As these imaginings floated across my brain as pinnacles before a soft south wind, a strain of music struck upon my ear. As its cadences floated across the tremulous floor of the sea, it sounded wondrously familiar. It was our national hymn. I turned, and there, thank God! our flag was flying at the peak of a man-of-war. A great lump rose in my throat, great drops rolled down my cheeks, I reached out my arms as if to enfold it. What to me were the historic scenes of Spain, and its fables; what its olive trees and acacias; what was Xerxes, Saguntum, the Alhambra, or the Guadalquiver? Yet, to one who knew not its significance, it was but a piece of bunting with hues harmoniously blended, not half so attractive as a painting or a landscape; but no Murillo nor the Gardens of Atlantis could have awakened any such emotions in my breast.

What was it that endowed it with such power? To every American's eye that flag spelled—freedom; and in each chord of that loved hymn could be heard—freedom. It was the emblem of all I held dear on earth. It was home, country, power, protection, inspiration, restraint, society in solitude,. wealth in poverty. From it, as from a camera, were thrown visions of those I loved, of the beautiful city where I was born, of my companions in the streets, of the primeval forests of my State, of the environing lakes, of my country and its happy homes, of America, the great!

PROHIBITION—EVEN IN THE BEGINNING.

By Sartesan, Scribe to the King

Translated from the original cuneiform writings.

Now had the Lord of the Moon and Stars, and Shaker of the Earth, even the most marvelous, powerful, merciful and dread King Mim-tozo of the Babylonians, given a feast. Near the wine jars stood the captain of the guards communing with himself in this wise:

"My Lord the King keeps very good wines. And very fond am I of good wines, sweet and red. Now, shall I taste, or stand by and refrain?"

And he did taste.

Now was wine very pleasing to the Captain, and again did he taste the wines. And a wondrous thing it was that he tasted no more, but yet did reel and stagger, yea, like unto one who hath had more than but two tastes of red wine.

But many others were also merry of heart from the laughing cup; so was he not noticed, and went he forth, but none marked him.

Now, though he had laughed right merrily before, black-robed Sorrow laid her hand upon him, and the strong man wept. And so he passed the stall of the Sacred Bull, an animal white as the sands of the desert, whom the Prince of the Temple

served. And the Captain beheld this Bull through his tears and spake, saying, "Ah, thou poor creature, miserable wretch, that cannot taste of freedom. I weep most earnestly for thee."

And this he did: he loosened the bars of the door, and drew forth the Sacred Bull, crying out in this manner, "I risk my life for thee, dove of my heart, my fairy." And he brake into loud laughter, and sat himself down, and fell asleep, even in the mire of the courtyard, beside the stall of the Sacred Bull.

But the bull went forth into the night, and roved about, seeing many things, but went ever towards the halls, towards the blazing lights and sweet music. And when he had passed the wide-open brazen doors Nemah, the Bull, gazed upon the revelers; and they, such as were not sleeping, were upon the tables and dancing. Then came he upon the wine jars.

Now the wine jars were of hard clay, painted skillfully in divers colors. Therefore was Nemah wroth, and went upon them and brake them, and did drink of the red wine that flowed forth.

Now, forsooth, became he happy, bellowing and running about right oddly. Out into the streets of the city went Nemah, the Bull of the Temple, reeling, and all who beheld him were full of fear; yea, the warriors and the women, for, saith they, speaking truly—

"Lo! Is this the manner in which the Sacred Bull is wont to act? Has some god entered his heart? And how hath he come forth from the temple?"

In the city was great terror, and no one might pass down the Avenue of Stone Shafts, for in the center of the way lay Nemah, the Sacred Bull, and none might move him nor touch him, none save Tohah, the Chief Priest. Such was the sacred law.

Nor had Tohah of the Long Robes, Keeper of the Sacred Wand, been at the feast, and was even now lying in dreamless sleep, that he might put from him the heat of the wine; and who might wake him?

Then came the merchants together and communed with one another, saying—

"Lo, this Bull lieth in the main way, and no one may pass there, and much goods shall we lose. But who ruleth the heavens and the earth but Mim-tozo, King of the Babylonians? And doth he not rule this Bull? Wherefore let us cast up to show our woeful loss, and send the reckoning to Mim-tozo."

"But let us use other streets and ways until this Bull be moved, that we not lose, but gain."

When the King Mim-tozo, of the Babylonians, saw the reckoning, which was eight hundred and fifty pieces of gold, he arose in mighty wrath, crying out—

"Now shall this Bull, this emptier of my treasury, be slain! Yea, verily, though he be a thousand Sacred Bulls."

And so it was. Thus did wine take the life of the Sacred Bull.

But that no more such drains might be upon his treasury, Mim-tozo, great ruler, sent forth an edict into the land, that none, save they of royal birth and blood, should either buy or sell, make or carry, wines, not in the whole land, north, south, east, nor west.

And as it is written so it is.

Alma F. Blinn, 1923.

MORNING AND EVENING

Lois Henderson

I

'Tis dawn! The rosy clouds glow in the sky!
The sun, a ball of fire red, is not yet high,
The ocean sparkles; lifts the mist from
islands far away;
The morning star fades from the east,
And now 'tis day!

II

Twilight! The golden sun drops in the west
'Mid clouds of deepest crimson to its rest.
Like silver falls the dew upon the cobweb's
fragile weave.
The birds, their vespers sun, are still..
And now 'tis eve.

THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM

By a Post-Graduate

There are customs in the school,
There is many and many a rule,
That we never even think of disobeying.
But yet we have a feeling,
When our muddled brains are reeling
With the learned rigmaroles that we've been saying,
That the privilege and pleasure
(And we ought to get full measure)
Of the post-grad really are fictitious.
For talking we are chidden,
Even whispering is forbidden,
And other things that surely aren't as vicious.
We are stopped from luncheons munching,
And delicious apples crunching.
(We have no vulgar taste for chewing gum).
We are told to wait and study,
To be like everybody,
And not to eat till recess time has come.
We've had a reputation
That gave the wrong relation
Between us and the things that we can do.
And now I've tried to demonstrate
How narrow is a post-grad's fate,
That the stories of our privileges aren't true.
N'est-ce pas?

"A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME—"

Lois Henderson

As she closed her eyes, she imagined the well kept green lawn sloping upward from the silvery ribbon of water to the frowning gray wall where climbed the fragrant rose in the month of June. She buried a dreamy smile in the silken cushion, then lifted her eyes to the starry sky where she saw the golden moon peeping from behind the whispering pine tree which for so many years had stood like a lonely sentinel guarding her tower.

Through the still night air came a clear whistle whose sweet note stirred her heart 'til it beat harder, louder,—thumping in her ears. Rising with a languid air, she crossed the velvet rug to the French window opening upon the balcony. Gliding, gliding up the river came a light canoe paddled by a handsome young gallant. Even now the girl could hardly restrain her desire to run down the steps and across the dewy green to him who came to her this lonely night in a little birch canoe. (She had known he would come—he had promised. And during the whole long evening she had sat upon a gilded chair beside the great piano in the spacious music room. With folded hands and unheeding ears she had listened to the conversation of her family and friends who were visiting the mansion, thinking not of them but of this long-anticipated moment which at last had come.)

Now as she smiled up at the moon, she turned the diamond upon her finger at the same time whispering: "That he may bring the token of the springtime!" Down on the bank far below her balcony was drawn up the birch canoe, and now the paddler bounded lightly over the greensward, in a moment standing beneath the rose vine. At a nod of permission from her, he had cleared the steps with a bound, kissed her hand, and with a courteous bow had presented a bunch of shy sweet violets tied with a grass ribbon.

"I found them," he said, "and as I always have done, I have brought them to

you—the first flowers of Spring."

"Many thanks to thee, Douglas," she replied softly. "I shall place them before thy portrait. The morrow will bring thee and me happily together at my mother's garden fete."

A graceful bow of assent, and he was gone as quickly as he had come.

.

"Go 'long wid ye, Mary O'Leary! 'Tis dreaming ye are!"

She buried a wistful smile in the patchwork quilt; then lifted her glance to the hazy sky where she saw the misty moon peeping above the table cloth which hung, like a weary sentinel guarding her hall bedroom, on Bridget Ryan's clothes-line.

Through the smoky night air came a shrill, harsh whistle stirring her heart till it beat harder, louder,—thumping in her ears. Jumping up hastily, she ran across the rag carpet to the narrow window leading out to the fire-escape. Tipping from one side to another came a battered old tin bathtub paddled by a freckled-faced Irish boy. Even now the girl could hardly restrain her desire to jump from the fire-escape and run across the muddy flats to him who came to her upon this foggy night in a battered old tin bathtub. (She had known he would come—he had promised; and during the whole long evening she had sat on a three-legged stool in the corner of the kitchen knitting green stockings for her brother Patrick, as she listened indifferently to the gossip of her mother and a neighbor who had dropped in to discuss the price of sausages. With busy fingers she had sat thinking not of them or their chatter but of that long-anticipated moment which at last had come.)

Now as she smiled up at the moon, she turned the brass ring on her finger, at the same time whispering: "Here's hoping he'll bring 'em tonight!" Down on the flats below the fire escape, the bath-tub boat was drawn up noisily and the paddler ran awkwardly over the mud to the back fence. Without her permission, he swung himself up among the debris to the fire escape. Knocking over an ash can as he did so, he presented to her with a bashful grin a handful of wilted dandelions tied with a bit grimy string.

"I'm after finding 'em," he said. "And loike I always done, I'm afther bringing 'em to you—the first flowers of Spring!"

"Many thanks to ye, Timmy," she whispered softly. "I'll be afther putting 'em in a cream jar under yer snap-shot on my bureau. And I'll be seeing ye tomorrow at the 'Toime' me mother's givin'."

With a jerk of his head by way of assent, he was gone as quickly as he had come.

Lois Henderson.

LUNAE DEA

Ruth M. Niles '20

Just at the close of twilight,
When the birds' vesper hymns are done,
And the flowers nod their sweet good-night,
I come in the trail of the sun.

I watch o'er the dreaming children;
I disperse every care of day;
I soothe the weary at heart to rest;
Till morn comes, and I flee away.

Thus ever I go on my journey,
Shedding my tranquil light;
Through spring, summer, winter and autumn,
I reign—the goddess of night!

THE COLONEL'S MOMENT

Edith Craig '23

When a minister composes his sermon, he generally—though not always, I have found—brings forward some moral, to illustrate the point he is attempting to make, he sometimes tells a story. Some moral has perforce crept into it, which may enlarge the number of its virtuous readers; but since I do not like virtuous readers, I shall take my moral by the collar, let it dangle its legs before the public, and thrust it forever into its proper place—the place made for such corrupting things as morals.

Vanity is the moral of my story. A vain man may be laughed at or pitied, according to the feelings of the person who judges him. Vanity is not a dangerous vice, except in its extreme stages; it makes uncomfortable only the person in whom it is rooted. Therefore, gentle reader, you may be as vain as you wish; you cannot harm me, and I may be greatly entertained by you. Enough of the moral. Requiescat in pace!

In Bristol, Rhode Island, there lives a famous man of a famous family. It is rather a pity that I cannot give his real name in this story, for it is decidedly euphonious, but I am rather wary of getting into politics. So for the present I shall call him the Colonel. The Colonel has a beautiful estate, of which he may justly be proud, and some very fine statuary; but these have gotten him into a bad habit—vanity. The Colonel is a vain man.

His vanity shows in the way he walks, in the way he talks, and most of all in the way he dresses. His cothes are immaculate and well fitting, but vanity makes the Colonel believe that he can wear those of the "Kollege Kut" type. On a man forty years younger they would be most suitable; worn by the Colonel, who believes in retaining a youthful spirit, they are—unusual.

One Easter Sunday the town of Bristol was in a state of great excitement. One of the societies of the town had decided to award a prize to the best-dressed man and woman seen on the street that Easter morning—no wonder that excitement was in the air! The judges stood on the curbs before all the churches and along the streets to look upon the display of marvelous costumes. It was the gayest Easter of many years. One can imagine that the churches of Bristol were filled as they never were filled before.

The Colonel donned his Easter garments with the greatest care; his shoes were polished brilliantly, his cravat was gay and jaunty. His hat was tipped at the proper angle; he carried a swagger stick carelessly in his hand. As he walked down the street, seeminglyy unconscious of the looks bestowed upon him, he surely appeared very different from the rest of the church-goers. The judges whispered together as he went past, and one of them turned away quickly to conceal the expression on his face. The Colonel took no notice of them.

With head erect and shoulders thrown back he marched along, stepped briskly up the long flight leading to the church door, paused to regain his breath, and entered the churchc. A moment later a young man whose name was written in the judges' notebook also took his place among the worshippers. He had been walking at a little distance behind the Colonel in the Easter parade. Did that young man know the value of contrast?

After the church service was over, the human flower garden that had blossomed in the place of worship disappeared as if by magic, to be found again by the observer on the curbstones and in the streets. When everyone had left the church steps and all were waiting in tense silence, the judges announced their decision; the young man who had walked behind the Colonel was pronounced the winner. A great burst of applause rang out.

To return to the Colonel. During the moments in which the congregation had filed from the church he was delayed inside. The mystery of the story, which has never been solved, is what delayed him. No one knows. But everyone does know that as he started down the church steps a tense silence was broken and a great burst of applause rang out (as perhaps has been mentioned before). The Colonel took off his ht and bowed, bowed grandly to the people assembled in the street. He took a step downwards, and bowed again, more grandly. His face was fairly beaming; his good taste was appreciated at last! Down the whole long flight he went, stopping and bowing at every step. The Colonel's moment had arrived!

THE FLY.

Alice Johnson '20

Have you ever stopped to consider what a wonderful, intelligent, affectionate creature a fly is? What bald head but what can testify to its clinging caresses? Who has not listened in the early hour of the morning to its cheerful song, as it tries, like a cuckoo clock, to rouse us from our slumbers?

And intelligent! Did you ever stand at the foot of a telegraph pole, and watch the fly debate whether to enter the candy-shop on the right, or the furniture store on the left? Understandingly it swoops to the right.

The fly is democratic: he will lap the molasses from the bread or face of the little beggar in the street with the same eager cheerfulness that he partakes of the frosted lemon pie of the rich.

And considerate—well, watch how politely he extricates himself from the richness of the cream pitcher or sugar bowl; although dripping, he wipes his wings and soars away, bearing us no grudge for our lack of courtesy in not furnishing him with a bath towel.

The day will come when the fly will be appreciated and honored, not hounded from civilization. Then, those who are fortunate enough to own one of the treasures, will hasten to City Hall to have it licensed; then, with a collar on its little neck, a long leash on its collar, we will walk proudly along the street, our heads held high with our little pets singing and walking along by our sides. On the collar will be the inscription "Our day has come."

ALUMNI NOTES

'19 Louis Tracy, president of the class of 1919 is attending Boston College this year.

'19 The following members of the class of 1919 are also at Boston College, Edward G. Kelly, T. Edmund Garrity, Edward O'Connor, Harold Collins, John R. Curry,, Harold McTighe.

'19 The following are at Harvard: John S. Giles, Albert Fonseca, Allan Freeman, Rndolph Heizer, Leland Perkins, Samuel Stohn, Robert Westermark.

'15 Edward Randolph Gay, former student at C. H. L. S. has the distinction of being the youngest man ever appointed to the deanship at Harvard College. He will be twenty-one next September.

'19 Hyman Weisman is at Tufts.

'18 Frank Sullivan is at Tufts.

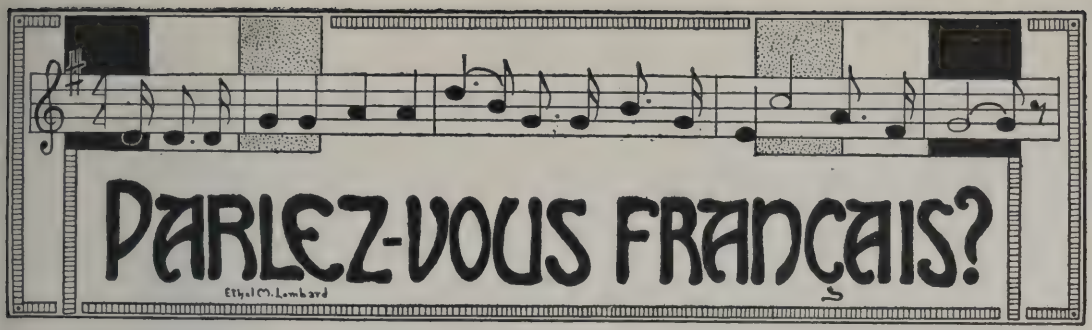
'19 Esther Gustafson is attending Radcliffe this fall.

'19 Elizabeth Milton and Rosamond Coolidge are also at Radcliffe.

'18 Robert Boyd and Gilbert Coon are at Tufts.

'19 Lucy Johnson is at Wellesley.

'19 Elizabeth Lewis is at Wheaton.



Une Anecdote Amusante.

L'autre jour on m'a dit une anecdote amusante; il s'agissait d'une visite à Quebec, Canada. Une Américaine avec deux amies visitait la ville. Voulant savoir l'heure, elle a demandé l'heure en anglais a un jeune gamin. Le garçon a répondu en français, "Je ne peux parler que le français." La dame s'est souvenue de ce qu'elle avait entendu dire une de ses amies dans les circonstances pareilles. Donc elle a dit, "Quelle heure est-il?" en français, sans penser à ce qui serait sa reponse. Le gamin est parti en tout hâte. Il est bientôt revenu et lui a dit en français, "Il est une heure et vingt." Comme la dame ne pouvait pas du tout comprendre le français elle était embarrassée par cette réponse. Pourtant, elle a donné au garçon dix sous pour ses peines. Ses compagnes se sont moquées d'elle à cause de cet incident et jusqu'à ce jour quand elles la rencontrent, on la salue avec un gai "Quelle heure est-il?"

G. Harvey. 1920.

Un Jour d'Été.

L'été dernier, une de mes amies et moi, nous avons fait un tour à la jolie mais ancienne ville de Provincetown, qui est située presqu'au bout du "Cape Cod," l'océan d'un côté et un petit port de l'autre. Nous avions souvent entendu parler de ce village et nous avons désiré le visiter pour voir les nombreuses choses interessantes qui le font renommé. Nous sommes arrivés de bonne heure de l'aprés-midi au moment où il y avait beaucoup de bateaux pêcheurs dans le port. Leurs voiles blanches luisaient au soleil, faisant une scène très frappante, avec l'eau bleue et les vieux quais. Un phare marque l'entrée du port.

La ville se prolonge pour une distance de quatre milles le long du hâvre. Les vieilles maisons, battues par la tempête, avec des fenêtres de beaucoup de carreaux, ont une hauteur d'un étage et demi. Devant plusieurs sont des jardins pleins de fleurs du vieux temps. Elles font face à la seule rue que la ville possède, qui est si étroite que des voitures se passent l'une devant l'autre avec beaucoup de difficulté. Un grand nombre des habitants sont du Portugal et les couleurs brillantes, qu'ils aiment tant et qu'ils portent toujours, rendent très gais leurs quartiers.

Un monument, élevé en honneur des "Pilgrims" qui y débarquèrent premièrement, est situé sur le sommet d'une colline. Du haut de ce bâtiment on peut regarder en toutes directions à perte de vue. Nous avons pensé que la ville était très intéressante, et nous espérons que nous pourrons la visiter encore une fois, l'année prochaine.

Carolyn Stubbs, 1920.

Extrait d'une lettre de la femme d'un poilu.

....Depuis un mois et demi que mon mari est rentré, nous en sommes encore au même point que quand il est rentré. Tout marche d'une lenteur effrayante, ce qui devient ennuyeux. A la saison où nous sommes il serait grand temps de se remettre au travail.....

Mon mari n'est pas malade mais il faut aller doucement pour se remettre au travail après plus de quatre ans de guerre il faut reconnaître que l'on se trouve épuisé. Mon mari pesait 148 lors de son depart, aujourd'hui il pèse 130.

Malgré tout cela nous sommes prêts à tout oublier, le bonheur actuel nous fait oublier tant de mauvais jours. Espérons que de longues années à vivre ensemble seront notre récompense.

Le Cerle Français.

Comme auparavant,—les séances du Cerçle Français ont été renouvelées. La première réunion a eu lieu le vingt-quatre septembre dans La Grande Salle. Monsieur Timothy Good a présidé. Le programme était comme il suit:

L'appel — Monsieur Nichols
Une Récitation — Mademoiselle Edna McCarthy
Par Là-Bas — Chanté par tout le Cerçle

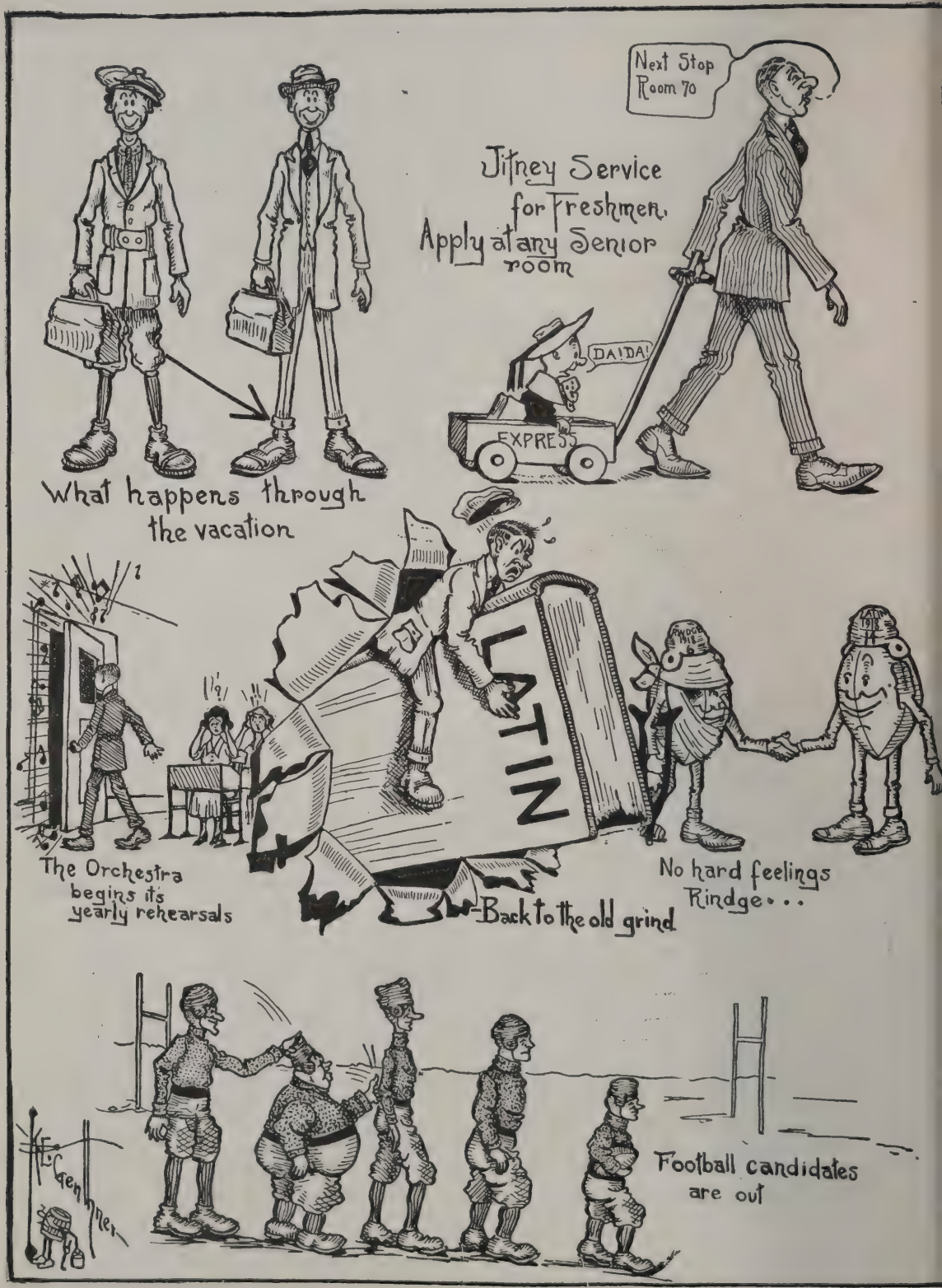
Le deuxième assemblée a eu lieu le premier octobre. Le programme a consisté de

Une Lettre de France — Mademoiselle Anna Dallinger
Une Récitation — Mademoiselle Lillian Gleason
Une Chanson — Mademoiselle Lillian Gay

Le Cerçle Français a commencé à présenter une série de pièces classiques et modernes. La première présentation fut dans La Grande Salle le huit octobre. La pièce était "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

On espère que le Cerçle réussira à faire autant de progrès que dans les années passées.

Edna McCarthy, 1920.


What happens through the vacation
Jitney Service for Freshmen. Apply at any Senior room
Next Stop Room 70
DA! DA!
EXPRESS
LATIN
The Orchestra begins its yearly rehearsals
Back to the old grind
No hard feelings Rindge...
Football candidates are out
E. Gemmer



FOOTBALL

(Owing to the illness of the athletic editor, these notes have been written up by Robert Bennick.)

Cambridge Latin is fortunate in retaining for its coach, Leander MacDonald, who took hold of the Cantabs last year in excellent fashion, and whipped into shape a wonderful team, considering the players' lack of experience and weight. The prospects are brighter this year, and it is hoped that the team may be able to repeat the last year's victory over its old rival Rindge.

Cambridge Latin vs. St. John's Prep.

Cambridge Latin met an unexpected defeat at the hands of St. John's Prep. school at Danvers September 26. The Cantabs outplayed the Danvers boys throughout the game, holding them to only two first down. However, an intercepted pass on our thirty yard line by Reorden (an ex-Somerville High player) netted St. John's only score. Reorden kicked the goal after touchdown.

In the second period Cambridge, after threatening to score several times, put the ball over for her only touchdown, but missed the goal. She put the ball within scoring distance four times, ,but unfortunately never scored again. The final score was St. John's Prep. 7, Cambridge 6.

Cambridge vs. Dorchester

Cambridge Latin provided the unexpected when it shut out Dorchester High 12 to 0, at Russell Field. The teams seemed well matched, but Dorchester weakened in the second period, and Cambrige took advantage of this fact, and pushed the ball up the field twice, to allow McGowan to kick two field goals, ,one from the 18 yard line, and the other from the 25 yard line. In the third period, Latin crossed the Dorchester goal line by straight line plunges; Duffy carrying the ball over after a run of ten yards.

Murphy and Capt. Sayward, Latin tackles, played high-grade football, while McLaughlin, Thomas Leary, and Macaky excelled for Dorchester.

The lineup was:

C. H. L. S.	Dorchestr H. S.
Day, l.e.	r.e., P. Walsh
Sayward, l.t.	r.t., Aleckna
Manack, l.g.	r.g., McDermott
Rudman, c.	c., McLaughlin
Skinner, r.g.	l.g., Thomas
Murphy, r.t.	l.t., Caddigan
B. Zarakov, r.e.	l.e., Roche
I. Zarakov, g.b.	g.b., Leary
Duffey, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Machcado
Foster, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Haggarty
Koslowsky, f.b.	f.b., Mackay

C. H. L. S. vs. Somerville

In the game which marked the opening of the suburban league football title race Somerville nosed out its much lighter rival, Cambridge Latin, 6 to 0, at Russell Field. The game was loosely played, many penalties being inflicted on both sides. Sixty-five yards were called against Somerville, most of them in the second half, while Cambridge Latin was set back fifty-five yards, all of these penalties in the first half.

Somerville, with the aid of two 15-yard penalties, started its drive from infield.

The Cantabs were again penalized, this time half the distance to their goal. Then on the third try, the ball was pushed over the line for a touchdown by Patten of Somerville. He missed the goal. Koslowsky of Camrbidge Latin played a briliant game at left tackle. He tackled exceptionally well and backed up his line to prevent many Somerville gains. Capt. Sayward, Foster, and the two Cantab guards played well, and Capt. Jack Reardon, Purce and Gilkey starred for the Red and Blue.

The line-up was:

Somerville High	C. H. L. S.
O'Conuell, l.e.	r.e., Duffy
Lynch, l.e.	r.t. Sayward, (Capt.)
Sullivan, l.e.	r.g., Skinner
McNamara, l.g.	c., Rudman, Frye
Gilkey, l.t.	l.g., Manack
Reardon (Capt.), c.	l.t. Koslowsky
Herlihy, r.g.	l.e., B. Zarakov
Pierce, r.t.	q.b., I. Zarakov
Chase, r.e.	q.b., Duffy
Patten, q.b.	r.h.b., Frye
Laverty, l.h.b.	l.h.b., Cronley
McPhail, r.h.b.	..h.b., Foster
Toulouse. f.b.	f.b., Nichols.

Cambridge vs. Brookline

Oct. 18, 1919.

Brookline High went down to defeat at the hands of Cambridge Latin, at Brookline Field, by the score of 10 to 0. The game was loosely played, but clean. The first score came in the third period. Cambridge Latin kicked off to Brokline who, having failed to gain anything on two attempts, punted. The kick was blocked, and the Brookline fullback recovered on his own fifteen yard line.

McGowan, the Latin left-footed dropkicker, fell back and lifted the ball over the crossbar. In the fourth period, Cambridge Latin recovered a fumble on Brookline's 37-yard line. A forward pass netted fifteen yards, two more plays and another forward resulted in a touchback.

Brookline had the ball in its own 20-yard line, but lost ten yards on an end run. Duane then called for a liberal pass, which he tossed presumably to one of his backs. It landed in the hands of Hurd, Latin left-end, and he advanced the ball twelve yards for a touchdown. Zarakov kicked the goal. Crowley, Frye, L. Johnson and Snow starred for Latin, and Capt. Frank Ball, O'Hara, and Hope did well for Brookline.

The line-up:

Cambridge Latin	Brookline H. S.
Duffy, l.e.	r.e. Snow
B. Zarakov, l.t.	r.t., L. Johnson
I. Murphy, l.g.	r.g., Horle
Rudman, c.	c., Hope
Skinner, r.g.	l.g., Connelly
Sayward, r.g.	
Sayward (Capt.), r.t.	l.t., O'Hara
McGowan, r.e.	l.e., D. Murphy
I. Zarakov, q.b.	q.b.,Duane
Crowley, l.h.b.	r.h.b.' AA Johnson
Foster, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Ball (Capt.)
Frye, f.b.	f.b., Kelly

Score: Cambridge Latin 10. Touchdown Hurd. Goal from touchdown, B. Zarakov. Time, 10 minute periods.

C. H. L. S. vs. Malden

Oct. 25, 1919.

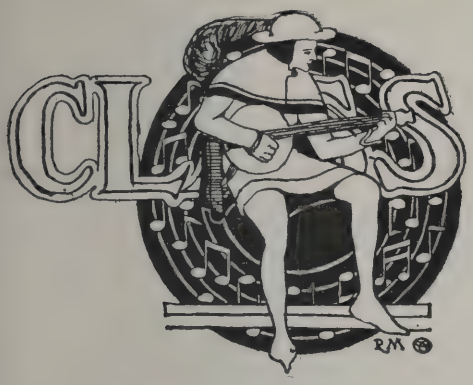
Malden High was handed a surprising setback, 6 to 0, at the hands of Coach Lee McDonald's well-drilled Cambridge High and Latin outfit at Russell Field. Malden felt the loss of its captain, Max Nayor, and its quarterback, Bill Glennon. The victors were also minus one of their stars, "Kuster" Koslowsky, the big tackle. Instead of going to pieces without their star linesmen, the Cantabs played the most brilliant game of the season. The only score of the game came in the first period, where "Izzy" Zarakov made a sensational dart of 28 yards through the Malden line, placing the ball on the Malden's right extremity for the only touchdown of the game. His speed and fine interference enabled the Cantab to complete his sensational run.

Cambridge outplayed its opponents in practically every department of the game. Zarakov proved to be a ground gaining star for Latin, and McGowan played so well that Coach McDonald will undoubtedly give him a permanent backfield berth. Murphy and Rudman played well for the Cantabs, while Walsh Budd and Finn were much in evidence for Malden.

The line-up:

Cambridge Latin	Malden High
B. Zarakov, Day, l.e.	r.e., Butler
Sayward, l.t.	r.t., Walsh (Capt.)
Manach, B. Zarakov, l.g.	r.g., Perry
Rudman, c.	c., Rudd
Skinner, r.g.	l.g., Maxfield
Murphy, r.t.	l.t., Cahill
McGowan, r.e.	l.e., Finn
Kelly, q.b.	q.b., Robinson, Saandberg
Hurd, l,h,b.	r.h.b., Knight
I. Zarakov, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Hirtle
Crowley, Frye, f.b.	f.b., Uphan

Score: Cambridge Latin 6, Malden 9. Touchdown, McGowan; Time, 4 ten-minute periods.



Indignant pupil to teacher: "I think he is the laziest boy in the school."

Teacher: "Be quiet. You forget yourself."

Murphy to friend in the Hall: "What makes that fellow stare at me so?"

Friend: "You're sitting on his soft hat."

Storey in Geometry: "The two triangles are conjugated."

Mr. Jacobs in History: "When was the revival of learning?""

Smart young man: "Day before exams."

Miss Waters: "Is everybody here?"

McCarthy, entering late as usual: "Yes, ma'am, I'm here."

In Physiology: "Explain why the price of evaporated milk is increasing."

Pupil: "Why, you can't imagine how hard it is for the farmer to milk into one of those small cans."

In Geometry—If equals are added to equals, their equals are equals.

Given: a Freshman.

To prove: That a Freshman is an affliction.

Proof: Freshman is new,
New is not old,
Not old means not stale,
Not stale means fresh,
Fresh means smart,
A smart is a pain,
Pain is an affliction.
A Freshman is an affliction.

Q. E. D.

Miss Morton: "Now I want you all to draw this pistil carefully."

Clever student: "Do you mind if we draw a revolver?"

Miss F., to l'il Freshman: "You're in the wrong room. You should be in the Hall with Miss Hartigan."

Freshie, deeply grieved: "They told me to come to Room 47 for electrocution!"

A New Kind of a Nest

In Arith—Mr. McDonald: "Mary, what is an average?"

Mary: "Er—a hen lays 6 eggs a week on an average."

In Latin: He put on his winged shoes and descended into the air.

He seized the serpents with both hands and squeezed them with virtue.

DEGREES IN GREEK

1. Prof. Boggs teaches Greek at fifteen hundred dollars a year.

2.. Nick Pappadolos wheels a barrow at twenty-one hundred dollars a year.

3. Mme. Vallette (otherwise Sarah Prouty) dances "Greek" dances at one thousand dollars a performance.

Q.: Give an English derivative from maritus husband.

A.: Maritime.

Q.: English derivative from cubriculum, bedroom?

A.: Cupola.

Mr. Jacobs: "Why, as a general rule, didn't the people from South Carolina go up to Michigan?"

Atwood: "So they wouldn't have to go up hill."

To Eva the Deceiver

There was a young lady named Cashman
Who thought it her duty to mash man:
You must meet her today
Without further delay,
But beware, oh beware; don't be rash, man!

Teacher: "How is milk pasteurized?"
Inattentive pupil: "Oh, by—er—frying it."

Heard in Latin Class:
L. J. (explaining the meter of Vergil's Aeneid): "Vergil had six feet—" And we always thought he was an ordinary biped!

Herman (translating): "These men leaning on the high waves."

Q.: Name a word commencing with "con" which means a gathering.
A.: Constantinople.

Miss Wood: "What did King Arthur say when reprimanding Gawain for disobedience?"
J. O'Brien: "Oh he told him he was too much after the woman anyway."

Teacher: "Haven't you done your lesson for today?"
Kennedy: "Why, yes, I looked it over."
Teacher: "Overlooked it would be more appropriate."

Heard in English Class: "Charles Dudley Warner was born in the southeastern part of the Hoosac Tunnel."

Balfe (explaining): "I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire" —Er, that is, everybody who has any enjoyment in life goes to the everlasting bonfire.

EXCHANGES

The Exchange Department of the Cambridge Review is glad to welcome back so many of its old exchanges and also several new ones.

This year the editor will attempt to criticize both generally and individually. The editorial page of the majority of the school papers needs more attention. Since it is the editor's own page, only his reviews on matters of current interest should have a place there. Many of the papers have the editorial page at the end of the periodical, a most inconspicuous, uncomplimentary position for the "boss." In several of the magazines there is not enough variety in the type of story. In every issue there should be at least one humorous story. The tendency is to produce sensational sketches which do not promote good taste in the high school student. Every paper seems to have an abundance of class notes, but few really humorous happenings.

As We See Others

"The Broctonian" — An up-to-date, well planned magazine. Your many advertisements are evidence that the business manager of "The Broctonian" is right on the job. Your cuts are good, but your cover design may be much improved.

"The Exponent"—The literary department certainly deserves credit for its fine representation. Several of the poems and "The Recipe for Popularity" are praiseworthy. We would suggest placing the editorial page first in the paper rather than last. Develop your Exchange Department a great deal further and "Come again!!" ..

"The Bulletin"—A neat, intelligently constructed paper. Your stories are thrilling, but be careful not to have too many of that kind. Is your editor so modest that he doesn't place his editorials on the front page?

"The Milton Orange and Blue"—A fine paper. We like your cover and matter. Enlarge your Exchange Department. Please criticize us.

"The Oracle E.. L. H. S."—Your chronicle is interestingly written in every way. Congratulations on your Exchange Department We need your recipe.

Boss: "Hurry, Rastus, and bring in the coal before it gets dark."
Rastus: "I sure done thought all coal was dark all de time."

We gratefully acknowedge the following Exchanges:

1. Broctonia, Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.
2. Borromean, St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La.
3. Blake Torch, Minneapolis, Minn.
4. Bluebird, Julia Richman High School, New York, N. Y.
6. Bulletin, Watertown High, Watertown, Mass.
7. Clarion, Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.
8. Classical Gazette, Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.
9. Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.
10. Gleaner, Pawtucket High School, Rhode Island.
11. Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.
12. Monitor, Wellesley High School, Wellesley, Mass.
13. Milton Orange and Blue, Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.
14. Oracle, Edward Little High, Auburn, Me.
15. Purple and Gold, Nute High School, Milton, N. H.
16. Radiator, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.
17. St. John's Echo, St. John's University, Shanghai, China.
18. Sassamon, Natick High School, Natick, Mass.
19. Red and White, Todd Seminary, Woodstock, Ill.
20. The Review, Swampscott High, Swampscott, Mass.
21. Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

EXCHANGE JOKES

From a history exam:

Milton was married and shortly after wrote "Paradise Lost.'" In 1652 Milton's wife died. He then wrote "Paradise Regained."

If you are ever asked what T. N. T. stands for, remember this story.

Sam said to a friend, "Say, what am dis heah T. N. T. ah heahs tell about? What does it all mean, anyhow?"

"Well," answered Sam, "ah dunno' what it means to other folks, but ah knows what it done mean to me."

"Well, what's that?"

"It means to me, Travel, Nigger, Travel!"

She—"In a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own.

He—"Well, why the devil doesn't she, then?"

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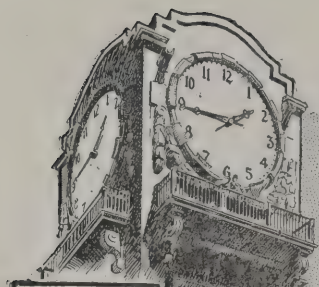
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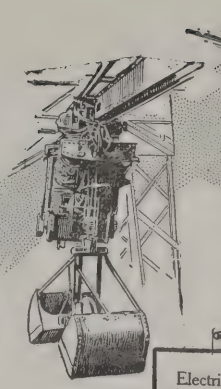
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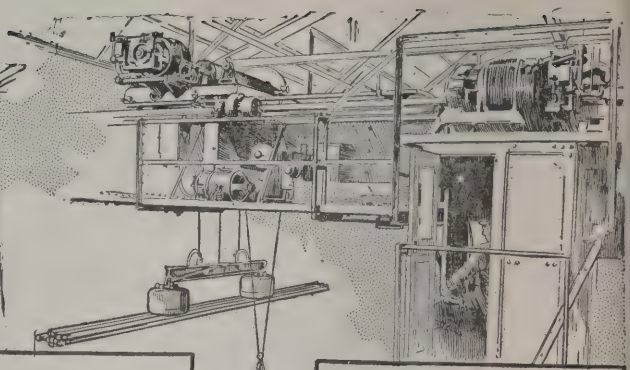
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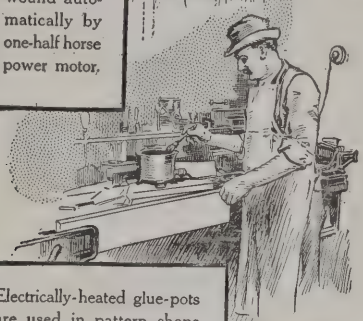
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Electric monorail crane for hoisting coal.



Motor-generator set mounted on crane supplying power for lifting magnet.



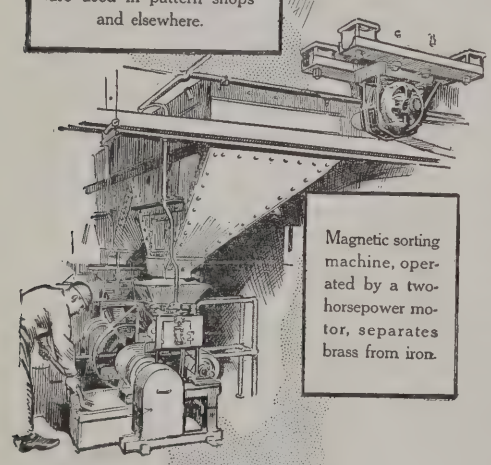
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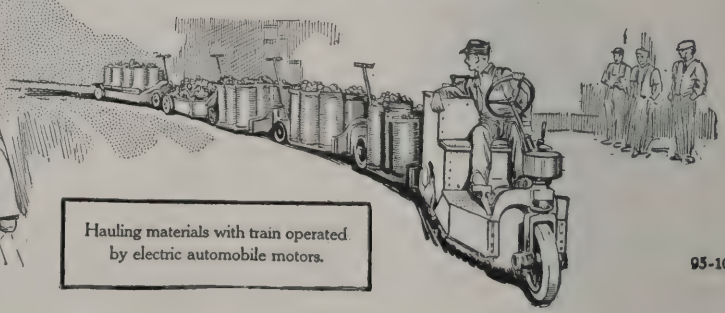
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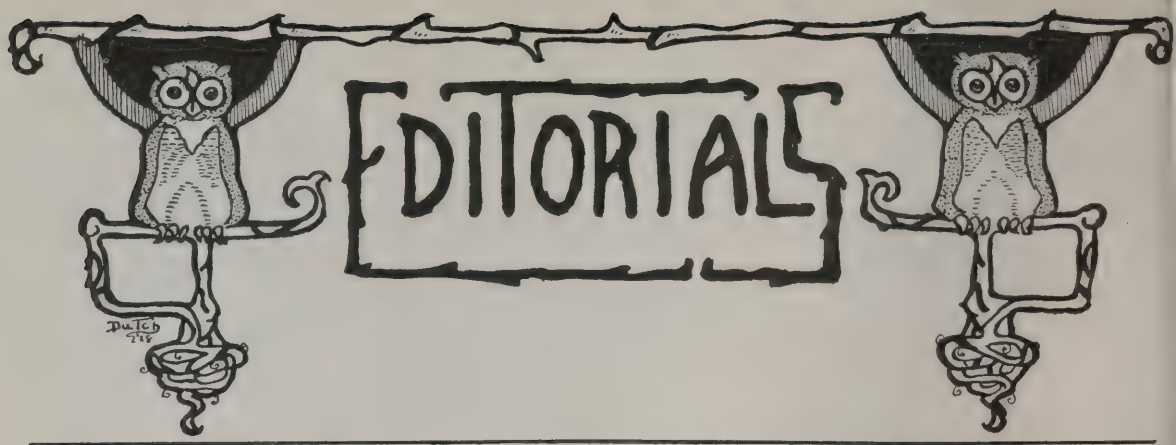
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Vita·sine·literas·mors·est·

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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Appearances

How about using the waste-baskets? Why not throw waste papers in the receptacles provided for that purpose instead of just dropping them anywhere?

Those are two of the questions which have been brought up for discussion in the freshman civics classes. The teachers aim to make this course primarily one in efficiency. They bring before the attention of the scholars any timely subject of interest concerning school, state, or nation. Among other questions, they have discussed the needless throwing about of waste papers which so mar the appearance of our school and grounds. They have offered many suggestions to remedy this evil; a few of which we have thought it worth while to mention here that the subject may receive more attention from the whole student body:

That a committee unknown to the majority be appointed to find out the guilty ones.

That any one seen throwing papers shall spend some time after school picking up papers.

That everything shall be in charge of students, i. e., the making out of lists, and the determining of punishments, for example, of course in conjunction with a member of the faculty.

That the matter shall be called to the attention of the students in assemblies.

That more barrels be put in the yard.

That posters shall be put up and often changed.

Well, now, what do you think, students of C. H. L. S.? I am sure you will agree that we all judge by appearances. Oh, yes, I know "appearances are deceitful"; but, nevertheless, it is human nature to form opinions at first sight. The appearance of a school building, then, is a large factor in forming a stranger's opinion of the school. We do not want visitors to be prejudiced against us from the start, do we?

And, after all, there is considerable justification for judging by appearances. For appearances do denote characteristics. Untidiness denotes laziness; laziness denotes poor scholarship; and poor scholarship denotes the failure of education.

Our Lunch Room

Under this caption the editor of The Review for the past year published a criticism of our lunch counter. We consider it only just that Miss Forbes, the dietician and manager, should be given an opportunity to reply. The following is her answer:

"A word to the wise is sufficient," consequently just a word from the lunchroom management in regard to co-operation.

Why do our students waste their valuable time at recess waiting in line to purchase checks for their lunches? Doubtless, to them it seems necessary. Is this really true? Why not keep a small amount of money invested in checks in order to go directly to the lunch counter? Checks are not dated, so that they can be used at any time. Why not have the right change for the cashier? You would not expect a car conductor to have change for a five dollar bill, or for fifty one dollar bills each Monday morning. We are not as well able to change bills as the Boston Elevated, and they absolutely refuse to do this. Why not buy simply your own checks, not those of your friends? These are the things which cause "the shocking waste of valuable time," of which our editor of the Review of April spoke. The system of checks in use here has proved to be the most satisfactory by all the large schools of Boston and vicinity, but no system is carried on efficiently without the co-operation of all.

Co-operation in the use of dishes. Probably few students realize that the breaking of a dish or two means anything to the lunch room, yet each year there is a bill for breakage of dishes of about $75, which of course must be paid from lunch room receipts. Since the manufacturers in Europe are not at work, dishes are not only more expensive, but scarce, the present price of our cups being 25c., bowls 32c., plates 20c., glasses 5c. etc. If each pupil and teacher would pay for whatever he or she breaks, it would be a splendid example of co-operation.

The Staff of the Review regret exceedingly that under "Exchange Notes" in the last issue there should have been printed the T. N. T. joke which gave offense to some of the students, and they wish to say that in the future they will be very careful to eliminate all material which might be distasteful to any of the students.

The headings of the pages in this number of The Review are chosen from books read in the school.

IN MEMORIAM.

Miss Martha L. Babbitt

The pupils of the Cambridge High and Latin School, desiring to express their grief at the loss of Miss Babbitt, endorse the following memorial framed by the teachers:

The teachers of the Cambridge High and Latin School desire to put on record their sense of professional and personal loss in the death on November 12 of Miss Martha L. Babbitt. Since May, 1887, she had been officially connected, first with the English High School as its secretary and librarian, and in later years with the combined school in a similar capacity.

By her grasp of her work, by her masterly control of details, by her remarkable memory for everything connected with the school, its history and its work, she made herself an integral part of the institution. She showed rare skill and tact in meeting new situations. Despite the great amount of detail work that she accomplished, she always seemed to be mistress of her work, never to be unduly burdened by it. With high and plucky fidelity, and with no complaint about her serious physical condition, she remained at her school tasks until a few weeks before her death.

Her sunny, friendly nature we cannot soon forget. She knew intimately and sympathetically the pupils in the school. New teachers found in her the wise and generous counsellor, who was always ready to acquaint them with the requirements of their position and to give them the advice that they craved. All the teachers loved her for her cheerfulness, her joviality, her quick turns of humor, her friendliness. In her we have lost more than an invaluable fellow-worker; we have lost a dear and long-time friend.

Committee for the High and Latin School Teachers:

Mr. Cecil T. Derry.
Miss Martha R. Smith.
Miss Louisa P. Parker.
Miss Caroline R. Sawyer.
Miss Grace E. Dennett.

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL.

Although new members have been added to the Boys' Glee Club, this body is still weak. This weakness is especially manifest in the tenor section. The Glee Club is sorely in need of a few lusty tenors to strengthen that sadly diminished part. Boys whose voices have changed and settled to the tenor are much to be preferred.

The trials for the cast of the comic opera "Mikado" have been completed, and the principal characters have been chosen. The names of the characters are as follows:

The Mikado of Japan — Lyle Ring
Nanki-Poo (his son, disguised as a minstrel, in love with Yum-Yum) — Arthur Sherril
Ko-Ko (Lord High Executioner of Titipu) — Wesley Nichols
Pooh-Pah (Lord High Everything Else) — Gordon Harvey
Pish-Tush (a Noble Lord) — Douglas MacKinnon
Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, Peep-Bo (three sisters, wards of Ko-Ko) — Eleanor Keyes, Dorothy Gay, Ruth Kimber
Katisha (an elderly lady, in love with Nanki-Poo) — Vedna Bate

On account of the splendid attendance at the "H. M. S. Pinafore" last year, the players of "Mikado" hope to extend the performance to two evenings.

Clare Wait '19.

SENIOR ELECTIONS.

The last week of October, petitioning for offices in the Senior class began. More seemed desirous for the president's chair than for the vice-president's or the pen of the secretary. Wesley Day, John Pearson, and Henry Conroy were the nominees for boss of the Senior class. Alice Johnson and Anna Dallinger were unopposed for vice-president and secretary respectively. Francis Donovan, Charles Rose, and Harold Marchant were nominated for treasurer. Elections were held in the bank of the English building the first week of November. The results are as follows:

President, Henry Conroy; Vice-president Alice Johnson; Treas., Francis Donovan; Sec'y, Anna Dallinger. Drama committee: Eleanor Fuller, chairman; Roger Pugh, Miriam Putnam, Dorothy Day, Esther Massé. Picture Committee: Ruth Miles, chairman; George Baker, John Adams, Claire Rosenwald, Mary Killam. Reception committee: Alice Grodon, chairman; John McGowan, Pauline Goodrich, Louise O'Connor, Joseph Burns.

The drama committee has set Tuesday, December 9, for the trials for the drama cast. All those going out for it are to read a three minute dialogue.

Anna Dallinger, Sec., '20.

CERCLE FRANCAIS.

At the meeting of October 15 *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* was produced under the able direction of Eleanor Brennan. All the parts were well taken, and the audience showed its understanding and appreciation of the simple French. M. Tournier, who has been teaching French to our soldiers, spoke to the Cercle.

Anna Dallinger had charge of the program of October 22, which was the first of a series of talks by the boys in this school who served in France. George Morey, who spent many months there, at our urgent request, gave a very entertaining account of what he saw and heard among the French people. The program closed with a song which was exceedingly well interpreted by Lillian Gay, who has been chosen soprano of the Cercle.

On November 5 James Murphy gave a straightforward talk about his experiences in France, where he had several months of actual fightng. He gave us many vivid pictures of France in war time. His words were appreciated as the plain, unvarnished truth. We were all very grateful to him.

The meeting of November 12 was wholly given over to an attempt to show the admiration that the whole school feels for those boys who did their part in active service, and who have come back to be school-boys once more when for so many months they were super-men. It was an American, not a French meeting, and the whole school participated. Mr. Cleveland came and gave his word of appreciation to our boys. We appreciate this, because for these four years he has been so staunch and true to the boys and what they were fighting for. Harry Goodwin delivered a splendid address on what the boys from this school did, and how we feel about it. He reminded us that the principal aim of the Get-together Day this year is to provide a suitable memorial for the boys of the School

who will never come back. Lillian Gay and Frank McCrehan led the cheer, which was a rousing C. H. L. S. for Morey! Murphy! Parker! Skinner!

A minister in Missouri telephoned his order thus: "Send a dollar's worth of meat out to my house. If there's no one at home, just stick it through the keyhole.—Ex.

She: "I'll never go anywhere with you as long as I live?"

He: "Why?"

She: "You asked Mrs. Jones how her husband was standing the heat. He's been dead two months."—Ex.

GET TOGETHER DAY.

Get-Together Day this year was upon us before we fully realized it; but enthusiasm ran high among the pupils, and the four classes and the various c ubs certainly acquitted themselves with honor.

It seems remarkable that the flower booth, as managed by the Seniors, should lead all others, but this was due to the hard work and encouragement of the advisers, Miss Townsend and Miss Lyons, and to the able management of Chairman Gordon Harvey, with his efficient committee.

The articles booth came up with a jump from the low standing of previous years, and the Juniors should be congratulated on their efforts. Miss Morton and Miss Ricker, with Harry Goodwin, as chairman, made this possible.

Ice Cream! Always is the ice cream booth popular, and ably did the Sophomores respond to the wants of the ice-cream loving throng on December the fifth. With their ever-helpful advisers, Miss Wood and Miss Walsh, Chairman George McLaughlin and his willing corps of workers made a great success of the "orange" booth.

Last but not least of the four classes, the Freshmen, with no experience whatever, proved their ability to make a success of the food booth. With their delectable array of cakes, pies, and all sorts of goodies, the "babies" attracted great crowds of purchasers. Miss McCaffrey and Miss Gartland, with Chairman Charles Burke and his committee, deserve great praise for the hard work they did to make their booth such a great success.

Among the clubs, the French Club did the best. Grabs are always popular, and the chanticleer attracted great attention. Mrs. Burton and Miss Waters, with Chairman Helen Moran did much to fill the cash drawer of the French Club.

The G. A. A. went up a notch higher in the estimation of everyone by its fine business-like manner in serving punch and selling popcorn. Great credit is due Miss Brown and Lillian Buckley for the success of these booths.

The "B club" displayed true histrionic ability in the remarkable production of "'Twas Ever Thus." The players left nothing to be desired, and they certainly earned the nice sum they received for their labors. Foremost among the workers for the "B club" were Barbara Nolen and Laura Jones.

The Freshman Girls' Debating Club with its Christmas Tree and Santa Claus added their bit to the overflowing coffers of Get-Together Day. Mr. Leonard and Eleanor Groden were the shining lights of this booth.

The Spanish Club with its gaily decorated tables, sold its wares to the energetic, perspiring dancers, and realized a good-sized sum for their labors. Miss McElroy and Miss Watson, with Dorothy Hammous, were responsible for the success of this booth.

Mary Mulcahy, '20, and Albert Garner, 22, took charge of the entertainment and we are greatly indebted to them and to Esther McGuire, Dorothy Gay, Bessie Ferguson, Dorothy McKay, and Lillian Gay for their assistance.

Last of all, the dancing, with Mr. McDonald at its head, added a huge "bit" to the ever-increasing funds.

Above all, Miss Ryan deserves the united praise and gratitude of every single pupil in this school. Without her, Get-Together Days would not be the complete successes that they have been. Under her magic fingers the proceeds have increased each year, until this year we have jumped from $638.68 to $1.121.36 net! We can indeed build a fitting memorial for our boys who made the supreme sacrifice.

Here's to Get-Together Day! May it always flourish as it did this year!

A. A. Johnson, '20.

LYNDA.

Lois Henderson

As on every other proper Christmas Eve, it was snowing. The snow was driven by a gusty wind around the corners and up the streets of Plymouth Town. It was a modern Plymouth town. The laden-down shopper smiled grimly as he passed by Pilgrim Hall and wondered what the good old Pilgrim Fathers who were his ancestors would say could they see the busy throngs, the hustling, jolly crowds, and the big, crowded "movie house."

A little voice behind him cried, "Oh, sir! May I speak to you a minute?"

The man—his name was Norton Burbank—turned. The sweet little voice caught at his heart-strings.

"Lynda!" he cried.

The child dimpled prettily. "How did you know my name? Yes, I'm Lynda. You must o' heard me say it. I talk to myself sometimes when I don't have Pendennis with me."

"Do you?" asked Mr. Burbank. He was thinking how golden her hair was,—how beautiful her eyes. "Do you, Lynda?"

"You're Mr. Norton Burbank, aren't you? I'm Lynda Lovell. I live up there—(she pointed with a chubby finger)—almost across the street from you. And I've been waiting for you almost half an hour. I saw you go into——"

"Waiting for me? And pray, why were you waiting for me?"

"Well, Mr. Burbank, I hate to do it, but I knew you wouldn't mind,—I want to ask you for quite a lot of money. You see my daddy gave me seventy-five cents for Christmas presents. My mother said I'd better not ask him for any more, because he has so many business cares! So you see, after I bought a cream pitcher for mother, a bunny for baby, and an ash-tray for daddy, then I'd spent all of my money. And mother has so many people to give presents to that I didn't want to ask her. So you see I asked you, because I know you have lots of money and I think——"

"But if you have presents for all your family, why do you want more money?"

"Oh, but I haven't got presents for all my family. Pendennis loves doughnuts, and I want to get him half a dozen. They'd be ten cents, but by spring I will have enough to pay you back."

"And Pendennis,—is he your brother?"

"No, not exactly—he's my dog, you know—I like to talk to you, Mr. Burbank. You're so interested in what I've been saying!"

Norton Burbank started. He had heard very little of what she had been saying.

"Well," he said, "You see, I've known you for a very long time, Lynda, so naturally I am interested."

"You have! I never knew you until a little while ago when my daddy told me who you were—he said you were a very lonely man. My daddy is a minister, you know,—Mr. Lovell."

"Dan Lovell? He told you I was a lonely man! I haven't seen him to speak to for years! Are you very happy, Lynda, and do you have everything a little girl could want?"

"Oh, yes, I am very, very happy! I don't have everything I want, but mother says people who have everything they want aren't happy. But I have a darling mother, a darling daddy, and a dear little baby sister, and—oh, Mr. Burbank, I have Pendennis! I've always had Pendennis! He smiled the day I was born, Daddy says, and he's smiled ever since. You know how a dog smiles, don't you, Mr. Burbank?"

"Your eyes are very blue, Lynda," said Mr. Burbank.

"Yes, they are blue. Isn't it funny how my mother's eyes and my daddy's and baby's all are brown, and mine are blue? I guess I take after Pendennis—my daddy says his eyes used to be blue when he was little.—But I asked you, Mr. Burbank, do you know how a dog smiles?"

"Well, I can't say I do. How is it, Lynda?"

"Why, he wags his tail,—that's how a dog smiles!"

"H'm, yes, it's strange, isn't it? Lynda, I'm a very lonely man, as Mr. Lovell told you. I need somebody to cheer me up."

"My daddy can cheer you up," said Lynda eagerly. "I once heard a lady in church say that he cheered the discolate, and healed the sick with prayer!"

"But it isn't a grown person I need to cheer me up, it's a young person,—preferably a little girl like you. You see, Lynda, I have never known a little girl before, but I've found out they're pretty nice." Norton

Burbank smiled (one of his rare, sad smiles) into the eyes of the minister's little girl. "Plymouth isn't a very big place, but it seems pretty big to a man who hasn't a friend in town. That's why I want you to cheer me up."

"I'd love to try to cheer you up," said Lynda simply. "I'll come over tonight after supper with Pendennis. It's just across the street, you know. I've always wanted to see the inside of your house. The girls in my school say the windows are crystal, and you eat from golden dishes, but I don't believe it. I'm sure I wouldn't enjoy crystal windows and gold plates—they'd be so unnatural; and, besides, they're not in fashion now. It was long years ago when princesses were shut up in towers surrounded by moats and guarded by dragons that such things were stylish.

"Well, Mr. Burbank, I guess I'd better go home and put on my blue ribbon if I am going over to your hourse after supper. I'll run along now, because mother doesn't like me to be out after dark without Pendennis. Good-bye, Mr. Burbank!"

And with a merry smile she darted away into the darkness. But when Lynda had crossed the street, she suddenly remembered the doughnuts for Pendennis, and started back to remind Norton Burbank of them. So intent was she upon her errand that she did not see the big moving-truck which was speeding its way up Court St.

The next moment Norton Burbank, who had been dreaming upon the curbing where the child had left him, was aroused by a shout. His dreams forgotten, he pushed forward to the center of the knot of friendly people who had already gathered about the truck-driver. A burly man in blue jeans was bending over something in the street.

"Lynda!" Norton Burbank seized the man by the arm. Someone offered his car, and Burbank, with the unconscious child in his arms jumped into the motor, gave his directions, and left a round-eyed, amazed group of people staring after him as he sped away. Was this the same gray, cold-hearted citizen who had won the awe and lost the love of every man in Plymouth? Was this Norton Burbank, the millionaire? Women wiped their eyes, men blew their noses, and everything was as it had been before.

* * * * * *

Lynda opened her eyes. "Where's Pendennis?" she asked. "I want Pendennis!"

"At home, my Lynda. Don't you remember where you are? You know you were coming here after supper? You went to sleep for a little while, and now you've waked up."

Lynda looked around the spaciously luxurious apartment. "Oh, I remember! And you didn't forget Pendennis's doughnuts, did you, Mr. Burbank?"

"Doughnuts? Ah, no, to be sure I didn't forget them! Bruce (he summoned the butler), "Tell cook to make doughnuts—rafts of them, dozens of them!"

"Oh, you're so good, Mr. Burbank. But I think you ought to telephone mother and daddy to come over. I want to see them, and I think they should know about the truck, and all that. Of course, I'm not hurt. The doctor said I was just shaken up, you know."

Norton Burbank stood aghast. He had hoped she would not remember the truck and the doctor. Yes, thank Heaven! she was safe and sound with not a broken bone in her body. The truck driver had so skilfully tried to avoid her that only the front wheel had brushed against her and knocked her down. She was only shaken up! Tears came into his eyes, and he smiled down at her.

"I have telephoned, Lynda. I told them that you were staying here to dinner and invited them to come over aftrward. I didn't want to alarm them by telling them you had been knocked down by an auto."

"That shows very good judgment," replied Lynda, nodding sagely. "And now, if you don't mind, I should like to get up off this bed and look around. Please take this hot-water bottle away."

"You know," she continued, hopping from the great mahogany four-poster. "I want to see your house. Will you take me down stairs?"

Hand in hand they went down the soft-carpeted stairway.

"My, it's a long way down your stairs! We have only thirteen steps in ours. I like long stairs. That's a good banister to slide down. Some day when I know you better I'll ask you if I may slide down. Of course, I wouldn't today, because this is the first time I've been here."

After she had seen the dining room, the library, the music room, the drawing room, and all the other wonderful rooms, Lynda sighed. "It's a beautiful house, Mr. Burbank! I think it's the most beautiful house in the world, but, you know, there's something missing—no, two things missing. I don't know what the first is, but the second is the Christmas decorations. Even the poorest of homes, my daddy says, should have a little something to show it's Christmas. That's why mother always puts holly or evergreen into the basket we send Mrs. Flaherty each Christmas. Do you think it is too late to put up some decorations now? Tomorrow is Christmas, you know, and if you have something Christmas-y in the house, you'll feel much more like singing carols and things in church. I'll go down street and get the greens for you. I don't mind if I can get Pendennis to go with me."

"Thank you, Lynda, but Bruce would be glad to go, and when he has brought them back, we'll put them up together, you and I."

Lynda clapped her hands. "Goodie! I'd love to do that. The Ladies of the Ladies' Guild always let me help them when they dec—"

"Now, Lynda, if you'll stop talking and let me have a chance, I'll tell you what that first missing thing is. It's you! The whole house has been missing you for years and long years. And—"

"Why, I've never been here before, Mr. Burbank. How can the house miss me?"

"To answer that, I must tell you a story and ask you a question:

"Long, long ago before I was old and gray as I am now, I lived in a little house under a hill. I had no brothers and no sisters, and no father, but I was very, very happy, because I had a mother, and a dear old dog like your Pendennis. And best of all I had a friend—a very good friend she was, and she was very beautiful. Her hair was gold, and her eyes were blue, and her name was Lynda. Now I was a very poor lad, and I lived in a tiny little cottage under a hill, and Lynda was a very well-off girl and she lived in a big house like this. But we loved each other from the first day I delivered milk at her back door to the day when she went away to Heaven.

"The older I grew, the more I loved her. When my mother died, I determined to go away from Plymouth until I had proved myself worthy of Lynda. I grew wealthy and prosperous, and then I came back to Lynda. She loved me, and I loved her, and so we were married and built this big house to live in. Then about two years later a little girl was born to us. We called her Little Lynda. But after our baby had been with us three months, my wife went away to Heaven and left me alone with Little Lynda. I was very sorry. I thought all the joy of my life was gone, and I thought I didn't want Little Lynda. So I called in a friend of mine,—a minister he was,—and asked hm to take away Little Lynda and the shaggy dog, Pendennis, who loved and guarded her, to his wife, and never let me be bothered with her. I thought after Little Lynda was gone, I felt happy. And so I lived alone. Then today I saw her down town——"

"Why, Mr. Burbank! My name is Lynda Lovell!"

"Yes! Yes, Little Lynda, but what I am telling you is true. When I saw you this afternoon I knew you because you look so much like that other Lynda. Oh, little daughter, do you love an old man enough to give up your mother and father and baby sister—everything but Pendennis—to come to live with him and be what you are,—his own lttle Lynda? Do you Lynda? Do you?"

And Lynda laughed and nodded. "I know my mother and daddy would be glad because they took me so that you would find out some day that you wanted me. And I know you will be glad. And Pendennis will be glad because of the doughnuts, and so I'll be glad because it is Christmas, and because everyone else is glad, and because I love you, Daddy Burbank!"

LOST: ONE TOOTH.

Katherine Orear, 22.

Prudence Baldwin's father had just been killed in the war and it was necessary for her to find work, in order to help support her widowed mother and five young brothers and sisters. Prudence, called Prue for short, was just half-past fifteen, and far too young, her mother thought, to go out into the world to earn her own living.

"But," argued Prue, "Ned has a paper route, John helps the grocer, and even little Billy, who isn't quite eight, runs errands for the neighbors. Why shouldn't I, who am twice as old as he, do my share towards our support?"

"Oh, but you're a girl. It's different," remonstrated her mother.

"Well, in that case," answered Prue, "it's a disgrace to be a girl. No, we can't let it be different. I've got to work."

And, as usual, she had her way.

So it happened, one day, as she was looking through the paper for a position, her eye fell upon a very peculiar insertion, so strange, in fact, that it remained in her mind long afterwards.

This was it:

"Lost: One tooth of white porcelain, noticeably large. Probably lost on Birch St. Finder will be liberally rewarded on returning it to A. S. Ashton, Room 31, Weston Building, 1124 Weston Avenue, City."

The next day as Prue was on her way to respond to a favorable looking "ad" her foot suddenly came in contact with a small round object. Upon looking down, she perceived to her great amazement a large, white porcelain tooth. Immediately, she remembered the strange "lost" advertisement she had seen the previous day.

"Why, this must be the very tooth," she thought, "how funny I should find it!—but how lucky, also. Oh, I hope he'll give me a lot of money! I wonder, though, why the tooth is so valuable. Oh, well, I should worry, as long as I get the reward."

As she happened to remember the address, she at once turned her footsteps toward the location mentioned. When she reached the building and inquired for Mr. Ashton, she was shown into a large office where there were several clerks.

After hearing the nature of her business, the boy, who had let her in, vanished into a small inner room, Mr. Ashton's private office. He quickly reappeared and said the "boss" would see her if she would please step into his office.

Upon entering, she found herself face to face with a rather large, white haired old gentleman, who proved to be a multi-millionaire. As he was quite handsome and imposing, she felt rather awe-struck.

Hesitatingly she told her story and handed him the tooth. His hand closed eagerly over it as he ushered her to a seat.

"Young lady," he said gravely, "you have done me a far greater service than you realize. Now I want you to tell me what you would do with a check for five thousand dollars."

Prue fairly jumped from her chair. She could find no words to express herself. Was the man crazy? He must be, to offer her five thousand dollars for a mere tooth. She looked at him incredulously.

"Answer me," he insisted, "I am serious."

"Oh, sir," cried the girl, "it would mean rest and health for my mother, education for me and five young brothers and sisters, and life-long happiness for us all. You know father is dead in France,—he fell at Verdun, and there is no money. So we must all work, even poor delicate mother and the little children."

There was silence for a moment, then Mr. Ashton said quietly,—

"I, too, have just lost a very dear one in France, my only son. In his name, and in a cause like yours, I will make my check for ten thousand dollars instead of five."

Again Prue wondered if the man had been bereft of his wits. Frightened, she started out of her chair with some idea of running away; but then, remembering that the outer room was full of people, she leaned back again, feeling perfectly safe.

Mr. Ashton looked into her face, where amazement was still struggling with joy.

"I think I must explain myself a little more fully," he went on, "also tell you the real secret of the tooth. Four years ago, while traveling in India, I heard of a wonderful ruby and immediately decided I must possess it. Once the stone had glowed in the forehead of some sacred idol in a temple, but it had been stolen and was then the property of an Indian prince. I was finally able to purchase it at a fabulous price. However, the prince warned me that a certain set of religious fanatics had vowed to

recover it and would not hesitate to follow me to America, endangering my life. Therefore, after much thought, I hit upon a scheme."

And, taking a small instrument from his pocket, Mr. Ashton pried at the tooth a moment.

Watching closely, Prue saw the tooth swing open as though on hinges, and perceived that it seemed to be stuffed with cotton. Mr. Ashton pulled this away, and Prue's eyes were nearly blinded by the dazzling lights of one of the purest rubies in the world.

"My scheme," Mr. Ashton explained, "was to have a hollow, false tooth made which could be fastened in my mouth. I thought this would be an absolutely safe and unique hiding place. But, unfortunately, I am subject to severe coughing fits. The other day I was seized with one on Birch St., and very likely coughed the tooth out then. Now, little girl, you see what you have done for me, and why ten thousand dollars is a small price to pay for my returned treasure."

So, after all, the "lost tooth" was not "funny," but a real and wonderful blessing in disguise.

BEDALES.

Barbara Barton

Bedales is a co-educational boarding school in the South of England. It is fifty two miles from London and near both the North and South Downs. It is situated on a hill where there is an extensive view of the surrounding country. There are two main school buildings: first, Steephurst, where the girls sleep and have their sewing classes, second, the building containing the boys' dormitories and the class rooms. There are about one hundred and eighty children in the school. Their motto is: "Work of each for weal of all." The girls wear green tunics, white skirts and red ties in the morning, blue tunics for games, and conventional dresses in the evening. The boys wear knickerbockers and turn their stockings down below the knee. For games they wear dark blue running trousers and shirts.

When it rains and the ground is unfit for games, the children put on white sweaters and go for wet runs for two or three miles at full speed. When they get back, they take hot baths and dress hastily for the next class. For the sake of uniformity every girl must wear her hair in one braid, tied with a black ribbon, which keeps it very neat.

When one enters Bedales one is helped to find one's way about by a special pupil appointed to that duty. Eight of the elder children, four girls and an equal number of boys, are chosen as prefects. Their duties are to see that the other children keep the school rules and to give "offences" to the children if they are broken. Three offences lead to extra work, which is polishing brass, digging in the garden, or some other manual labor done on the free afternoons of the culprits. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are free. If a boy is especially unruly the head master gives him a caning, but this is not a frequent occurrence. The food at the school during the war, though not always of the finest quality, was plentiful.

The school day lasts from half-past eight in the morning until half-past eight at night. Each class lasts fifty minutes. In the middle of the morning there is a twenty minutes break, which in the winter is spent in Lacrosse practice by the girls and football practice by the boys. Towards the end of the morning the girls have gymnastics in a renovated barn, fitted with wall bars, balancing beams, and the other necessary equipment. At the end of every spring term there are "gym" competitions between the classes.

Studies last until one o'clock, when dinner is served in the well-lighted dining-hall. When dinner is over everyone takes a half hour's siesta which is usually spent in reading books from the well-stocked library. From half-past two in the winter terms the girls play Lacrosse and the boys association foodball for one hour and a half; in the summer they both play cricket, which seems rather a slow game in comparison with baseball. A cricket match usually lasts four hours. There are two classes, both before and after the evening meal, which is called "tea," and is quite a hearty one. Parents or friends of the children visiting Bedales and sitting at the head master's table in the centre of the hall, are overwhelmed by the clamor which so many voices and so many knives and forks are sure to make. After the

last class of the day the whole school assembles for five minutes of prayer and to hear a chapter read from the Bible by the head master. As the children file out of the hall, they shake hands with and say good night to each of the teachers. It is interesting to notice, while waiting for your turn, the different expressions of the indivduals who are bidding each other good night, and to listen to the different intonations of their voices in which they do it. Lights are all extinguished by quarter of ten and ghostly silence reigns over the deserted halls. As soon as the children are dressed in the morning, they go out on a short run to sharpen their appetites and clear their brains. In that part of England the winters are very rainy, but the summers are cool and sunny.

Dancing is not an "extra." Morris, country, and ballroom dancing are taught.

Armistice day was a memorable one for the school, as well as for the general public. In the morning there were races, coeducational football and Lacrosse; spiking the spud, which is performed on bicycles with foils, the spud being hung on a string to be spiked. All rules of any kind were null and void for that day. In the first part of the afternoon the headmaster gave an excellent "jaw," in which he clearly explained Wilson's fourteen points and the opinions of the German Government in regard to them. As this was preceded by a hearty dinner, the children were in the right state of mind to enjoy it. After it, there was a concert, consisting of famous selections from the great composers, given by the musical staff and one or two Bedalians. There was an early tea, a tea which well suited the occasion. The quadrangle was beautifully decorated with holly, evergreens, and sprigs of mistletoe suspended over quiet bowers in the five courts, which resemble stalls. There the unsuspecting coquette was led and the ceremony performed which is customary under mistletoe. In the middle was a piano on a raised platform where the band played. Dancing lasted for three hours and a half, at the end of which everyone assembled in the huge dining hall to drink healths in innocent lemonade, munch crackers, and absorb cake. That night everyone was glad to retire, weary but happy, from the festivities of the day.

On Sunday mornings in the summer there is swimming in the seventy by forty foot swimming bath. When one has swum two lengths, one is considered a swimmer. At the end of each summer term there are swimming competitions between the blues and the whites, into which two groups the school is divided for the sake of competition. The highest swimming board is twenty feet from the water. There are tennis tournaments with other schools and also between pupils at Bedales. At ten o'clock on Sunday, there is singing for one hour. Then the children start on expeditions with their particular friends. These excursions are very beneficial to all concerned, as they free the school from the children until tea or service time, as well as giving the pupils a happy day out of doors. They start on their expeditions either on bicycles, in wagons, or on foot, usually making one of the downs their destination. They take their dinner with them and find a shady spot on the sparsely vegetated hillside in which to eat it. The time is spent in playing games, cracking jokes, admiring the scenery and forgetting that school work ever existed. Then someone jumps up and exclaims dolefully that it is quarter past seven, that they ought to start at once for the school, else they will be too late for "Old Ella's jaw." At this they all groan, and mumble something about not caring whether they are late or not, for her jaw, they are sure it will be a bore. However, they hurry, as they know they will be punished if they are late. They arrive just as the "falling in" bell rings and, hastily changing their out-of-door shoes for house shoes and snatching their psalm books, they manage to slip in before their names are called. The whole school is arranged in several rows, according to age. Then a roll call is taken, so that any child who is "skunking" service will be duly punished. Then the pupils file into the hall, which resembles a chapel, having pews and a vaulted roof, but having a stage instead of an altar. A few hymns are sung, and a short talk given by one of the teachers.

On Saturday evenings, when there is no lecture to be given, a series of playlets called a "Merry Evening," is produced. These playlets consist of short, witty stories put into play form or real plays, each lasting about half an hour. They are very informal, ofen rehearsed for one day only before they are acted. It is delightful both for the actors and the audience to spend a free evening in this way.

For Hallowe'en, that ghostly time of the year, each class gathers a plentiful supply

of dry wood, and buys apples and chestnuts.

When Hallowe'en arrives most of the children sit around roaring fires in their class-rooms, cracking nuts, roasting apples and telling hair-raising ghost stories. But every year two classes are chosen to celebrate Hallowe'en in a more elaborate way. The quadrangle is filled with children dancing to the tune of piano and fiddles; fortune-tellers who perhaps are not unacquainted with the desires of their customers, are found under every archway in the corridors. There is bobbing for apples, which occasions much merriment, and there is a quiet corner where some are telling ghost stories. On that night many a veteran ghost story-teller hides his head under the bed clothes, trying in vain to free himself from terrifying thoughts. However, he has eaten so many nuts and apples that he soon falls asleep and does not wake until the friendly sunlight drives the grey mists from the sweeping downs.

THE FAR-OFF SHIP.

Lois Henderson

'Tis only a ship, a far-off ship,
That soon will pass along.
And all you can see is the whiteness of her,
But she calls for a true heart's song.

Where will she be—that far-off ship—
E're this tranquil day is past?
Mayhap a gale is in store for her—
Mayhap she'll die in a blast.

Who are the men on that far-off ship?
Where are their hearts,—their homes?
Mayhap upon a rocky shore
Where the merciless billow combs.

Shall I ever again see that far-off ship?
Again will she pass this way?
Oh, my heart goes out to those men and that ship
Whose faces are damp with spray!

Oh, God save that ship—that far-off ship!
Bless and protect her men!
Oh, be her journey safely made!
And guide her home again!

THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

Wilfred B. Nightingale, '23.

This year we are publishing another continued story following the example of the preceding staff. It is begun in this issue by a freshman, the sophomores and juniors will continue it, and the seniors will conclude it. Now sophomores, put on your thinking caps and send us many continuations of this excellent beginning.

It was on the twenty-eighth day of November, 1914. Around a log cabin belonging to the Hudson Bay Fur Company, the wind whistled coldly. Inside, about half a dozen men were lounging, watching two men who were opening a box from home. Suddenly, one of them sprang up, flourishing a paper in his hand and shouted, "War!"

"What's that!" Arthur Britain sprang up, electrified.

"There is a war with Germany."

Arthur looked at the floor a long minute, and a determined look crossed his face as he exclaimed, "I am going."

"Yes, we will all go in the spring," one man spoke up.

Arthur with an even more determined expression said, "I am going now."

"I am with you," exclaimed Jim Bicks.

"Why man alive! You will never get through. You will die in that trackless waste of snow. Wait until the spring, and we will all go."

Despite the many efforts to dissuade them from their dangerous venture, Arthur and Jim remained obdurate. Finding their protests were in vain, the men set about helping their two companions get ready for the risky trip. When they had stocked their dog sledges with food, they went to the office to get their pay.

"Pay!" roared the boss. "You don't receive any pay from this company until you have been here five years, and you have only been here two!"

"Your words are final?"

"Sure."

They walked out of the office and counted what money they had, only ten dollars between them. But, not despairing, they turned in that night to sleep and prepare themselves physically for the morrow.

On the first day of December they started out on the trackless waste of snow. For four days they went on without anything of interest happening. As they were continuing their monotonous march, Arthur and his dog sledge suddenly disappeared. With a cry of dismay, Jim rushed forward and saw Arthur struggling desperately to get out of a great hole in the ice, caused by the river rushing underneath. On looking around for something with which to rescue him—Ah! his eye fell on the harness of the dog sledge. He called out, "Hold on!"

He got the harness off. Would he be too late? He ran to the edge and cast out the harness to Arthur, who caught it and was pulled to safety.

Jim immediately built a fire, over which he dried Arthur's clothes. After a little while, he asked him how he felt.

"Pretty weak," Arthur smiled back wanly.

Next morning they once more resumed their dreary way.

That night the wolves who had been howling around every night, but had been repulsed, took advantage of Arthur's weakness by attacking the dogs and eating all but one. In the morning the men killed that one and ate it. They were coming to dire circumstances. Upon investigating their stores Jim, astonished, yelled, "We have only fifteen more pounds of oatmeal for our one hundred mile trip!"

Arthur looked at his companion in dismay. "Only fifteen more pounds of oatmeal for one hundred miles on foot!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, that's all," Jim replied. But they went on. It would have been useless to turn back.

(To be continued.)

A HARLEQUINADE.

Irma H. Reed, '20

A young man leaned on the balustrade of the Pont Alexandre III, and watched the wriggling snakes of fire made by the reflection of street lamps in the waters of the Seine. When the crowd thinned, he would swing himself over the balustrade and drop from this world through those swelling, gleaming depths of water into the next. You will now doubtless refuse to believe that the unfortunate person was none other than Robert de Casanove Wintersniff, Harvard '04, the last of that fine old Boston family of Wintersniffs. It would be tedious to relate the circumstances which brought him, a homeless and innocent outcast, to the Pont Alexandre III after a day of fruitless searching for work. He did have two sous in his pocket; being a Wintersniff, he refused to die penniless. Of course, there were sources of aid, there was work to be done; but a Wintersniff could not take aid, and would not clean the streets of Paris, for instance. Soon, the river became a gazing globe in which the young man saw himself jumping into the Seine, because he was a Wintersniff. He had lived the extremely corrct life of a true Wintersniff, and it had brought him to this! To preserve untarnished the name of Wintersniff, he was going to give up life itself! With startling suddenness Robert de Casanove Wintersniff slumped down on the stones, and a moment later John Smith walked briskly away from the Pont Alexandre III, jingling the two sous in his pocket.

The office of the head of the Paris police department was like an elegantly furnished sitting-room. A plain cabinet and desk were the only evidences that business was carried on there. The plump little chief sat behind his desk and scuffed his feet thoughtfully as he listened to the tale of John Smith, who stood before him. Feet-scuffing was a habit of the chief's, as was shown by the bare spot in what was otherwise an extremely good carpet. The chief also stroked his beard, which was fortunately better fitted to withstand hard usage. Finally he spoke.

"I believe you. It is necessary that I believe in someone. You seem to be sincere in your desire to join our great police force, which some like to call the most complete spy system in the world. You must be tested. Tonight you shall have a simple task.

"A certain man considers it a point of honor to return to a certain woman a stolen package, whether of billets doux or jewels does not concern you. It is convenient that I have you here tonight, as you can apparently play the part of a gentleman (John Smith bowed), and because you are not known in Paris.

"You will attend a masquerade ball as Harlequin. An English gentleman will recognize you by your cap of pistachio green, and give to you this package. The rest of the evening is yours, until eleven o'clock, when you must take the package to the near-by church of St. Gudule. Give it to the curé standing at the door. He will say, 'Restauré.'"

In a short time Smith was on his way to the ball. The tiny bells of the jester's cap of pistachio green tinkled on his shoulders, and the harlequin suit of diamond daubs of color clung snugly to his well set-up form.

After Harlequin had bowed over the little white hand of his hostess, who was dressed in the traditional raiment of a favorite of Louis XIV, he found himself in a long ballroom, decorated in yellow and gold. Great chandeliers lighted up a merry company of nearly all the knaves and princes of history and literature, together with their lady-loves; and three large mirrors multiplied the brilliant throng until it bewildered the eye. Opposite the mirrors, French windows opened upon the garden, where the green-black shrubbery and the smooth grass bloomed with orange, blues, vivid cerise, and cool lavender. Near Harlequin, Mephistopheles and an austere monk hobnobbed with a Spanish dancing girl. The three mousquetaires were everywhere at once, and fully lived up to their spirited reputations. Porthos, in the familiar sky-blue vest and threadbare crimson cloak ogling a buxom shepherdess so held Harlequin's attention that he jumped when a voice at his elbow said in English, "A gay scene sir, a gay scene."

"Yes, indeed," said Harlequin, returning the deep bow of an English gentleman of Queen Anne's time. His gaze travelled from the buckled slippers, shapely calves, and deep-cuffed coat of snuff-colored velvet

to the serene face and wise, old eyes framed with long, curling hair.

"You, too, are alone, I take it," said the gentleman. "I had thought to come here with my old friend, Will Wimble, but he was most desirous of finishing a tobacco-stopper tonight. But you, sir, will you walk in the garden with an old man?"

"I shall be happy to. May I get you an ice?"

"You are kind, sir, kind; but a cup of tea is what I should like, and that, I am afraid," said the old gentleman with a sigh, "is unobtainable."

However, he cheered up considerably in the garden under the influence of a smoke. His pipe had a very small bowl and a very long stem, and the tobacco, which he certainly did not "damn with faint praise," he referred to as "Virginia."

"I know you smoke," he said, fishing in his deep pockets. "Pray accept this roll of Virginia, grown especially at my order."

Harlequin thanked him, and slipped the package, a hard affair, into a hidden pocket in his waist-coat. While he could not tell what the package contained, he did not believe for a moment that he had compromising letters or jewels. He knew of the difficult trials used to weed out members of the Paris police, and he wondered why the chief had used all this clap-trap merely to see if he could be trusted to carry out a simple order promptly.

When the transfer had been effected, the old man grew less sociable, and soon Harlequin strolled alone among the gay *tete-a-tetes*. A distant clock struck ten. Harlequin decided to enjoy himself for his remaining hour.

He began by waving to a girl as she straightened up from fixing the strap of a tiny, red-heeled slipper. Her fan invited him nearer, and he gazed into the glowing dark eyes of the Spanish dancer.

"Won't you pick me a big, red rose? I have tried, but the thorns, they hurt my fingers."

Of course he picked several. One was tucked into her bodice. Another must be pinned to his suit. She fumbled with the pin rather clumsily and her fingers touched the hard package, which protruded slightly from his waistcoat. Harlequin was amazed to see the sharp change in those lovely eyes. She pinned the rose, she languished, and finally drew him into the midst of a joking group,—and slipped away. When he realized that she was gone, and thought of the cunning light in her eyes, it occurred to him with a chill that the package might be important after all. The girl could not be a part of his initiation; no acting would have produced the change in her eyes. He decided to go to St. Gudule's at once and wait there for eleven o'clock.

Harlequin returned to the ballroom. There were only two doors leading from it into the rest of the house where the cloak-room was. At one door the monk was planted firmly, not to say belligerently; at the other, stood Mephistopheles. One of his horns was slightly askew, but that did not detract particularly from the air of capability which the ruler of darkness wore. The two might be watching for Harlequin, and, again, they might not be. But the jester betook his many-colored self back into the garden, and sought a way of escape from there.

Creeping behind the shrubs, he reached the high wall. No time was to be lost. He mounted a bench, which gleamed faintly in the darkness, felt for the wall's crumbling top, secured a firm hand-grip, and swung himself to the top with the surprising agility of a person who has no time to measure dstances or to hesitate at hazards. Hitching over the crest of the wall, an action which by no means improved the appearance of his parti-colored silks, he cautiously let himself down on the other side and dropped into the obscurity of a Paris night.

Since early evening a crowd of workmen and their wives and sweethearts had idled about the walls to catch a glimpse of the masqueraders in the garden. With shouts of joy they fell upon the gorgeous being who dropped suddenly into their midst.

"Feel silk! Hear bells! Take him where there is more light!" they cried, and Harlequin was hustled down a neighboring alley, through a dark passage, and out into a bright little café in a back yard. A few pieces of the family washing dried in a corner. But what of that? Red wine, and little cakes, and music furnished by a pianist as battered as the piano, and by a fiddler as bent as his violin, all made the place a popular one. Now Harlequin, prince of good fellows, should entertain the patrons, at the request, of course, of merry brown eyes, and aided by brawny arms. He must dance. He danced. He must perform the dozen and one little capers that occurred to his whimsical audience. He capered. Ap-

peals that he be freed were ignored. His strength was no match for that of his captors, neither was his craft.

It was nearly eleven o'clock. A desperate heart beat under the gaudy patches. "Am I to jig here all night?" thought poor Harlequin. "A secours, a secours," he called. The mocking faces took up the cry, and sent it echoing. It appeared that Harlequin could use his voice. Bien, he should sing for them,—anything.

Anything is often hard to find. Strangely enough, the first thing that Harlequin thought of was,

"Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"

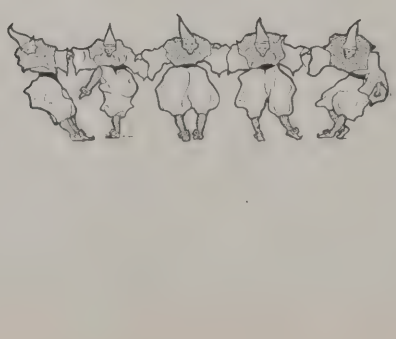
Harlequin did have a good voice, and the Serenade suited his deep, sonorous tones admirably. He sang with his eyes on the patch of starry sky over the little yard. At the third verse he became aware of an accompaniment. The drowsy musician, his soul at his finger-tips, was coaxing unbelievable harmony from the old piano. Without understanding a word, the audience at the tables was moved with that quick appreciation of good music that humble people of Latin blood have. They sat as if charmed, and Harlequin himself was lost in the music.

Suddenly, eleven slow strokes rang out, cutting through the music with weird resonance. Each clang vibrated through the body of Harlequin. He stopped singing. The café was as grave as it had been gay. Harlequin was a gay fellow, but his divine singing had given an idea. "Did Harlequin care for the immortal soul which had shown itself in his singing? Did he burn a taper on the altar regularly?" It was suggested that he might do so at once. His pocket, the obvious, and not the hidden one, was obligingly searched, and yielded two sous. "Bien." He was provided with a taper, and, with a watchful guard on either side, Harlequin was escorted to the neighboring St. Gudule's. The crowd followed.

There was no curé at the door, although Harlequin looked for him, but he might have been lurking in the shadows of the massive pillars. The guards humbly removed their caps and took the hood of pistachio green from Harlequin. Then the taper was lighted for him and placed on the altar.

On the way back down the aisle the ghost of Robert Wintersniff was at Harlequin's elbow. "Was he going to be crowded in a church by a couple of miserable laborers?" There was a short tussle. The gorgeous blouse ripped and something crashed on the stone floor. Harlequin and his followers and a man who suddenly appeared from behind a pillar, stood in a circle and gazed dumbly at the flagging. In the midst of a litter of splintered glass which winked in fitful light lay a crudely shaped spoon of gold having a cross for its handle. It was the celebrated relic of St. Gudule, the disappearance of which had roused France a year before.

"Restauré," said the curé, as he tenderly picked up the spoon, "a little late, but St. Gudule is grateful to the police of Paris, and to their illustrious representative, M. Harlequin."



SCINTILLATIONS FROM FRESHMAN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

When the cake was passed at my first birthday party I told my mother I couldn't eat the holes. "Well," she said, "you can't eat round them." I had to eat the holes.

One day the doctor asked me my Aunt Betty's last name. "Aunt Betty," I answered. "What is her other name?" he asked. "She hasn't any; it's just plain Aunt Betty." The next day he wanted to know if she was married. I didn't know, so when I got home I asked her how it was with her. "No," she said. It was not long before I was back at her with the question, "Am I married?" She laughed so long I didn't get a chance to ask her what it meant.

It has always been my ambition to be a teacher. At present my mind is divided as to whether a nurse wouldn't be more help. My aunt told me I had better be a nurse if the teachers' salaries didn't go up.

Being descended from good people, I was brought up in a good way. While I was quite young, I was the pet and terror of my parents and neighborhood. I always was ready to ascend anything, even the fireplace, although it was impossible. Once I had tried to do this stunt, but without success, for I fell and knocked out one of my first teeth. My mother laughingly told this incident to me many years later. But it seems to me that if her tooth departed in such a fashion she wouldn't be so delighted. Also, I was very fond of fighting. Fighting, it seemed, was my middle name. I would even go as far as picking a fight for nothing. I always admired the great men who fought so bravely in war and hoped that I would also be a great man sometime.

My ambition was started when I was chosen chairman of an eighth grade debate on Suffrage. I was to judge which side won. I gave the award to the Antis, but it really belonged to the Suffragettes. Then I resolved to be an orator, fighting for the rights of my country. Though my first debate was a failure, it did not discourage me, but it seemed to make me more determined to do better.

It was at Medway. Mr. Lawry had sent John and me down to the river to get the milk. The can had drifted away. We got into the boat and started down the river. We had gone half a mile when we decided to turn back. Now when we were getting in to the shore we hit something which could be nothing but the milk can. It was some time we had on the boat, for we had flash lights and saw many curious things that night in the water.

I do not remember anything that happened to me until I reached the age of four or five. One day, while I was standing in the window watching it snow, I saw my sister, who was about eight years old, playing with a boy of nine. He got mad at her and struck her. That made me mad and I turned and marched into the kitchen and said to my mother, "Mudder, dim me my toat; I want to go out and hit that boy what hit my sisser." I don't think she gave it to me, but anyway she always has remembered it.

Another funny happening occurred one cold day when we were all sitting around the stove getting warm. The tea-kettle was letting out large puffs of steam. I watched it for about a minute; then I turned to my mother and said, "Muddy, tea-kettle stuck um nose out to get um bref."

IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY.

Mary W. Killam, '20.

How well I remember that exciting day when I boarded the ship "Alhambra." It was taking me away from dear friends, to be sure, but was it not carrying me to the land of my dreams; and had I not for many weeks, no, months past, been counting the days until October 15? Finally old Father Time brought it to me, and I rejoiced.

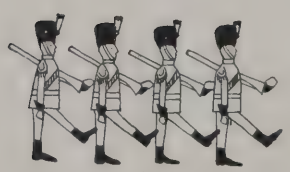
Weather conditions on the journey across were not the best imaginable, but fortunately, all the members of our party were good sailors, although all the members of all the parties very obviously were not. I always have loved the sea, and I never tired of looking far out over the water, which stretched further than the eye could pene-

trate. As we passed through the Strait of Gibraltar, the view on all sides was so wonderful that we could only stand and gaze. The clear, blue-green water of the Mediterranean, the far-off land, and the azure depths of the sky above made a delightful picture that was long to be remembered.

We went first to sunny Italy, and stayed in Venice, the city of a hundred isles, for two weeks. Although the people of Italy are not as clean in their habits as we, there is a charming picturesqueness about them. During the day we usually visited some cathedral or other famous place in Venice. We also stopped, like typical American travelers, to feed the pigeons in front of St. Mark's Cathedral. Many evenings were spent gliding slowly along in the gondolas, in the bright moonlight. The beauty and calm of those nights will stay with me always. We visited Florence, Genoa, Naples, and Rome. All four towns had their charms

When I think of some places in Europe where I stopped, I hear a certain sound; of others, I see a picture, either of some magnificent structure or of a more humble scene; of one, sad to relate, I get a taste, a most bitter taste, that came from a French dish to which something,—I never knew what—had happened. With the name Florence there always comes to me the deep, vibrating peal of the Cathedral bells. Their sound went forth early in the morning, calling the people to worship. We have beautiful church bells in America, but for me, at least, none of them can equal the rich tones of the bells of Florence. It seemed as if their magic notes spoke, bringing a message of heavenly peace.

We could not leave beautiful Italy without first going across to Sicily, since we were eager to enter the Blue Grotto, which Mark Twain mentioned in his "Innocents Abroad." Some of the excursionists were a little timid about going through that small opening into the cavern, for they knew very well that sometimes the water rises suddenly and blocks the opening for several days. Finally, however, they agreed to go, and we hired a number of men to take us in their small boats. Luckily, the water was quite calm that day, and my mother, who is not fond of going out in such craft as we were in, really enjoyed herself. The entrance is so low that we had to lie down in the bottom of our boats, while passing into the cave. But how wonderful it was inside! It was as if we had been transported, by some miracle, into a different world. The whole atmosphere was blue. All was cool and quiet in the Grotto. Many times, since leaving America, my surroundings had overwhelmed me with their grandeur or beauty, but never had I been so overpowered as I was in the cave. It was peaceful and beautiful, yet mysterious and awe-inspiring. I could not have been noisy. That was a place for dreaming, and for meditation upon many things, — especially on the beauties and wonders of Nature.



ORIENTAL JUSTICE.

Richard G. de Rochemont

Uptown, Lee Fong's establishment was well known for its antique porcelains, beautiful jades cunningly wrought long before America was discovered, placid Buddhas, pilfered from temples by desecrating hands, to be sold to infidels, and a superior collection of Oriental art at its best. Here "society" would come to gaze at some new object of great interect—and great price, sip a cup of rare Chinese tea, chat with Lee or one of his urbane, politely subservient lieutenants, and go on their way. This was uptown.

Downtown, Lee Fong was proprietor of a place of a rather different order. The street floor was given up to a store full of "imported" Chinese gimcracks made in San Francisco, while the next was devoted to a chop-suey house of familiar type. Here the "See Chinatown busses" unloaded flocks of sightseers who gaped at the fake opium dive, ate chop suey or chow mein, and departed. In these three divisions Lee Fong was slowly accumulating his fortune, but he had one apartment set aside for himself and his associates. This was his jasmine garden, the pride of the young Chinaman's heart—a room, sweet with flowers, permeated by the music of tinkling fountains, with a few tables around the sides, where Lee Fong and the brethren of his tong were wont to gather quietly to discuss matters over their pipes and tea. Now and then some pale-faced Occidental denizen of Pell or Doyers St., would come at Lee Fong's bidding. The two would sit and talk, and perhaps, toward the close, money would pass and the gunman would go forth to carry out the Oriental's orders. At the far end of the garden was a screen, behind which Lee Fong would sit in his hours of leisure and write poetry to his sweetheart, Tsein, of the sloe eyes and petal-like hands, whom he was to marry at the feast of the New Year.

Lately, however, his heart had been troubled in this regard. One "Slim" Doyle, a Pell St. yeggman of repute, had dared to make love to the beautiful Tsein under Lee Fong's very eyes. This Fong had been obliged to bear, for Doyle had evidence of Fong's part in the killing of the leader of a rival hatchet tong. Doyle had successfully blackmailed the Chinaman for some time, but this final indignty had made up the Chinaman's mind to revenge.

Late one evening Lee Fong was sitting in his retreat, as usual, moodily reading, when a servant entered quietly. "They are here," he murmured. "He sits back to the screen and she faces it."

"It is well," responded Lee Fong. "Take to them, with my compliments, a flask of the potent spirits which I have designated."

The Chinese bowed and glided out.

On the other side of the screen the gunman and the girl sat talking in low tones. Finally, Tsein broke into the steady flow with a passionate, "True, my heart, thou art not to be compared with him, my handsome Larree. I know my soul, now, and 'tis thee alone I love." They sat silent, the gunman gloatingly searching the adoring eyes of Tsein.

The Chinese waiter passed a small jade flask and two tiny glasses on the table. Tsein barely tasted the liquor, but Doyle, finding it pleasant to his taste, drank heavily. Later, the waiter returned to remove a dish from the table and in doing so brushed heavily against the sodden Doyle. The gunman stirred and cursed. Apologizing profusely, the waiter withdrew.

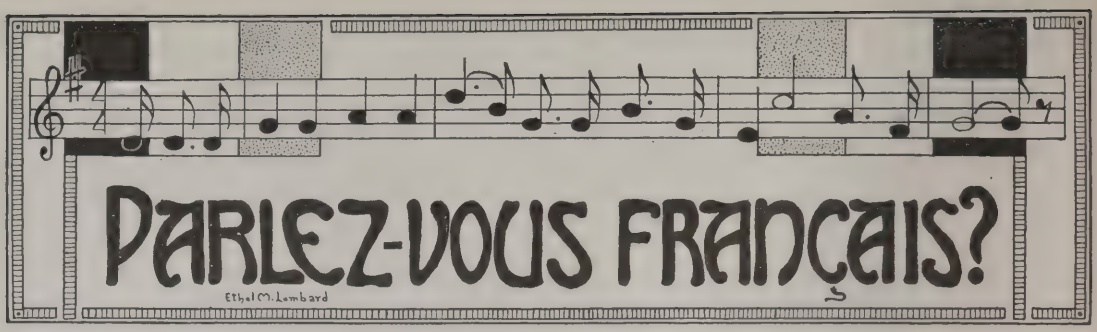
Behind the screen he handed Lee Fong a large automatic pistol and whispered, "Save for them, the garden is empty," then disappeared.

Lee Fong moved the screen to one side, and pointed the pistol over Doyle's shoulder. A sharp report rang through the building, and Tsein of the sloe eyes and petal-like hands crumpled onto the table.

* * * * *

"Well, I guess we've got the goods on Slim Doyle this time," remarked Captain Burke of the Mott St. station to his lieutenant. "He seemed dazed and horrified, all right, and not able to realize what had happened, but there he was, with his gun smoking in his hand, and the little girl dead across the table."

"She was a kind of pretty kid, as them people go," observed Lieutenant O'Hara. "I guess it's curtains for Doyle now."



UNE LETTRE D'UNE ORPHELINE FRANCAISE A SA MARRAINE

Ma chère Marraine,

C'est pour vous dire un grand merci que je vous écris, car je suis bien heureuse de voir combien vous êtes bonne de vous occuper de moi. Votre lettre m'a fait beaucoup de plaisir; malheureusement je suis trop petite pour y répondre moi-même, mais je sais assez bien parler pour dire ce qu'il faut qu'on vous écrive pour moi.

J'ai été très malade cet hiver mais on m'a bien soignée dans une belle infirmerie où un docteur américain venait me voir et me faire jouer. Il m'aimait beaucoup et je le lui rendais bien; aussi, quand il est reparti en Amérique, après avoir tant donné de dévouement à la France, j'ai eu beaucoup de chagrin.

Je vais bien maintenant, mais cependant on dit que je suis délicate. Ma grande soeur est dans la même classe que moi, nous avons un an de différence. En ce moment, ce sont les vacances, aussi allons-nous souvent au jardin. Nous nous amusons beaucoup dans les champs à glaner et au bord de la Seine à cueiller des mûres.

Je vais à la messe tous les dimanches et jours de fête et je prie bien pour ma chère Marraine que j'aime beaucoup. Peut-être serez-vous contente de savoir que Maman est domestique dans un chateau, mais comme c'est loin, elle ne vient jamais nous voir. C'est un grand sacrifice, car s'il n'y avait pas eu la guerre, nous serions bien heureuses, toutes ensemble, dans notre maison du Nord qui a été démolie par les Allemands.

Adieu, chère Marraine, je vous quitte en vous assurant de ma profonde reconnaissance et en vous embrassant respectueusement.

Je signe moi-même,

IRENE SABATIER.

LE QUATORZE JUILLET A PARIS

Claire Kirkjian, '21

Quand j'avais huit ans, ma mère et moi, nous sommes parties de Turque en Asie, pour l'Amérique. En route, nous restions, pendant une ou deux semaines, à Paris.

Nous avions l'intention de partir pour les Etats-Unis, tout de suite, mais comme le lendemain était le quatorze juillet, nous nous sommes décidées a y rester. Aujourd'hui, j'en suis très contente. Bien que j'aie été très jeune, je me souviens du gaîté des foules.

La veille du quatorze juillet, toute la ville était pavoisée de drapeaux français et de bannières de toutes couleurs. C'était, vraiment, un très joli spectacle. Le matin, on voyait marcher le long des rues, des hommes, vêtus comme des ours, des loups, des éléphants, et ainsi de suite. Il y avait aussi, des hommes qui étaient très, très petits, comme les nains, les autres, très grands et gros, comme les géants; partout, les enfants regardaient tout cela, avec beaucoup de joie, battant les mains et criant. Les parades continuaient jusqu'à ce qu'il fît nuit. Alors, les amusements sur la Seine commencèrent. Tout le fleuve était allumé par beaucoup de lueurs de différentes couleurs. Il y avait vingt garçons et vingt jeunes filles qui nageaient, et plongeaient dans l'eau, faisant des tours merveilleux.

A onze heures et demie, ma mère et moi, nous sommes rentrées chez nous, très fatiguées, mais bien contentes.

Un étranger.— Il pleut donc dans toute l'année ici.

Un paysan.— Non, monsieur, il neige en hiver.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE

— Votre mère est elle chez elle?

— Je ne sais pas, je vais aller voir.

(Le petit garçon revenant à la porte). Non, madame, elle n'est pas à la maison.

— Alors je vais vous laisser ma carte.

— Ne vous dérangez pas madame. J'ai dit à ma mère qui c'était.

Un enfant de sept à huit ans pleurait dans la rue. Un monsieur s'arrête et lui demande ce qu'il a.

"Monsieur, répond l'enfant au milieu de ses sanglots, maman m'a donné deux sous, je viens de les perdre.— C'est un malheur facile à réparer, dit le monsieur, tiens, en voila deux autres; et il allait s'éloigner, lorsque l'enfant redouble ses pleurs et ses cris.

— Mais qu'as-tu donc encore?

— Monsieur, c'est que je n'avais pas perdu mes deux sous, j'en aurai à present."

— Maman, faut il que je me lave mes mains ou que je mette mes gants?



On Oct. 21 there was an enthusiastic and encouraging meeting in the hall. First we sang popular songs. Our president likes, not thoughtless singing, but singing which is full of life and expression. We hope that by the end of the year not only the Glee Club, but the whole G. A. A. wil be able to sing well; and especially do we hope that many girls will buy the G. A. A. song book, and will learn as many as possible of the songs in it. The music over, we came down to a serious discussion. The Freshman Party was announced. An interesting letter from Mary Hickey was read. Barbara Nolen, vice-president, then gave a short talk on affairs which interest the G. A. A. Next came up the question of the football game. After quite a discussion it was decided that the G. A. A. girls should meet before the game, and the time and place were set. Soon Miss Gay became an Information Department, answering one question after another. The number of inquiries on various subjects showed the enthusiasm of the girls who attended the meeting.

Then came the Freshman Party. This year it was held in the form of a Hallowe'en Party, a thing which has never been done before by the G. A. A. It certainly was a good idea, and it was well carried out. The costumes were the best yet. Pumpkins, like everything else, were high in price this year, but there was no lack of big, fat ones waddling around. All sorts of folks dropped in to the party, from clowns with baggy trousers to dainty brides; but what startled me most were the neat appearing young men and boys who dared to intrude at an affair which was exclusively for those of the fairer sex. All went quietly until a mysterious and dreadful Witch drove us, with her threatening broomstick, down into the gym, which was appropriately decorated with festoons of black and orange crepe paper. There an exciting if not dignified race took place. The stunt was to pick up the apples which those of good memories had brought, and carry them on a spoon for a certain distance. Then the Freshmen were led in groups of five to their initiation, in which they passed blindfolded into the lower world. The tragic-voiced, clammy-fingered Spirits conducted them through many blood-curdling trials and tribulations, until finally, after having taken the last plunge into Hades (down the bicycle slide) they were allowed to go back into the upper world, as full-fledged members of the Freshman Class of C. H. L. S. We thank the Spirits for aiding us so well.

Next we all trooped upstairs to the hall. Here the prizes were awarded, for the funniest costume, to Louise Hall, for the prettiest, to Ruth Dennehy, and for the most original to Renah MacInnis. Led by our president, we sang some popular songs, and then the entertainment began. Esther MacGuire gave two solo dances. Several G. A. A. girls presented "The Haunted Gate." This was very well given. I can still hear the piercing shriek that "Grace" uttered as she saw the amorous ghosts. Next on the program were some Mother Goose Rhymes recited by five girls, or should I say by two boys, a little girl, a witch, and a ghost. Then we went down again to the gym, and, after enjoying refreshments danced for some time. Our president announcd that Mary Hickey, president of the G. A. A. A., had come, and would speak to us. When she had finished, we ended the party by cheering, for there are few events indeed in the G. A. A. where we do not at some time take advantage of this means of showing our enthusiasm and the strength of our lungs.

On Nov. 12, a meeting was held in the Science Lecture Hall. The resignation of Miss Harriet Lane from executive committee was read and accepted. Miss Lane as an officer has worked untiringly and very efficiently for the G. A. A. Her charity toward others, her poise, and her earnestness make her a girl whom the G. A. A. can ill afford to lose from the executive committee, and one whose resignation will be very keenly regretted. Our president ex-

plained score-keeping in football, which is something that most of us know as much about as we do about Greek. It was decided that the G. A. A. girls should attend the game in a body as before. Then members of different classes led cheering. After this the Editor and Business Manager of the "Periscope" for this year were announced. They are Laura Jones and Esther Massé, respectively. We wish them great success, but of course it is in a large part up to the members of the G. A. A. to contribute to the "Periscope" and so help to make it worthy of the G. A. A. Miss Gay spoke of the orchestra and glee club, both of which have now been started. I frequently hear the members of the glee club lifting up their voices in good shape, but I fear that unless more girls come out and join the orchestra it will not be worth while for the few persons who are willing to give their time to it.

We are glad to have back with us once more our faculty adviser, Miss Brown, who is as interested as ever in the welfare of the G. A. A., and is very glad to be here again.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'17 Harry Mills is with the firm of Henigan and Ward, ship chandlers, in New York.

'15 Katharine Barbey is studying for an A. M. degree in English at Radcliffe.

'16 Richad Place has returned to Harvard after service overseas.

'16 John Worcester has transferred from Tech to Amherst.

'16 Lauriat Lane played on the Harvard Second Team this fall.

'18 Paul Sanborn is with the firm of Sanborn Co., manufacturers of scientific instruments in Boston.

'16 Marian Worcester is vice-president of the Senior Class at Radcliffe.

'16 Marguerite Pierce is a Junior at Radcliffe.

'16 Alan Martin, former hockey captain, is engaged in the shipping business in New Orleans.

'16 Ed Bradley is manufacturing chemicals in Cambrdge.

'16 Parker Ellis is in the lumber business in Boston.

'16 Jeanette Moody has transferred to Wellesley from Jackson.

'15 Margaret MacNaugher has been elected treasurer of the Senior Class at Radcliffe.

'15 Ruth Blackman is married to Paul De Witt Caskey, Williams '11. The couple will live at 6 Arlington St., Cambridge.

'15 Clarence Row is studying Mechanical Engineering at M. I. T. He is still suffering somewhat from being gassed with the A. E. F.

'15 Russell Place is in first year Law at Harvard.

'14 Ruth Sanborn is teaching physics and mathematics at the Knox School, Tarrytown, N. Y.

'18 Ethel Woodworth and Anita Ford were in an Idler at Radcliffe.

'18 Vera Hokanson won the Cantabrigian Scholarship.

'18 Caroline Kennard and Bertha Weiner also won scholarships.

'19 Rosamond Coolidge received very high honors in her entrance exams.

'18 Lucille Spaulding won the Cambridge Latin School Scholarship of $100.

'19 Randolph Heizer is captain of the Harvard Freshman Soccer Team.

'14 Horton I. Marlor has returned from France recently, bringing a French bride with him.

'19 Lawless Roschach is at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

'19 Brazilian is studying Law at Boston University.

'18 Lyle Ring, who took part in the "H. M. S. Pinafore" last year is expected to take the part of the Mikado in the opera this year.

'19 The following graduates have entered the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University: Esther F. Anderson, Edna E. Hunnewell, Goldie Fine, Marguerite Fair, Ruth Frances Smith, Oliver H. Payne.



Debating this year has begun very successfuly. Shortly after the Sophomore-Freshman clash, we met Quincy High School in a dual debate and, in the Latin School Hall, gloriously defeated the Quincy boys by a unanimous decision of the judges. Although at Quincy, the home team succeeded in winning two of the three judges to its side, it was very evident that Latin School had the best speakers.

Considering the exceptionally short time allowed for preparation for the debate, it was remarkably well done, and much credit is due to both teams.

The Freshman Girls have formed a debating club of which Hortense Wetherbee is executive secretary. They hope to debate with the Freshman Boys and possibly with the Sophomore Girls, although the latter have not as yet formed a club.

The C. H. L. S. Debating Association is planning to have a prize speaking contest before the Christmas vacation towards which the Boys' Debating Association, through their adviser, Miss Wood, voted $5.00.

The four branches of the Debating Association, the Freshman Girls' Debating Club, and the Clawjhowja Bjustofe of '21 will send representatives to the contest, for which a War Savings Stamp, a silver cup, and a medal will be offered as first, second, and third prizes.

Soon after the Christmas vacation we will debate either Arlington or Lowell in a dual debate, (as with Quincy), or possibly at two different dates. We have a very good debating team this year, and it deserves much more support than it received at the Quincy debate, and it is hoped and expected that more school spirit will be shown in the future. You will support an important school activity and enjoy yourself at the same time if you come to the debate.

The Under Classmen should take part in the trials for the Durrel Cup Debate (which will take place in February), and the school debates, not only because they have a chance of making the team, but also as the more practice they have the better speakers they will bcome.

Quincy Debate

On Monday evening, Nov. 24, the first interscholastic debate of the year took place in the Latin School Hall, with Quincy High School. It was a dual debate, both home teams having the negative with the visitors upholding the affirmative. The question was, "Resolved: that compulsory military training should be enforced." Mr. Edward P. Collier, of the Library Trustees, was chairman, and Edward Sawin was timekeeper.

E. Lundeen, the first speaker for the affirmative, opened the debate for Quincy. He claimed that History favors such a move as many unnecessary casualties occurred because of lack of preparedness. George McLaughlin in presenting the case for the negative showed that compulsory military training had been a failure in Europe, and (in direct opposition to Lundeen), claimed that history proves this plan a failure. He also maintained such a move as its adoption to be unnecessary on the ground that no nation was in any condition to attack us. William Deane, second speaker for the affirmative, asserted that class distinction would be eliminated through the adoption of this proposition and that the welfare of the nation justifies such a move. He was, in our opinion, the best speaker for Quincy.

The second speaker for Cambridge, William Severs, a new boy in the school, was a very effective talker. He warned against adopting such a plan, saying that it would breed militarism and encourage war, and moreover would be a tremendous expense, costing five times as much as the present system. In closing the case for Quincy, E. Shynel claimed that through this plan we could muster 16,000,000 men to the defense of our country, and that that fact alone would ensure peace. The entire affirmative case was based on the old proverb: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Nathaniel Simmons, as third and last speaker for the negative maintained that this step was contrary to our principles and limits personal freedom and that if mili-

tary training makes a nation efficient, why was not Russia efficient? He also asserted that if our young men were trained for war their ideals and ambitions would be in war.

The teams then withdrew for ten minutes to prepare a rebuttal, during which time the audience displayed quite a little enthusiasm.

George McLaughlin, rebuttal speaker for Cambridge, delivered a convincing speech in which he asserted that the cost of this plan would be three billion dollars, and asked what the tax rate would jump to then. He quoted the affirmative as saying that France was a fine example of compulsory military training, and then reminded them that she had to abolish it. E. Lundeen in his rebuttal for Quincy maintained that if the smaller nations are successful in such a proposition we can be also, and that this would build up a national spirit unifying all classes.

The judges, William B. Larkin, Harvard 1903; Richard Bennett, Harvard 1913, and Louis P. Murphy, Boston Globe, unanimously awarded the decision to Cambridge, and chose McLaughlin as best speaker with Severs second.

The winning team will receive gold medals.

Richard Fitzgerald was alternate for Cambridge; William W. Jenness for Quincy.

This is a most encouraging start for C. H. L. S., not only as we won, but as the team showed itself superior in many respects to the visitors. It is always necessary in order to have a good debate to have the opposing issues clash, and that is what happened. The result was that a very spirited debate took place. The delivery was good and we feel that all three of the Cambridge speakers were superior to the Quincy boys.

The Cambridge Expeditionary Team met defeat at the hands of Quincy's home team in the Quincy High School auditorium. Although each of the Cambridge speakers showed a marked superiority over their opponents, the judges evidently based their decision on arguments alone, without regard to the forensic ability of the individual speakers. Harry Goodwin was easily the star of the evening, especially in his rebuttal speech. Over three hundred people attended the debate.

Goodwin opened the debate by outlining our case, that the volunteer system had failed, that a system of military training was necessary, and the benefits of this system recommended it above all others. He cited Charles W. Eliot, General Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt as favoring military training, and proceeded to show the failure of the volunteer system in every war in which the United States had taken part. Paul Rowe and Maynard Lawrence, our other speakers, made a favorable impression. John Holteen outlined the case for Quincy, that this system is inadequate, impossible, and unjust to the nation, the individual and the world, and that its cost would be prohibitive. William Couch and John Holden, continuing the case for Quincy, offered good arguments, but proved rather monotonous speakers.

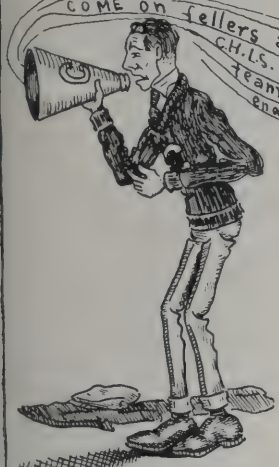
Holdeen, Quincy's rebuttal speaker, showed improved form, but Goodwin gave a smooth, well-prepared speech, marred only by a few bits of sarcastic humor at the Quincy team's expense. William Jenness and Isadore Duchin were the alternates. The decision was made by closed ballot without consultation. Selections were rendered by the Quincy High School Orchestra, one of the best high school orchestras in this section of the state. The Cambridge team was accompanied by Thomas Bunyon, Boston College 1922.



Getting nominated for a class office is no easy Job.



Failure Slips



"Cheese" in action



C.H.L.S. Fireworks '19



Next!



McGowan shoots it right over all the time



What happened to a man who tried to get by "Custer."



Hail! Hail! The gang's all here. Latin 28 Hindge O.



Cambridge vs. Everett.

One of the best teams that has ever represented Cambridge Latin on the gridiron redeemed last year's defeat at the hands of Everett High, by a score of 7-0, on the Everett High Field. With Leander McDonald's excellent coaching, the eleven outplayed the opposing team in every point of the game, breaking through Everett's line with crashing line plunges and skin tackle plays.

Everett won the toss and kicked to Latin. From the 30 yd. line, the pigskin was carried and punted up and down the field, stopping at the end of the quarter, on the 40 yd. line in Latin's hands. The fourth quarter started with the ball in Everett's possession in the middle of the field. After a loss, it was punted down the field to Kelly. Crowley gained on a series of line bucks through center and then Murphy punted. Not making any headway, Everett returned the ball to Kelly on Latin's 30 yd. line. In the second down, on an end-around play, McGowan, with good interference, carried the ball around Everett's right end for 30 yds. Crowley again made it first, and with four minutes to play, Izzy Zazakov tore by his right tackle, dodged the opposing backs, and scored the only touchdown of the game. Murphy easily put the ball over the cross-bar.

Zarakov, Crowley, and Kelly played well for Cambridge in the backfield; while on the line the work of Sayward, Murphy and Rudman featured. Beck, Kelly, Silvaggio and Sweetland starred for Everett. The lineup:

Cambridge		Everett
Kozlovsky, l. e.		r. e. Hiltz
Sayward, l. t.		r. t. Eames
B. Zarakov (Manach)	l. g.	r. g. Sahir
Rudman, c.		c. Blazley
Skinner, r. g.		l. g. Abbott (Flood)
Murphy, r. t.		l. t. Porter (Holsman)
McGowan, r. e.		l. e. Beck (Winchester)
Kelly, q. b.		q. b. Sweetland (Kelly)
I. Zarakov, l. h. b.		r. h. b. Kelly (Thatcher)
Frye, r.h.b. (Hurd, Duffey)		l.h.b. Oberlander
Crowley f. b.		f. b. Silvaggio

Score—Cambridge Latin 7, Everett 0.

Touchdowns: Zarakov, Goal—Murphy. Referee, Woodlock. Umpire, Scanlon. Head Linesman, O'Brien. Time, 12 min, periods.

Cambridge vs. Medford.

Before one of the largest crowds that has witnessed a schoolboy football game this year, Cambridge Latin defeated Medford 12-7. By winning this game, the Cambridge boys entrenched themselves more firmly in first place.

Cambridge scored in the opening quarter on a beautiful run by "Fritz" Kelly. Catching a punt on his own 40 yd. line, "Fritz" raced 60 yds. along the sidelines for the first score. A punt out failed. This was all the scoring down in the first half, but in the third period Cambridge scored again, due mainly to "Izzy" Zarakov's great running and Crowley's line plunging.

Medford's touchdown came in the last period as a result of a poor pass by Rudman over Murphy's head, when he attempted to punt, and Medford recovered on Latin's 15 yd. line. After several plays, Blair pushed the ball over. Prior kicked the goal .

The playing of Crowley, Zarakov, Kelly and Kozlowsky was sensational; while Blair, Berry and Prior excelled for Medford.

The lineup:

Cambrdge.		Medford.
Kozlowsky (B. Zarakov)	l.e.	r.e. Prior
Sayward, l. t.		r. t. Frazier
B. Zarakov (Manach)	l. g.	r. g. Berry
Rudman, c.		c. Briggs
Skinner, r. g.		l. g. Linder (Sleeper)
Murphy, r. t.		l. t. McGoldrick (Richie)
McGowan, r. e.		q. b. Gaffney
I. Zarakov l. h. b.		r. h. b. Towle
Frye (Duffey)	r. h. b.	l. h. b. Bair
Crowley, f. b.		f. b. Vaughn

Score: Cambridge 12, Medford 7.

Touchdowns—Kelly, I. Zarakov, Blair. Goal from touchdown, Prior. Referee, McCabe. Umpire, Ireland. Head Linesman, O'Brien. Tme: 12 mn. periods.

Cambridge vs. Rindge.

Cambridge defeated its greatest rival, Rindge Tech. on Russell Field, November 15. Beside counting as a win in the Suburban League it gives Cambridge the city title. The score, 28-0, shows how much superior the Latin boys were over their rivals.

The first quarter was hotly contested and neither side was able to score, but in the second perod Cambridge broke the ice. Starting from mid-field a beautful offensive drive was launched through the Rindge line and ended only when Kozlowsky dived over the line for the first touchdown. This was all the scoring done in the first half.

In the second half the Cambridge boys started things moving. Crowley intercepted a forward pass early in the third period, and raced 60 yds. for a touchdown. Frye also scored a touchdown in this period, after the Cambridge boys had carried the ball almost the length of the field by straight football. The last and final score came in the final period when Kelly caught and ran a punt 50 yds. for a score. Murphy kicked all four goals.

For Cambridge, Kozlowsky, Murphy and Kelly excelled; while Rindge's stars were McBride, Washington aud Shwartz. The lineup:

Cambridge	Rindge
McGowan, r. e.	l. e. Schwartz
Murphy, r. t.	l. t. Forrest
Skinner, r. g.	l. g. Tupper
Rudman, c.	c. Mahoney
R. Zarakov (Manach) l. g.	r. g. Washngton
Sayward, l. t.	r. t. Rockiki
Hurd, l. e. (Kozlowsky)	r. e. Sutherland
Kelly, q. b.	q. b. Donovan (Cohen)
Frye, r. h. b. (. (Kozlowsky)	l. h. b. Beyer
I. Zarakov, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Colburn
Crowley, f. b.	f. b. McBride

The score: Cambrdge 28, Rndge, 0.

Touchdowns: Kozlowsky, Crowley, Frye, Kelly. Goals from Touchdowns: Murphy 4. Referee, Ross. Umpire, Smith. Head Linesman, Murphy. Time, 12 min. periods.

Cambridge vs. Newton.

Cambridge lost to Newton on Thanksgiving day morning at Newton by a 20-12 score. The result was a surprise to all, as Cambridge was a big favorite before the game. Inability to check the overhead game of Newton caused the Cambridge downfall. Newton frequently worked the ball into Cambridge territory with passes from Seavey to Garrity as the chief method of advance.

The game was a see-saw contest and although beaten, Latin showed flashes of offensive power. Crowley at left half did some good plunging; and Zarakov played his usual brilliant game, scoring all Latin's points. One of Zarakov's touchdowns was made on a 66 yd. run through the middle of the Newton line.

The whole Cambridge team seemed to be in a slump. Newton's linemen outplayed the Cambridge forwards at almost every stage, while there was fine team work in their attack, Cambridge gave its backs poor protection, the line having little charge and the tackles who have performed excellently all season were boxed on more than one occasion.

For Newton, Garrity, Bjorkman, Seavey, and Gulian excelled. The lineup:

Cambridge	Newton
McGowan, r. e.	l. e. Cowing
Murphy, r. t.	l. t. Gulian
Kozlowsky (Manach, Benedict) r. g.	l. g. C. Smith (Bowen)
Rudman, c.	c. A. Smith (Leonard)
B. Zarakov, l. g.	r. g. Crosby
Sayward, l. t.	r. t. Coady
Hurd, l. e. (Day)	r. e. Bjorkman
Kelly, q. b.	q. b. Stafford
I. Zarakov, l. h. b	l. h. b. Garrity
Frye, l. h b.	r. h. b. Annable
Crowley, f. r.	f. r. Seavy

The score: Newton 20, Cambridge 12.

Touchdowns: Seavey 1, Zarakov 2, Bjorkman, 2. Goals from touchdowns: Seavey 2. Umpire, McCabe. Referee, Sullivan. Head linesman, Scanlon. Time, 12 min. periods.

Our Record.

Camb. 6—St. John's 7.
Camb. 12—Dorchester 0.
Camb. 0—Somerville 6.
Camb. 10—Brookline 0.
Camb. 6—Malden 0.
Camb. 7—Everett 0.
Camb. 12—Malden 7.
Camb. 28—Rindge 0.
Camb. 12—Newton 20.

Athletic Council.

William Sayward, John McGowan, James Murphy, Francis Skinner, were elected student members of the athletic committee. The faculty members are Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Bramhall and Mr. Bliss. The first meeting was held Dec. 4 at recess. Skinner was elected chairman and Sayward, Secretary.

Sweaters and letters have been awarded to the following:

B. Zarakov, Crowley, Day, Duffy, Foster, Frye, Hurd, I. Zarakov, Kelley, Koslowski, Manach, McGowan, Murphy, Rudman, Skinner, Sayward, Wiseman, (Mgr.)

CANTAB NOTES.

Coach McDonald cetainly deserves a great deal of praise for the showing made by his team this year. Handicapped by a poor start, he has worked unceasingly to put this year's team on the top of the heap. And we'll say he has succeeded. Mr. McDonald is indeed a great coach, and he has won not only the respect and admiration of the students of Cambridge Latin School, but of the whole football world.

Capt. "Bill"—a great Captain for a great team. Bill's specialty is tackling the other fellow by the jersey, and he usually manages to rip it, thus puttng the opposing school to extra expense.

Manager "Eddie" Wiseman has done fine work this fall in managing his team. He has handled the large crowds in a fine manner, and has equipped the team excellently.

Last fall Cambridge was defeated by Medford 33-0; Everett 6-0; and Malden 6-0. This fall we defeated these teams 12-7, 7-0 and 6-0, respectively. I guess we've evened things up.

We are proud of the fact that we had two boys on the football team this fall who served Uncle Sam in France. Francis Skinner and James Murphy are the boys. Skinner is a guard and Murphy a tackle. Both boys have played well all season.

Joe Kozlowsky has certainly given a fine exhibition of what might be called "Roving Football." Joe has played tackle, guard, end, half-back, and defensive fullback; and he has done a good job at all of them. The All-Scholastic pickers realize that Joe belongs on the honored eleven, but they don't know where to put him.

Hockey.

Prospects of the hockey team at Cambridge Latin this year are especially bright. Seven veterans are expected to report and this certainly indicates that the season will be a success. "Izzy" Zarakov (Capt.); B. Zarakov; Foley; McGowan; Fitzgerald; Tobin and Cronin are the letter men.





NOTES

In Physics:

Teacher: "Will you float as well in ten feet of water as in five feet?"

Pupil: "That depends on how fat you are."

If you enjoy music, better come into the hall any afternoon or at recess.

Miss Huling: "This shrub belongs to the Dahlia family."

Unconscious Freshman: "And you're minding it while they're away."

Favorite expressions of prominent members of the faculty:

"Muddy thinking"—Miss Flanders.

"A little louder, and a little more cheerfully, please."—Miss Spring.

"Come directly at 1.30."—Miss Baldwin.

"Either stop taking or leave the laboratory."—Miss Rugley.

"Well (or rather badly) done, Son."—Miss Schroeder.

"The next ten pages in advance for tomorrow."—Mr. Jacobs.

"Tempus fugit celeriter."—Mr. Derry.

W—z. "Use ne after dubito—"

Miss Spring: "I say, n-a-y!"

From an English test paper: 'When Sir Launcelot set out in search of the Holy Grail, he was dressed in nightly attire."

Teacher: "What does j'oublie in line ten mean?"

Unprepared pupil: "Oh, er-I forget."

Teacher: "Why did people have better memories two thousand years ago than they have now?"

Pupil: "Because they didn't have so much to remember."

Barry (translating): Vous ne m'en voulez vous pas. Bon soir a l'Anglais—Il allait poursuivre mais Miss Lydia fit tomber une cruiller a the et le bruit reveila le colonel. You don't want me so Good Night to the English—he was going to continue, but Miss Lydia took a cruller and threw it at the colonel.

Senior: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Freshie: "No, but I will. Who teaches it?"

Miss Dodge: "And who was the English king at this time, Mildred?"

Mildred: "His first name was Henry—er—hs last name begins with V.

Notice is hereby given that since Mr. Downy has smiled already three times this year, all bets are cancelled.

Mule in a barnyard,
Lazy and sleek;
Boy with a pin
On the end of a stick,
Sneaks up behind him
Quiet as a mouse—
* * *
Crepe on the door
Of the little boy's house.

Mr. Jacobs: "What was Drake noted for?"

Daly (bright boy): "Chocolates."

Of all sad words of voice or pen,
The saddest are, "I've flunked again."

Why is The Review like a girl?

Because every boy should have one or two, and not borrow another fellow's.

Mr. Coolidge: "What is the difference between naphtha and gasoline?"

Brennen: "Only about eight cents."

In Law:

Teacher: "Now, if you were found in a

house at night, under a bed, with a bag of tools, what defense would you put up?"

Emery: "Why, I should say it was due to force of habit, being a motorist."

Smith (at swimming practice): "I can crawl well now."

McKeaver: "That's fine. Keep it up and you'll be able to walk soon."

Mr. Walcott: "Now you may read your autobiography."

Unprepared pupil: "All my ancestors were dead and buried before I was born."

Heard in freshman class:

"James, can you give me a sentence with defence in it?"

"Yes'm, de cat was on de fence."



As this is our Christmas number, we say, "Merry Christmas, friend Exchanges."

Our old exchanges are coming in thick and fast now. The editor has been having a glorious time reading them all. Now for our general criticisms.

Nearly every paper neglects its Exchange Department. It seems to be considered not at all important. But it is one of our most effective departments if developed well. The Exchange Department is the medium through which we gain new ideas and suggestions for our papers, from schools at home and abroad. A school that takes no interest in the Exchange Department, speedily will become narrow-minded, for this department is nothing if not a broadener of ideas. What need is there of an Exchange Department if a magazine merely lists the exchanges gratefully received? Such an inactive department can only signify that its editor is lazy or selfish. So wake up, editors, and make your Department the best ever. Liven up its apparent dryness with a few snappy jokes or a clever poem gleaned from an exchange.

This past month the editor has looked in vain for essays, descriptions, and expositions in school papers. Every magazine should strive to raise its standard by printing, in every issue, at least one of the classes of writing mentioned above. We take this opportunity to congratulate the *Milton Orange and Blue* for their novel department, *Opinions.* This paper also prints some very exceptional poems.

The Grotonian published a very beautiful poem entitled, *Prayer Before Night Battle.* We wish, though, that they would find a place for an Exchange Department.

The Academy Journal, whose Exchange Department is fine, suggest that the pupils of each school criticize their own papers, handing in their criticisms or suggestions to the Exchange Editor.

If any of our exchanges wish to receive an interesting annual paper, write to *The Caribbean,* Cristobal, Canal Zone. That paper is very beautifully written and contains many interesting photographs of scenes in the Canal Zone.

Christmas Gifts for you:

It's more blessed to give than to receive.

The Mirror, Waltham High, Waltham, Mass.—Your paper is interesting, but not big enough. More humorous stories would improve your Literary Department. *The Story of the Purple Diamond* smacks too strongly of the "movie." *A Maine County Seat* was very effectively written. Have

you an artist or would-be one, who can decorate the *Mirror* a little? The reflection in the *Mirror* would be more attractive if a little primping and painting were done before it.

The Herald, Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.—The trouble with your paper is that there are too many ads. and athletic notes in proportion to the rest of the material. Tell the *Herald* to blow his horn and wake up the Literary Department. Your business manager is wide awake and right on the job. Perhaps if the *Herald* trumpets loud enough, a sleeping Shakespeare or Longfellow in Holyoke High may be inspired to contribute a poem to your Literary Department. Your cover design and cuts are good, but dress up your editorial page. Keep on coming, *Herald*, I like you.

The Academy Journal, Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.—"How do you do?"

"You do finely."

Honest to goodness, you're one of our best exchanges. What a host of departments and what capable editors you have! We like your stories because they are true to life, and simply written. Introduce a few poems in your next issue and you will have a complete Literary Department.

Blue Bird, Julia Richman High, New York, N. Y.—Blue Bird, we liked both your June number and your Hallowe'en paper. You surely have some live organizations in your school. All your parties are so cleverly written up that we can just see everything that happened at them. Your cuts are very attractive, especially the *Over the Tea-cups* one. Can't you enlarge your Literary Department next time? Your ghost story we liked.

What Santa brought us.

Let us be thankful for our blessings.

"We liked your paper very, very much. The little quotation at the top of each page, the Debating Department, the Class Notes, and the pictures of your various teams, etc., are all strong points in your paper. Why not a picture of your editorial staff? They do not need to be ashamed to show their faces, when they get out such a splendid paper.—*Academy Journal, Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.*

The Advance, Salem High School, Salem, Mass., says on a very cleverly written Exchange page:

The *Cambridge Review* is certainly an artistic magazine, but I don't see why it doesn't practice what it preaches in regard to poetry.

The Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.:

The Cambridge Review has an interesting department called *Parlez-vous Francais*. For those who study French, a column of this kind should be greatly enjoyed. The Literary Department is fine, but it could be improved to a great extent by more stories."

The Blue Bird, Julia Richman High, New York, N. Y.:

"Wish we could read French — your *Parlez-vous Francais* looks so good. In number, your school activities beat anything we've seen by a long shot. Also, how do you manage to get all those ads? More than we seem to be able to accomplish. The mottoes on the top of the pages certainly do add a great deal to the pages."

We gratefuly acknowledge the following exchanges:

Advance, Salem High School, Salem, Mass.; Academy Journal, Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.; Attic, Nutley High School, Nutley, N. J.; Blake Torch, Blake School Minneapolis Minn.; Blue Bird, Julia Richman High, New York, N. Y.; Brown Alumni Monthly (2), Brown University, Providence, R. I.; Caribbean, Cristobal High School, Cristobal, Canal Zone; Crocus (2), Mitchell High School, Mitchell, S. D.; Echo, Dubuque High School, Dubuque, Iowa; Gleaner, Pawtucket, R. I.; Grotonian, Groton School, Groton, Mass.; Herald Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.; Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.; Log (3), U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; Mexican Review, Mexico City, Mexico; Mirror, Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass.; Mirror, Pratt High School Pratt, Kansas; Megaphone (2), Country Day School, Newton Mass.; Milton Orange and Blue (2), Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.; N. E. A. Bulletin, National Education Association, Washington; Radiator, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.; Riverside Club Tick-Talk, employees of Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.; Schenley Triangle (7), Schenley High School, Pittsburgh, Penn.; Spectator, Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.; Tattler, Pensacola High, Pensacola, Fla.

Honor List for First Quarter

1919--1920

ALL E'S

Carley, Anita
Donovan, Marguerite
Ellis, Clara

G'S and E'S

Allen, Beatrice
Allen, Hamilton
Allen, Viola E.
Andelman, Bertha
Andelman, Esther
Anderson, Alice
Anderson, Edith R.
Anderson, Karl
Aronson, Jennie
Baker, Ettabelle
Ball, Dorothy
Barry, Mary
Biggane, Helen
Blessington, Clare
Boyd, Ruth
Burch, Mildred
Burrage, Frances
Campbell, William
Catsiff, Eva
Catsiff, Oscar
Chafe, Georgianna
Clark, Janet
Curran, Miriam
Dallinger, Lucy
Dallinger, Anna
Darrow, Frederick
Davis, Bernice
Deer, Eleanor
Delaney, Harry
Depew, Paul
Dolan, Eleanor
Duchin, Ralph
Dunn, Mary F.
Ellis, Clara
Fair, Grace
Faris, Arthur
Finer, Samuel
Fishman, Rebecca
Fitzgerald, John
Foss, Elsie
Freeman, Lillian
Galvin, Mae
Garner, Imogene
Gay, Bernice
Ginsberg, Matilda
Goddard, Charlotta
Graves, Myrtle
Grosso, Josephine
Hall, Louise
Hammons, Dorothy
Harnden, Dorothy
Herman, Earle
Herlihy, Margaret
Higgins, Jerome
Hill, Loretta
Hodgdon, Dorothy
Hooley, Beatrice
Hoveniaian, Hovenan
Isen, Maurice
Jones, Laura
Kaplan, Sophie
King, Lester
Kirkjian, Claire
Kosambi, Damodar
Lakschewitz, Mildred
Lane, Harriet
Lawson, Margaret
Lindahl, Amy
Linehan, Joseph
Liston, John
Lovett, Catherine
McAnern, Robert
McCarthy, Edna
MacKillop, Dorothy
MacKinnon, Douglass
MacLean, Bessie
McManus, Mary
MacNabb, Helen
Macnair, Luther
Madden, Hazel
Marsh, Elsa
Marsh, Evelyn
Marsh, Dorothea
Miles, Ruth
Mellen, Adele
Moore, Isabelle
Moxham, Hazel
Murphy, Margaret
Murray, Anna
Nishimiya, Chitose
Nolen, Barbara
Norman, Beatrice
Norman, Ruth
O'Connor, Agnes
O'Leary, Ethelred
Parker, Dorothea
Powers, Bruce
Pierce, Helen
Preston, Marguerite
Ramsay, Ina
Rapport, Samuel
Reed, Irma
Richmond, Grace
Riley, Isabel
Rockwood, Jeanette
Rolof, Meta
Rosenwald, Harold
Rudzinski, Anna
Rynne, John
Seiffert, Edith
Shaughnessy, Margaret
Shinnick, Margaret
Sievers, William
Spalding, Eliot
Stevenson, Barbara
Stevens, Henry M.
Stubbs, Carolyn
Studer, Ernest
Sundlie, Thelma
Sullivan, Mary J.
Taylor, Catherine
Thideman, Sigurd
Tweedie, Agnes
Tyler, Louise
Usher, Catherine
Valentine, Bessie
Wait, Claire
Walz, John
Waring, Joseph
Watson, Louise
Westcott, Mildred
Whitley, Ruth
Williams, Henry
Williams, Mary
Woodrow, Dorothy
Wright, Anna
Zimmerman, Emma

We wish you a

Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

ATTENTION!

Cambridge Latin School Students

You can obtain wholesale prices on all your athletic purchases by securing a permanent discount card from Mr. T. L. Bramhall

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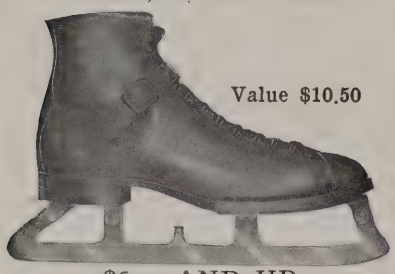
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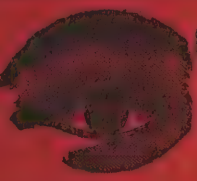
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May we express the very earnest hope that the present year has been a happy and profitable one for you; that you will have a right Merry Christmas; and that the New Year will see the fulfillment of your fondest dreams? May Success be your goal, and may the year Nineteen Hundred Twenty see the attainment of that goal.

Throughout the land there are thousands of successful men and women who laid the foundation for their success with us. There are thousands more on the way.

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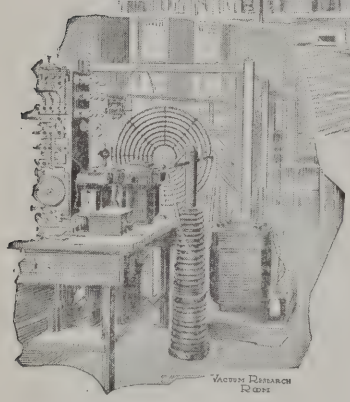
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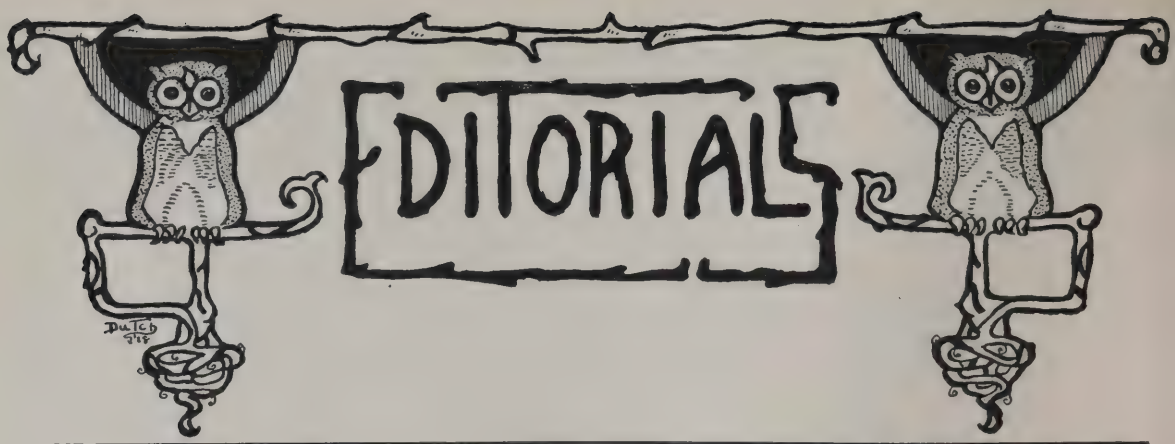
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Vita·sine·literas·mors·est·

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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

A Memorial

A number of the students are wondering what is to be done with that money they raised Get-Together Day. It was announced that it was to be spent for a memorial to the C. H. L. S. boys who had a part in the winning of the World War. We read the other day that the Wakefield High School was the first in the vicinity of Boston to erect a memorial. C. H. L. S., just think of it! We had the money; why were *we* not the first?

Of course it is hard to decide upon a worthy way in which to spend this hard-earned money. Many suggestions have been offered, the most oft-repeated one being the placing of an engraved bronze tablet in some prominent place. Other things which have been suggested are the erection of a monument, the improvement of the lunch-room, and the creation of a much-needed boys' gymnasium in the basement of the Annex. What appeals to us most, however, is the enlargement of the school library. At present there are two rooms designated as Latin and English building libraries. As libraries they are practically useless, for the books they contain are not arranged at all systematically, and there is no method by which the students can take out the books. Moreover, there is now no distinction between the two buildings, and the difference in their libraries should be done away with as well.

The ideal scheme would be to unite the two libraries in one or two rooms in the Annex. The books could then be catalogued, and a card system be instituted by which the pupils could use the libraries for reference and reading. The equipment of the library and many new books could be bought with our $1100; and, moreover, a bronze tablet could be placed in the walls stating in memory of whom the library was founded.

Certainly the memorial must be something useful. And what could possibly be more suitable than the transformation of our now useless library?

Let's Start the Fashion

The use of the will is not in style at present. It is as much neglected as the old-fashioned full skirt or rubbers on a snowy day. And yet one has the most powerful possession on earth if he possesses a strong will. Such a person is rarely met, and when we do meet one we think of him as possessing his will-power by a special dispensation of Heaven. Such a notion is *absolutely* false, however, for we were all born with the same precious gift of a will to be developed and strengthened, or to be allowed to lie idle and weak. And most of us have taken the latter course.

But why can't C. H. L. S. start a new fad? We've started other things; let's start the fashion of being happy! Don't think we mean that C. H. L. S. students should go dancing down the corridors bubbling over with high spirits. In fact, such practice is decidedly frowned upon! But if every one only realized that his happiness lies absolutely within himself, he would cultivate a serenity of spirit which no outside difficulties or obstacles could mar. It is a man's will which can make and keep him the cheerful comrade anyone might like to know. The habitual state of mind of a person makes or ruins his life. If he is an habitually gloomy person, he will never make friends—and what is life without friendship? If he is a moody person—one moment upon the heights of bliss, the next down in the depths of woe—he wears upon those with

whom he comes in contact. But who does not love a sunny disposition? And sunny dispositions are not as a rule acquired without real struggle of the will. A person with an even disposition must put up a front during the hard times, and be able to forbear extreme expressions of joy.

So let's make C. H. L. S. the leader in the new fashion—the use of the will.

Meet the world serenely and you'll find it serene!

The faculty adviser of the Review hopes it is not too late to thank all those who secured subscriptions for the paper and to commend them for their unselfish interest in this school enterprise. Voluntary service in a good cause is a decided factor in character building, which is, after all, the end and aim of all education.

All those interested in the activities of the school deplore the weakness in the tenor section of the Boys' Glee Club. Unless this part of the organization can be strengthened, we will be unable to compete with Rindge for the cup to which they are planning to challenge us. Any boy who is interested may see Mr. Whoriskey after school on Thursdays.

It is interesting to note that two of our girls were winners of prizes in the late poster competition in the Girl Scout campaign.

Eleanor Fuller '20—1st Officer's prize.

Thelma Sundlie '22—2nd Scout prize.

The posters are now displayed in store windows here in Cambridge.

The chairman of the drama committee wishes to thank all those whose efforts helped to make "Monsieur Beaucaire" a success. Special thanks are due to Barbara Nolen, Lillian Gay, Alice Johnson, Alice Groden, Mary Killam, Richard Chamberlain, Eliot Duvey, Harriet Lane, Lillian Gleason, Miss Ricker, Miss MacLaughlin, and last but not least, the ushers.

"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"

The senior drama cast under the skillful direction of Miss Hartigan fulfilled the expectations of their classmates in the finished performances of "Monsieur Beaucaire" on February 6 and 7. The deep courtesies of the ladies and the formal bows of the gentlemen were performed with consummate ease. Who could guess that they had not been born into the life of powdered hair and long curls?

There was a departure from custom in having "Monsieur Beaucaire" played by Eliot Duvey one night and by Francis Kennedy the other. Yet we are gratified to be able to say that the arrangement was justified. Each showed that innate histrionic ability which enabled him to interpret a difficult character. While one Monsieur Beaucaire may have excelled the other in some minor point, the other Monsieur Beaucaire had his special scene in which he outdid the other; so that we can make no choice between two such finished artists. Lillian Buckley impersonated Lady Mary Carlyle with remarkable natural charm. We did not know she could be so haughty! We are almost afraid to speak to her now for fear that she will freeze us with one of those disdainful glances.

And what a coquette has Anna Dallinger become! Such killing looks as Lady Clarise turned on all men who came within range of her flashing eyes! Richard Chamberlain created a Captain Badger who, never weary of his pursuit of the Lady Clarise, finally won her.

We admired the easy skill with which Estelle managed Harry Rackell. It savored of long practice, Dorothy!

There is much that could be said of the polished sang-froid of Beau Nash, of the inimitable humor of little Mr. Bantison, whose every word brought bursts of applause from the audience, of all the ladies and gentlemen who graced the assembly rooms, of the rigid air of Winton, and of all the others.

Only we must not forget the villain. Rollin Atwood, as the Duke of Winterset was admirable. Yet there was one place in the second act on Friday night when his usual steady flow of conversation was abruptly dammed (damned). We wonder why!

The drama committee with Eleanor Fuller as chairman were in charge and managed the details in a most businesslike manner. It is the first time that the seniors have ventured to incur the expenses of two nights' performances, and from the point of view of the audience, the plan was very successful. We have yet to hear from those who were behind the scenes how they liked the experiment.

JUANITA

Paul J. W. Pigors

Bound for South America the "Rebecca Palmer" passed the dangerous sandbanks of the Bahamas, and her white sails spread before the wind, was passing the mountainous chain of islands called the West Indies. They lay peacefully under the southern sky, and only the white-crested breakers warned the seamen that danger lurked there in hidden reefs. Above the yellow beach, where surf was booming, the green hills and the clouds overhead made a metallic picture. At the extreme end of the islands a lighthouse pointed its warning finger against the sky,—for all this peace may change in a few minutes. White-bordered clouds race up from the horizon, and like an eagle the mad hurricane swoops down upon the schooner. The sky hides its face behind scattered fragments of clouds, and the turbulent waters dash against the ship. With reefed sails the vessel flies before the storm, away from the dull roaring breakers into the open sea. It is a flight for life. Many a good ship lies wrecked on these islands, their naked ribs pointing into the bleak sky. The waves rise higher and higher and overrun the vessel. With a thunderous crash a sail bursts under the strain; its fragments whip about, cracking like pistol shots. Like a wounded bird the ship rocks from side to side, now lost in the waves, now rolling on the top. A mighty wave advances, —a blinding flash, and the surging waters carry the long boat dancing on their backs. Four men are at the wheel and work with all their strength to hold the ship on her course. "Steady!" A wave covers the schooner, and the men are nearly lost in the seething foam. They emerge choking, gasping for breath, but holding on to the spokes,—steadily guiding the ship to the open sea.

Tied to the reserve anchor on the forecastle a boy scans the water, watching for breakers. With the ship he rises, high and higher to mount an enormous wave. Then they descend. With an angry thud the bow strikes the wave, diving down. A green sheet of water envelopes the boy, swirling and foaming, then—it seems an eternity—the vessel rises again, the water flowing in cascades from her sides.

Suddenly the ship quivers, a grating noise, as if a demon—way down in the depths—crunched sand between his teeth; then silence. "What's that?" The ship plunges ahead, rising a few inches through her body in succession, shivering from stem to stern; and dives again into the onrushing wave. Had she struck a reef or a drifting wreck? The captain investigates, working his way forward. In the forepeak below the waterline the waters rush through a jagged hole. The bulkhead is closed and the pumps work at full speed. Feverishly the sailors work to stop the leak. With bleeding hands they toil, tossed about, working for their lives.

* * * *

The storm had spent its fury, the sun smiled out of a clear heaven, and the ship rolled about in the sickening, oily swells. Torn halyards and broken ropes are scattered about the deck. The captain paced up and down, swearing angrily: "Damn the Gulf!" Now and then he hurled his commands at the men: "Heave to, there—down with the mainsail—splice this halyard!"

"How is she going?" addressing the helmsman. "Southwest by west, sir." "Keep her off two points." "Two points off, sir."

"Damn my luck, mate—we touch Barbados to have her patched up." "Very well, sir."

Barbados is an English coaling station. "Here is where they get you, kid." "Too bad!" "Well, cheer up! the war will soon be over." These and other comments the sailors addressed to the boy. He was born in Germany, was now sixteen years old, and had lived since 1913 in the United States. He had shipped for Buenos-Aires and return as O. S., never thinking that, if they touched an English colony, he might be taken a prisoner of war, since his country was at war with England, and he was not yet an American citizen.

Creeping through the waves the ship advanced toward the island, which, a long stretch of hills, lay abaft the port beam. With fear and misgivings the boy viewed the island. He did not see the beauty of the swaying palms or the silvery surf. To him the hills loomed up foreboding, gloomy, and desolate.

One sail after the other was taken in and slowly the schooner drifted up the anchorage. A boat detached itself quickly from the shore and before the rattling of the falling anchor chain had died away, it had covered half the distance toward the ship. The oarsmen were negroes, and only one white man, apparently an officer, sat in the stern, guiding the boat. Soon he cleverly ran the boat alongside and ascended the Jacob's ladder, a sword clattering at his side. Greeting the captain, he ex-

changed due formalities, and curtly asked the crew to be assembled on the half deck. His keen eye ran over the group of seamen, then his clear voice rang out: "Any Germans aboard?" The boy whitened, then lifted his head and unfalteringly took a step forward, answering in the same short manner: "Born in Germany, sir!"

The officer glanced at him and smiled: "Very well, more later." Then turning to the captain: "Will you lead me to the chart-room?" Fifteen minutes later he emerged. The boy was taken ashore.

* * * *

Twilight was falling and softly the purple shadows entered the cabin where the boy was confined. The whispering of the palm-trees and the incessant roaring of the surf filled the darkness with dread. The boy gazed at the stars, tears rolling down his cheeks. "Why must they take him? He had done no harm. Why take liberty away from him, a mere boy, who would share his last bread with a hungry dog."

Something advanced stealthily. "God!"—it came nearer and nearer, and suddenly. by the dim light of the rising moon, he saw a shadowy form approach through the trees. Then a nose flattened against the window and a finger beckoned to him. With beating heart he opened the window and faced a mulatto girl. She placed a finger on her lips and whispered: "Bocito Americano, here for you." With this she held several mangos and bananas through the bars. Before he could speak, she shook her long hair, smiled, and disappeared. The fruit lay tempting him, but he dared not eat. "Why did she bring it, how—" he puzzled and thought. For a long time he tossed on his hard bed, rising suddenly and staring into the night, listening to imaginary noses. At last he slept.

With the next morning the lazy negroes left their shady resting-place long enough to leer at the new prisoner. "Damn German," said one. The other gesticulated: "No, an Americano." They argued back and forth. "Americano Capitano, he say him soon be American," they babbled, while the boy paced the room, sometimes looking at the assembly before the window.

At last they addressed him: "You like the kaiser, eh?" Some grinned, and made a motion as if cutting a throat. A portly negro woman who squatted nearby ventured a question: "We like to kill kaiser, so"—she strangled her neck and rolled her eyes. "What would you do if you had him here?"

A thousand thoughts flitted through his mind: should he remain aloof or amuse the crowd? He spied a woman carrying a basket full of bottles filled with a concoction of red pepper and other spicy fruits. "See," he pointed to the woman, "I like to take that sauce, savvy?—and pour it down his throat. He cry and burn his mouth, but I no care. I make him drink all and let him have no water, savvy? He make face like this," the boy made a hideous grimace, "and I smile—see?" With this a broad grin passed over his face.

The woman roared, and poked her neighbor in the side. Tears rolled down her cheeks—ho! ho! she nearly died laughing. "Down the kaiser's throat!" Everybody laughed—such excellent torture; why didn't they think of it? They told it to one another, again and again, and held their sides when they imagined the face of their helpless victim. The little Americano and the kaiser. It was too funny for anything. Every one came and asked the same question, going away laughing till their sides ached. They met in the evening and said: "Remember the little Americano and the kaiser," and roared with laughter.

Then the wonderful news! The captain had persuaded the Governor that the boy would soon be an American; besides he was so young. At last the gates were opened. The negroes came to see the boy off, and grinned. They felt his clothes and brought corals and fruit. "Changee, changee," they said. "Me give you this (two strings of coral) and this—some fruit." He bartered his shirt, his tie, till prudence forbade him to trade any more.

Glorious days followed. The work progressed slowly. Since there was no drydock nor any diving implements, the repairs were performed by negro divers. Four of them would arrive in a boat and begin their work. Clad in a short breechcloth, they worked in pairs. Two dived overboard at a time, carrying a chisel between their teeth and a hammer in their right hands. For four or five minutes only the constant bubbles rising to the surface gave a sign of life. Then a glistening arm appeared, followed by a woolly head; and one negro following the other rose to the light, drawing deep breaths. In time they carried a copper plate, loosened piece by piece, to the boat and filled the leak. Now the scar had to be recovered with copper.

Since the boy was back on the ship, there appeared every afternoon the mulatto girl with her brother, a handsome, swarthy, sinewy man who paddled the canoe. The boy

waved a cheery greeting, and often he threw a copper or some other small coin in the water. Then the girl straightened out, poised her lithe body on her toes, and like a flash dived after it, adding it to the store of other sundry treasures. In the evening when the work was done, a shrill whistle brought her to the ship. Then she paddled the boy quietly through the night, or rested in some sheltered grove, cowering at the boy's feet, playing soft, pathetic melodies on a stringed instrument. Under the somber moonlight she gently paddled back and left him climbing up the stays. Before he reached the deck she had silently disappeared.

One Sunday afternoon, she paddled around the northern coast of the island, and moored the canoe inside the coral reefs. They scampered over the rocks and came to a stone, which, hollowed out by the moulding tide resembled a large stool. "This is my throne," he shouted, "and the island is my kingdom. And you," he added generously, "can be the Queen." She cowered at his feet. "No," cried he, resting his fair head on his left hand, trying to look sad, "I am Saul and you are David. Play me some music." She obeyed, and soon the plaintive notes of her instrument mingled with the dull booming of the outside breakers. His tired eyes closed. Leaning his head against the boulder he soon fell asleep.

For a while she played on, then her hand rested. She rose and looked into the face of the sleeping boy. Gently her hand caressed his hair, which like golden sunlight, fell mischievously over his forehead. "Querido amigo," she whispered, and stooping down, kissed him in his sleep. He murmured drowsily, "Mother!" but never opened his eyes. Then she sat motionless, scanning the horizon. "My king—" her lips moved. She stared into the waters, as if she expected from them an answer.

In the middle of the afternoon the boy awoke. Perplexed, he glanced around and saw Juanita. He laughed cheerfully: "I am sorry, Juanita; let us go home!"

She was paddling rapidly up the bay, when the boy sighted the three-cornered fin of a shark. Sharply it cut the surface and suddenly disappeared. The boy looked over the side and trembled as he saw the marauder circling beneath the craft. The water was as clear as crystal, and only now and then the picture was blurred by a rapid movement of the fish, which sent the bubbles rising to the surface. The girl was fascinated. Her body was tense with excitement, and a steely glint of hatred flashed in her dark eyes. She grasped a short-handled knife: "Amigo mio, watch!" She stood in the boat, her breast heaving as she drew a deep breath, and as the boy cried horrified, "Juanita!" she dived head-first into the sea. Little bubbles of air rose to the surface, as, with an energetic kick of her limbs, she strove downward. Her hair streamed in the water as if blown about by a playful wind.

The pilot fish, who accompanies the shark, leading him to his prey, thereby earning the scraps which the tyrant leaves, circled alarmed around the shark as the girl approached the enemy from below. Suddenly her right hand shot out, and the knife touched the shining white belly of the shark and ripped——

What a commotion! The shark's tail lashed the water so that it bubbled and seethed like an over-boiling kettle of milk. Thick green wavelets of blood rose to the surface, and for a few seconds the girl was lost. Then she rose, waving the knife victoriously, and drawing a deep breath. As the water quieted down, the shark drifted slowly downward, his white belly shining upward through the green sea.

Great beads of perspiration pearled from the boy's forehead, and his dry tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Now he heaved a sigh of relief. The girl smiled, and, tireless, forced the canoe toward the schooner. With the evening breeze many little sails hurried home, bringing a good day's catch of flying-fish. Here and there a light flickered up, and with all its suddenness the tropic night shut down. The lighthouse pointed its finger through the darkness and one star after the other illuminated the heavens till they covered the sky, as if sown broadcast by a playful child.

The next day a small schooner appeared, the only passenger vessel between the islands. It ran from the port of Charlotta Amalie on St. Thomas, touching the Virgin Islands, St. Croix, Santa Lucia, and Port Castrien. From there it proceeded to Kingstown and Barbados. Sometimes it also visited the islands below the wind, like Les Roques, Blanquilla, or Los Hermanos. It is curious how the class system ever reached even these islands. One may travel on this passenger schooner in three classes. The first class traveller has the privilege to enter the dingy cabin, while the second class must remain on deck whether it rains or shines. Last of all is the third class, where the poor negro sits astride the bowsprit or the stays, dangling his feet into the

water. The ship brought a few necessary parts needed in the repairs, and now it looked promising that the work might be completed in a short time.

The following night the boy leaned against the palm-tree, looking up into the wide heavens, where the stars gleamed. "Juanita," said he, "please sing me again the song of the white flower." Even the wind hushed as her voice rang through the still night, now jubilant as the beloved white flower, then sad, tremulous as the dying blossom, seared by the feverheat of love. When she had finished she turned her face up to his, her lips quivering. "Querida amigo," she whispered, "soon your ship will go. Then you will leave me." She rose and cowered before him, her hands embracing his knees and her face resting against them. "Stay here, Amigo adorata—"

The boy caressed her. "Juanita, you are such a good pal, and I like you ever so much, but I can't marry you. I am so young and besides I don't want to marry. I want to admire the white flower, love, and cherish it; and not in the ways of love crush its tender petals, to mourn it forever after."

"But I don't care, amigo mio; let me live near you, serve you—anything, but don't go. Stay here, for I love you."

* * * *

The next morning the anchor was lifted, a fresh breeze bellied the sails, and slowly the great ship left her anchorage. The boy shaded his eyes and looked toward the island. "Poor Juanita," he murmured. He watched the coastline, the palmtrees, where she so often played for him—suddenly the underbrush was pushed aside and Juanita appeared, standing erect in the first rays of the morning sun.

As the ship moved away, faster and faster, he waved a last sad farewell. The girl stared after the disappearing vessel. No tears entered her eyes, and suddenly she lifted both hands against the sky and flung herself headlong to the ground.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Mocking-bird, '22

This second instalment of our serial stroy is even better than the first. It is now up to the juniors to carry on the good work and develop this story still further. We are waiting, juniors

And so they went on. Through the bleak desert of snow they went—on into the winter wind of the north with fifteen pounds of oatmeal to feed them on a hundred mile trip. Another weary day they travelled, always on foot, for their dogs were gone. Night came at last, bringing with it the biting cold of a winter night. Arthur and Jim, half frozen and quite exhausted, found themselves at the edge of a dark forest. The night was very clear, and against the sky where gleamed a million brilliant stars, loomed up a gigantic mountain. And as they watched, they saw the moon rise from behind the mountain. On a jagged rock where the snow was almost a foot deep, a great boulder stood on the verge of a deep ravine.

Then sharp on the silent air came a howl,—a wolf's agonized howl. Straight from the mountain it came. Arthur and Jim, whose coldness made them almost giddy, turned on each other and laughed. Something was about to happen. They both knew it, and as their eyes met they spoke a silent good-bye. But, as they glanced again at the mountain, they saw the figure of a man step out upon the jagged rock where the boulder lay. But a moment he stayed there, and then through the stillness came the report of a rifle. The man was gone. Thundering through the woods the great crash of falling rock told Jim and Britain that it was time for action.

They did not understand. It was too cold to reason, but their motion revived them to some extent and they clambered up the steep ascent. Half way between the jagged rock and the base of the peak, was a diminutive tableland sheltered by the mountain from the raging winds. Five lonely pines stood in majestic semi-circle on this little plain, and a frozen brook slept among the roots.

"Fine place for a camp," said Britain. "We—"

But at that moment from behind the trunk of one of the trees stepped the man whom they had seen before the shot.

"Yo! ho! me hearties!" he addressed them jovially, as he stepped out upon the snow. The moon shone on his face and they saw him,—a dark and handsome young French-Canadian who wore the uniform of the British army.

"Yo! ho! comrade!" returned Britain. "Can we do anything for you?"

"Indeed, you can!" The smile died from his lips. "I'm being pursued. Two big Dutchmen,—Huns, you know,—after me. Know my figure and what I'm carrying. Perhaps you heard the little fuss up there. Pretended to have fallen—dropped a boulder into the chasm, and they think they have me. Lucky for me. I'm in the King's service, you know. I don't mind telling you—we have to run all sorts of risk in my business. My father knew yours, Britain. He was in the fur trade. I recognized you right away. Used to see both you fellows at the station when I was up logging. Well, as I was saying, I'm in the King's service. Have some very important papers which must be gotten to Montreal at twelve, noon, on the day after tomorrow. Germans following me,—pretty wide awake if they are Huns,—right on my track. Will you do your country a service, Britain? It will mean great honor if you accomplish it. Take my papers, change clothes with me, (I have passports and all necessities) and let me continue your journey with your friend, Jim!"

Eagerly, fearlessly Britain accepted and the soldier gave them further directions. As they parted:—"We'll meet you at Bridge lake, Wisconsin on Saturday. No time to lose! We've got some work to do, Jim and I. Remember you're Franz La Bon, the lieutenant, commonly known as 'Bonnie.' You're O. K. and a bully chap. If you're in trouble, howl like a wolf as I did up yonder, and there's a chance you'll get help. Now beat it!"

Britain, with joy in his heart and the aid of his compass, set off for the nearest town, clad in the garb of a King's lieutenant.

Bonnie and Jim set up a camp on the tableland. A cheerful fire was burning brightly. La Bon cautioned his companion never to mention the King's lieutenant, the war, or anything save camping interests.

As the fragrant odor of coffee which La Bon himself had carried, permeated the air, Jim melted ice from the frozen brook, discussing with Britain's gay substitute the hunting prospects.

La Bon signalled to Jim that they were being observed.

(To be continued)

THE STORY OF A BEDSTEAD

Pauline Goodrich, '20

It was night. The boarding-house was wrapped in silence and tenebrous gloom. The atmosphere was faintly tainted with the odor of kerosene.

Suddenly there arose on the air a yell, followed by wild objurgations and furious anathemas. Then there was a clanking and rattling, as of an overturned picket fence, another yell, and more anathemas. The "fatted" boarders listened, and, ghostly clad, tip-toed along to Buffum's room, he of Buffum and Bingham, second-hand furniture dealers. As they stood there, there was a whiz, a grinding, rattling, a bang, and more yells. The startled listeners consulted and knocked on the door.

"Come in!"

"Open it!"

"I can't!"

Convinced that Buffum was in his last agony, they knocked in the door with a bedpost.

The sight was ghastly! Clasped between two sturdy though slender frames of walnut, Buffum, pale as a ghost, was six feet up in the air. He couldn't move. He was caught like a bear in a log-trap.

"What on earth is it?" they asked.

"Bedstead—combination—new patent I was telling you about," gasped Buffum.

* * * *

His story was simple, though tearful. He had brought it home that day, and after using it for a writing desk, had opened it and made his bed. He was going peacefully to dreamland, when he rolled over and accidentally touched a spring. The faithful invention immediately became a double crib, and turned Buffum into a squalling wafer. Then he struggled, and was reaching around for the spring, when the patent bedstead thought it would display its powers some more, straightened out, shot up in the air, and was a clothes-horse. Buffum said he did not like to be clothes, and he would give the thing to anybody that would get him out. They said they would try; did not want any such fire-extinguisher as that for their trouble, but they would try. They inspected it cautiously; even dared to walk all around it. Then the commission agent laid his little finger on the top

end of it. The thing snorted and roared as if it had been shot, slapped over with a bang, and became an extension table for ten people. When they had recovered from the panic the excited audience returned. They found the commission agent in a corner trying to get breath enough to swear while he rubbed his shins. Buffum had disappeared, but they knew he had not gone far. The invention appeared to have taken a fancy to him and had incorporated him into the firm, so to speak. He was down underneath, straddling one of the legs, with his head jammed into the mattress. No one dared to touch it. The landlady procured a club and reached for its vital parts, but was unable to find them. She hammered her breath away, and when she finished and dropped the club in despair, the thing swung out its arms with a gasp and a rattle, turned over twice, and slapped itself into a bed again, with Buffum peacefully between the sheets. He held his breath for a minute, and then, watching his opportunity, made a flying leap to the door just in time to save himself from being a folding screen.

THE ORCHID AND THE BROOK

Rolland B. Estabrook, '19

Among the shady depths of woodland deep,
There grew an orchid fair with milk-white stem,
And pale green leaves, oft clothed with bright fresh dew,
With petals of the lightest shade of blue:
A lady fair, with all the bloom of youth.
The fringed flower grew near a shining stream
Whose waters played among the trees and shade,
Oft hurrying here in haste to reach the sea,
Oft gurgling there to chat with some wild bee,
Or pausing here to list to some sweet bird;
But ever moving free and happily;
No cares, all joy and fun; oft saying thus:
"The world was made for me and me alone;
There's nothing here but what I call my own."
The brook's a youth with many hopes and plans.

It happened on a summer's eve in June.
The brook, while passing near the orchid's home,
Espied the flower, clothed in a ray of sun.
Said he, "This way my course must some day run,
I must possess that flower; I love her so."
She saw him not, but raised her face in prayer,
And prayed that early she might fall in love:
Before the mellowing of the present year.
The brook heard this, and spoke to her, "My dear,
Wilt thou be mine?" "Perhaps, if you come here."
The brook turned all his mighty efforts toward
The bank, and soon the soil was washed away;
The flower stood on the brink.
A happy wedding! All the creatures came.
The flower bloomed her best—a lovely dame:
An orchid sweet, upon a shady shore.

The days passed on. A happy pair they were;
The flower's roots grew in the water cool,
She thrived, she bloomed, with flowers so smooth, so sweet
As large as cups, never was such a feat.
Time passed—and then there came a woeful day:
The spring rains brought a flood upon the brook,
And swept the orchid from the water's edge,
The rushing waters pulled her down by might
And broke her leaves; it was a woeful sight.
Down, down into the ocean's restless waves!
She faded, died, and was a flower no more.
A sad, sad brook, he wept for years and years.
If now you go into the woods to sleep,
You hear the brook; "I weep, I weep, I weep,
Among the shady depths of woodland deep."

RULES

Ruth Tolman '22

Scene 1

Time—Cambridge 3.30 P. M.
Characters—Mother, Bobby and Willie.

Mother: Bobby, have you seen Willie?"

Bobby: "Why, yes, mother. Here he comes now."

Mother: "Where have you been Willie?"

Willie: "I er-er-er. I had to stay after school for whispering in the corridors."

Bobby: "Whispering in the corridors! The idea! We haven't any such kiddish rules as that in High School."

Scene 2

Time—Cambridge, 2.30 P. M.
Characters: Mother, Willie and Bobby

Mother: "Willie, have you seen Bobby?"

Willie: "He is coming up the walk now."

Mother: "Where have you been, since 1.30?"

Bobby: "I had to stay for whispering in the corridors."

Willie: "What! I thought you said that you didn't have such kiddish rules in High School."

Bobby: "Well, they didn't then, but this is a new rule."

Willie: "Oh, I don't like rules. Do you?"

Bobby: "No, I don't!"

Willie and Bobby:

"Rules, rules, rules!
They're in all the schools;
When you laugh and
When you talk,
When you run and
When you walk,
You're sure to break
Some dear old rule.
Then it's 'Name? Room?
Stay after school!'"

THE TOILERS

Laura Eveleth Jones, '19

There is a queer race of people that I meet on my way home at night. They are not shadow people, unless shadows have ringing, echoing footsteps; and again, unlike shadows, these beings sometimes have the faces of men. But what makes me know that they are other than shadow folk is the souls of them.

As I go down the hill, alone, I meet coming up an army—an army of toilers. All orderly they march, in ones and twos, with firm, quick steps, and it seems to me that there is victory in those staccato foot-beats. It is not exultant joy in conquering, which leaps, and runs, and dances; it is the feeling of complacent satisfaction in work well done,—an even, steady march onward and onward. Work is over, it is late, home is waiting, home with a light in the window. Weary they are, but on they press swiftly, for home is very near, the reward for all their labors.

I do not see them clearly, these toilers, as I go down the hill. There is a man—to me merely a black shadow with a patch of something a little light at his side—his newspaper protruding from his pocket—and a dim, red, glowing spark below the silhouette of his hat-brim. Two women walk quickly by, shadows of congenial mood, one knows, but speaking only now and then, in quiet tones. Sometimes, as I pass under a street lamp, I catch a glimpse of one of my shadows: a square chin and firm-set lips brought into strong relief,—the hat-brim shading his eyes, as the man bends his head to escape the glare of light—and a pair of hands as unnaturally white as the visible part of the face. Never do I see the eyes of the toilers; for me there is only half a face, by which I must construct a whole. But generally the light shines from behind them, and they pass by me merely as shadows, moving onward. Sometimes a woman passes before the searching lights of an automobile, and all about her is radiance, a great flood of light; she herself is a dim phantom, seemingly glorified.

Silent it is, this march of the toilers. Far at the foot of the hill the cars rumble and discharge their loads of men and women; the footsteps echo; one haunting bit of melody is caught up by the heart, as one, more light-hearted than the rest, whistles on his way. The few sounds intensify the silence, as would a noise in the dim sanctity of a cathedral.

The glorious onward march! O, you toilers, with steadfast, even step and never a turn to right or left! Work well done, a day well spent, a rest well earned. Rest, love, peace—the due of toilers.

THE LURE OF THE LOTUS

Barbara Nolen, '19

Sand, sand, cruel, shimmering sand! How came a lotus in this cursed sand! Only she can tell, the posessor of that cool, fresh blossom. In my madness I must follow her. She mocks me with the fragrance of the blossom as she hovers in the distance. Between us, the parching sun beats down on the unresisting desert floor; the arid sand stretches away into a blue haze on an indistinct horizon; the dense air seems to crouch close to the ground, vibrating under the sun's powerful rays. My heart is pounding, pounding.

Half real, half ethereal, she is mocking me, she is challenging me, she is arousing me. Her long, thin draperies sway as if blown by a gentle breeze, but no current is there to cool these throbbing temples of mine. Her arms are bared to the blazing sun, but she heeds it not. Her streaming black hair is unfettered save by a fillet across her forehead, a fillet bearing the golden disc and outspread wings—the symbol of divine protection. Ah, that is why she is so cool and composed in this veritable furnace. Her old Egyptian gods have laid their benediction upon her. She fascinates me with her aloofness, with her fierceness, above all, by her possession of the lotus. She holds the flower outstretched that its enchanting sweetness may be wafted to me. She is the reincarnation of ancient Egypt.

How fresh and tender is that captivating blossom! On its petals glisten drops like diamonds flashing in the fiery radiance of the desert. They are tears,—not my tears, for my soul is being withered, not her tears, for she is bloodless and has no soul. They are perhaps the tears of the friends of those whom she has lured away. But my friends must not weep for me. I am only fulfilling my destiny. It is a weird venture to follow the lotus. It is with unearthly clearness I hear the call. I must leave this sordid, barren existence with its bitter trials. The lotus promises me happiness.

I am depressed now. I shudder at the risk, yet is it so great? I feel the lotus overpowering me. No other flower could keep its tender bloom between that scorching sun and these flaming sands. The fiery sun cannot give more heat than my burning brow; the quivering sands cannot equal my palpitating heart; the air is no denser than the mist before my eyes. The level plains are withering and twisting.

The soul of the desert must be cupped in the center of that mystical flower. Perhaps the desert is being influenced as I am influenced. Perhaps it is being drawn as I am drawn. Who knows? I can only discern the gleaming purity and vivid whiteness of the lotus and know that from the center of that mysterious beauty comes a summons to leave this petty world and follow the lotus to happiness. Happiness! That is my goal.

There is a monotonous murmuring that sounds in my ears and creeps into the recesses of my heart, a murmuring as of rushing hurricanes. I shudder, but I cannot shake off this phantom. The lotus alone can liberate me. Its irresistible freshness will heighten my rapture and caress my withered soul. Under its benediction I will gain life, new, glowing life. She is there still, swaying, beckoning, holding the lotus outstretched. It may be that that blossom is unattainable. There is no way to it save the one across the desert. But is not certain death better than the unearthly struggle that wracks me now? Is not immediate destruction more kindly than the futilely prolonged existence that awaits me here? Is it not better to plunge onward in vain than to wait impatiently for a hideous sleep? What more blessed than to aim for the distant horizon? What more natural than to fall by the way? I have no choice. I must answer the call.

O GREAT APOLLO

A prayer for the gift of song.

O great Apollo, beatissime
I pray to thee; give ear unto my voice!
With sacrifice upon thy altar laid
Thy suppliant begs thee to respect his plea.

For when I see Aurora all aflame—
Each mountain top and valley glorified—
And all about is touched by her pure hands,—
A rose uplifts her head unto the morning sun,
And dewy leaves with sparkling gems are sown,—
Or when I stand on greatest Neptune's brink
And watch the waves, with thunder loud and deep
As that of greatest Jove, or bright and gay,
Each playful lapping wavelet dancing free,
And on the crest of each a nymph; while far
Across the ocean stained with royal hues,
There lies an islet moored; when all these things,
Gifts of a God whose power is greater far
Than greatest Jove's—I know not who he is—
I see and feel, my heart would bid me sing,
But I am still; my lips are mute, and all
The radiance far within my soul pent up
Is e'er expressionless.

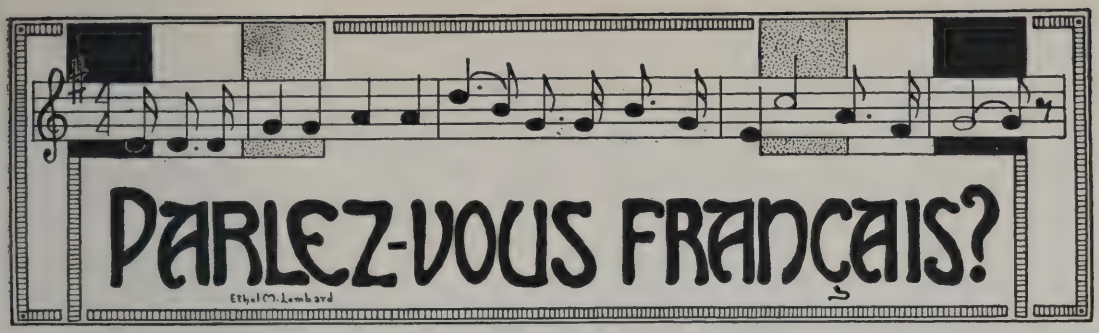
O Great and Good
Who teachest man immortal melodies,
Be thou not still unmindful of my prayer,
O great Apollo, teach me how to sing!

JOHNNY'S ASCENSION

John A. Walz, Jr. '22

Little Johnny felt ennui this morning. He was tired of fishing, playing ball, and running around and very, very, tired of the sea. Next day they would put into port, but what a long time until tomorrow! Johnny had been on the sea thirteen days and he was terribly bored now, after the novelty of the voyage had passed away.

As he lounged on the deck his eyes wandered about. Suddenly, a thought flashed across his mind as he saw one of the large air shafts. He took his steamer chair, placed it under the shaft, got up and looked down. He could see nothing, only it was very black. Johnny wondered what could be down there. Perhaps some giants or fairies like those in "Jack and the Beanstalk." What great fun it would be to be Jack! Up he climbed and down he slid. Down, down, down. My, how hot it was becoming. Johnny looked down to see what made it so hot. He perceived a huge, red cushion, whereupon he said to himself, "I bet that giant is a Bolshevist." He now almost touched the cushion. Bang! "I wonder if those are the fairy bees stinging me. I don't like them. Dear me, how small I am getting. Oh! look at the fairies. Take your bees away; they hurt. Don't leave me fairies—oh! no, you're angels!



LA TOUR EIFFEL

John McCarthy, '20.

La tour Eiffel, qui est situé sur le champs de Mars à Paris, était élevé pendant la dernière partie du dix-neuvième siècle par Alexandre Gustave Eiffel. Elle était finie au mois de mars dix-huit cent quatre-vingt-neuf et coûta un million de dollars. De cette somme, deux cent quatre-vingt-deux mille dollars étaient fournis par le gouvernement. Le reste de l'argent était avancé par le père de l'ingénieur qui bâtit la tour et d'après lequel la tour était nommée. Le gouvernement lui permit d'avoir les droits d'y entrer vingt ans.

La position de la tour était choisie parce qu'on trouva qu'elle pouvait supporter un poids de presque cinquante livres sur chaque pouce carrée. Cette tour a une hauteur de mille pieds à peu près et une longueur de trois cent trente pieds sur chaque côté à la base. Le travail était commencé au mois de janvier dix-huit cent quatre-vingt-sept et avança si rapidement que le quatorze juillet dix-huit cent quatre-vingt-huit, la fête nationale des Français, on tira des feux d'artifice du premier étage, une hauteur de trois cent quatre-vingt-sept pieds.

A la première estrade les visiteurs peuvent obtenir un panorama de Paris et des faubourgs Aussi au milieu de cette estrade se trouvent quatre cafés où le visiteur affamé peut acheter de la nourriture. A la deuxième estrade, qui est tout à fait enfermée de verre, est un grand salon. Ici on peut acheter des souvenirs de la tour et de Paris. Au-dessus de cet étage il y a des observatoires pour la science. Pour monter la tour il faut prendre un des trois grands ascenseurs lesquels on peut dire en passant, étaient faits aux Etats-Unis. On peut y monter en sept minutes. Au sommet il y a une grande lumière électrique qui éclaire Paris la nuit. On peut la voir à une distance de quinze milles.

Cette tour était bâtie specialement pour l'exposition qui eut lieu à Paris en dix-huit cent quatre-vingt-dix et elle attirait beaucoup d'attention. Au commencement les Français ne voulurent pas qu'on bâtit cette tour parce qu'ils pensèrent qu'elle nuisit à l'ensemble des constructions de Paris; mais Monsieur Eiffel aidé par Monsieur Lokroy, qui était à ce temps-là le ministre de commerce et de travail, réussit à montrer aux gens qu'il faut que La France continue à tenir en Europe la première place dans l'art de la construction metallurgique.

Pendant la guerre elle servait d'une tour d'observation parce qu'elle a une portée de quatre-vingt-cinq milles. Aussi il y a à cette tour un poste de telegraphie sans fil. Ce monument était bien utile et les Allemands essayaient de la détruire au moyen de leur grand cannon de longue portée, la grosse Bertha.

UNE ANECDOTE AMUSANTE

Mary Killam, '20.

On m'a raconté une anecdote amusante sur un soldat américain qui est allé en France. Le pauvre soldat n'avait jamais appris le français à l'école, et probablement il a voulu l'avoir plus étudié.

Un jour quand il était avec une demoiselle française il arriva qu'il lui marcha sur le pied. Il avait entendu dire quelque part qu'il est plus poli de dire, "Je vous remercie," que de dire, "Merci." Donc pour être très galant, il a dit à la demoiselle, "Je vous pardonne," au lieu de "Pardon." Vous pouvez vous imaginer qu'elle était très fâchée contre le soldat innocent. Elle frappa du pied et annonça à tout le monde ce qu'avait fait l'Américain. Le jeune homme ne comprit pas qu'il pardonnait à son hôtesse. Naturellement il était très confus, et il s'enfuit aussi vite que possible.

LE SANSONNET

Margaret Bourdon.

Le vieux chasseur Maurice avait dans sa chambre un sansonnet qu'il avait élevé, et qui avait appris à articuler quelque mots. Quand il disait par exemple: "Sansonnet, où es-tu?" l'oiseau répondait toujours: "Me voilà!"

Le petit Charles, fils du voisin, aimait beaucoup l'oiseau et lui faisait souvent des visites. Un jour il vint voir le sansonnet et pendant que le chasseur était absent, il s'empara bien vite de l'oiseau, le mit dans sa poche et voulait s'esquiver avec son larcin.

Mais à ce moment le chasseur entra chez lui. Il crut faire plaisir au petit garçon en demandant comme de coutume: "Sansonnet, où es-tu?" "Me voilà!" cria de toutes ses forces l'oiseau qui était caché dans la poche de petit garçon. C'est ainsi que le petit voleur fut trahi.



Football

The following men were awarded their "C" in football for the season of 1919: Capt. Sayward, Mgr. Wiseman, Kozlowsky, Rudman, B. Zarakov, Murphy, Skinner, Manach, Day, Frye, Kelly, I. Zarakov, Crowley, Hurd, Foster, and Duffey. Capt. Sayward was unanimously chosen to lead the team again next season.

Hockey

The Hockey team this year promises to be one of the best ever turned out at Latin School. Seven veterans reported and several new men have shown great promise. Capt. I. Zarakov, "Sonny" Foley, Tobin, McGowan, Cronin, B. Zarakov, and Johnny Fitzgerald are the veterans who reported; while Brennan, Sayward, Manning, Culhane, McCrehan, and Purcell are new men of some ability.

Latin vs. Alumni

Latin opened its hockey schedule by defeating a strong alumni aggregation at Russell Field by a 6-3 score. On the alumni team were Garrity, O'Conner and Curry of the Boston College hockey squad; Fitzgerald, All-Interscholastic goal-tend two seasons ago, and "Jay" O'Conner of Holy Cross. The team work of the younger boys was too much for the veterans. "Sonny" Foley, and "Izzy" Zarakov played well on the forward line for Latin School, while Fitzgerald and Tobin shone on the defense. Garrity and O'Conner played well for the Alumni. The lineup:

Latin	Alumni
Culhane, l. w.	r. w. Fabian
I. Zarakov, r.	r. J. O'Conner
B. Zarakov (Manning) r. w.	l. w. Curry
McGowan, c. p.	c. p., O'Connell
Tobin (McCrehan) p.	p. E. O'Conner
Fitzgerald, g.	g. Fitzgerald

Goals: I. Zarakov, 4; Foley, 2; Garrity, 2; J. O'Conner, 1. Time: Two twenty minute periods; Referee: R. Shaw.

Latin vs. Arlington

Latin defeated Arlington 8-3 in a league game at Russell Field. The Arlington boys were no match for the strong Cambridge team, who scored whenever they wished. The Latin forward line demonstrated some wonderful team work and accurate shooting. "Barney" Zarakov caged four of Cambridge's goal. The lineup:

Latin	Arlington
Brennan, Cronin, l. w.	r. w. Tobin
Foley, c.	c. Bateman
I. Zarakov, r.	r. Power
B. Zarakov, r. w.	l. w. Haley
McGowan (Sayward), c. p.	c. p. Sheehan
Tobin, p.	p. Hardy
Fitzgerald, g.	g. Murphy

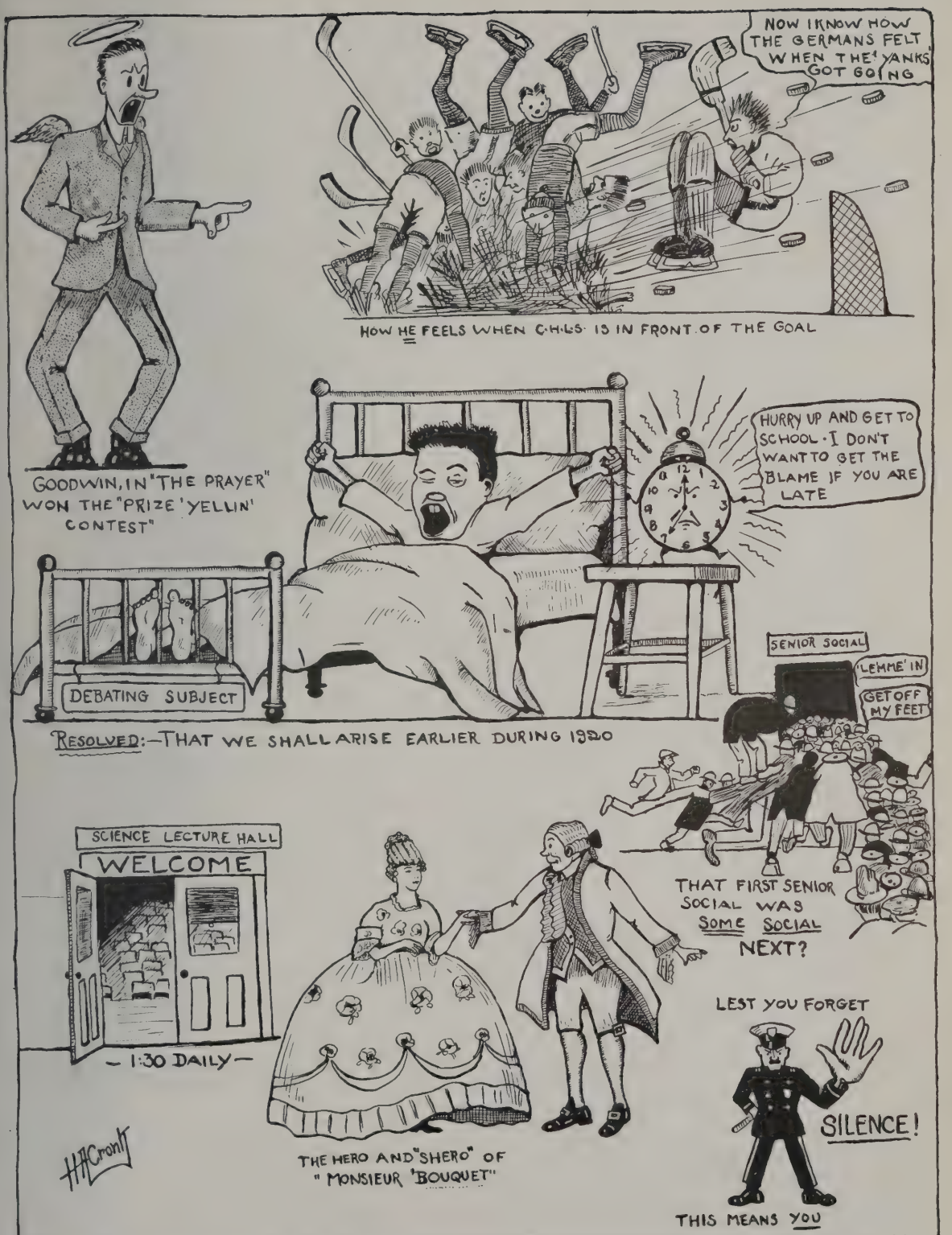
Goals: B. Zarakov, 4; Foley, 2; Power, 2; Tobin, 1. Time: two 20 minute periods. Referee: Tanchy.

Latin vs. St. Marks

Latin met its first set-back at the hands of St. Marks by a 3-0 score. The Southboro boys scored all their points in the second period. The Cambridge boys were off form and the wonderful team work of their other games was sadly missing. "Sonny" Foley and "Tubber" Cronin played well for Cambridge.

Latin vs. Newton

In a hard-fought, well-played game at Russell Field, Cambridge defeated the much-heralded Newton team by a 1-0 score. The game was an exceptionally clean and fast one. Both teams were evenly matched, and both lived up to their reputations. The only score of the game was made by Capt. Zarakov of Cambridge, who made a beautiful drive from mid-rink, which Learnard was unable to stop. "Izzy" played a wonderful game and was ably assisted by "Sonny" Foley, and the two wings, and B. Zarakov. "Fitzy" in the goal gave a remarkable exhibition of goal play, stopping everything that Newton had to offer. Crosby, Coady,


NOW I KNOW HOW THE GERMANS FELT WHEN THE YANKS GOT GOING
HOW HE FEELS WHEN C·H·L·S· IS IN FRONT OF THE GOAL
GOODWIN, IN "THE PRAYER" WON THE "PRIZE 'YELLIN' CONTEST"
HURRY UP AND GET TO SCHOOL · I DON'T WANT TO GET THE BLAME IF YOU ARE LATE
DEBATING SUBJECT
RESOLVED:—THAT WE SHALL ARISE EARLIER DURING 1920
SENIOR SOCIAL
LEMME' IN
GET OFF MY FEET
THAT FIRST SENIOR SOCIAL WAS SOME SOCIAL
NEXT?
SCIENCE LECTURE HALL
WELCOME
— 1:30 DAILY —
THE HERO AND "SHERO" OF "MONSIEUR 'BOUQUET"
LEST YOU FORGET
SILENCE!
THIS MEANS YOU
H.H.Cronk

Learnard, and Crane played well for Newton. The lineup:

Latin	Newton
Brennan, l. w.	r. w. Rane, Harris
Foley, c.	c. Coady
I. Zarakov, r.	r. Crosby
B. Zarakov, r. w.	r. w. Ayles
McGowan, c. p.	c . p. Hodder
Sayward, p.	p. Crane
Fitzgerad, g.	g. Learnard

Goals: I. Zarakov. Time: two 20 minute periods. Referee: Martin.

Latin vs. Brookline

Cambridge Latin again came out on top of the heap this time, the victim being Brookline. The score was 6-1, and that is sufficient to show the superiority of our boys. It was not, however, an easy game, for the Brookline boys played as though their diplomas depended on it. "Izzy" Zarakov seemed to be the target of the Brookline team, for every time he started down the rink with the puck he was in some way or other knocked to the ground. Despite the fact that "Izzy" was well covered, he was influential in 4 of Latin's tallies, twice he passed to his brother Barney for tallies, and twice to Foley for scores. "Sonny" and "Barney" played well on the forward line, while "Fitzy" played his usual strong game in the goal. Leonardi, Murphy, Conroy, and Capt. Duane were Brookline's stars. The lineup:

Latin	Brookline
Brennan, Cronin, l. w.	r. w. Cabot
Foley, c.	c. Conroy
I. Zarakov, r.	r. Duane
B. Zarakov, r. w.	r. w. Leonardi
McGowan, Sayward, c. p.	c. p. Casson
Tobin, p.	p. Murphy
Fitzgerald, g.	g. Gleming

Goals: Foley, 3; B. Zarakov, 3; Casson, 1. Time: two 20 minute periods. Referee: Frankie Ryan.

Crew

Cambridge's crew prospects are very bright indeed. Five veterans are expected to report and several new men have signified their intention of reporting. The veterans are: Capt. Manning and Estabrook of last year's first boat; Henry Stevens, and "Billy" Anderson of last year's second boat; and Manuel Manach, a veteran two seasons ago. Among the new men expected to report are: "Sid" Rudinan, Francis Skinner, "Bill" Sayward, George Flammand, Fred Kelly, Marchant, Burns, and Kozlowsky, oarsmen; and Ripley and Cunningham, coxswains.

Baseball

Latin school ought to be represented this spring with a stellar baseball team. As in Crew and Hockey, there is an abundance of veteran material. At present the weak spot seems to be the battery. A catcher will have to be developed, and the team will need at least three good pitchers to carry it through the hard schedule. Syd Vickers, a letter man of two seasons ago, and who last year twirled for Huntington School looks like our best bet now. McCrehan is also a pitcher of some ability. In the infield we will have plenty of veteran material. McGowan, for first; Foley, for third base; Cote, for shortstop; Cronin and Dambrosio, at end. All five of these boys have won their letter at Cambridge in baseball. Coach MacDonald will have to develop an outfield, having only "Izzy" Zarakov, who will probably play left field.

CANTAB NOTES

"Bill" Sayward was re-elected football captain for the season of 1920. The Review wishes to congratulate him, and hopes that next year's team will be as strong as this year's.

Prospects for the hockey championship this winter are very bright indeed. Four wins in five starts thus far is pretty good.

Cambridge can claim the services of two of the niftiest forwards in the Interscholastic Hockey League. "Sonny" Foley, center, and "Izzy" Zarakov are certainly playing great hockey.

We'll say Johnny Fitzgerald had a little something on his brother Walter, in that Alumni game.

Latin's outer defense is well taken care of by Tobin, McGowan, and "Bill" Sayward.

Barney Zarakov is playing a great game on right wing, as is Joe Brennan on the other wing.

"Tubber" Cronin is certainly a handy utility man. "Tubber's" size is all that keeps him from being a regular.



Place—Latin School Hall.
Time—1.45, December 22.
Event—Christmas meeting of the G. A. A.

It certainly was an event worth attending. There was a momentary fear at first that the President's notes had disappeared among the many kitchen-dining-room utensils of the Ruggles family, but Miss Gay soon found them. After the Glee Club had entertained us with some songs, Miss Hortense Wetherbee recited an amusing poem, and Miss Kath- The President appointed a committee from The President appointd a committee from each class to receive and judge songs. Be it known that no member of the committee has broken down yet from overwork. Where are the songs? Not one has been handed in yet, but I know we have at least one genius in the Association. Don't be too modest.

Next on the program was a scene from "Birds' Christmas Carol." The stage was a busy spot while the Ruggles children were on it, obeying the commands of her honor, Mrs. Ruggles, who, you must never forget, was a McGrill.

Then modest Santa came. He explained why he had come to us early, and then gave everyone a piece of candy.

Following Harriet Lane's resignation from Exec. Com., Alice Wright has been chosen to fill this important position. The slight delay in reaching a decision was due to the fact that the officers thought it best to have someone who was a Junior, but, as Miss Wright will be a member of the Senior class next year, that difficulty has been overcome.

As Laura Jones feels unable to undertake the duties of editor of the "Periscope" at present, Ruth Miles has been chosen to take her place, with Carolyn Stubbs as her assistant. Both of these girls are Seniors.

During the Girl Dance on January 23 the dance orders were almost the most important and most praised factor of the evening's entertainment. For the first time since the class of 1920 entered the school, they (the dance orders, not the class) were decorated by hand. Pauline Goodrich was chairman of an art committee of twenty girls who executed some very attractive designs, ranging in subject from charming Kewpies to languid ladies—all in very good taste.

The night was prohibitive as far as weather was concerned, but, nothing daunted, a hundred couples were whirling around the gym by eight o'clock. How they got there is hard to tell. Suffice it to say that they were there and that they had a good time.

The officers and their partners were enrolled as ushers for this occasion. They were Lillian Gay, Alice Johnson, Barbara Nolen, Doris Hare, Grace Meere, Lillian Buckley, Edwina Keever, Alice Groden, Pauline Goodrich, Dora Bell, Margaret Brennan, Alice Wright, and Louise Hawkins.

With all the usual formality, the couples as they came were ushered up to the matrons, Miss Hartigan, Miss Parker, and Miss Townsend. Miss Brown was there under the strong guidance of her escort, Anna Biggane. Miss White and Miss McLaughlin made us a short visit during the course of the evening.

It is fitting for us to include both old and young in our tale. That we may not give offence, we will first express our pleasure in having a number of the alumnae present. Then we will speak of the Freshmen who danced even when they were hesitant about their steps. The older girls would like to thank the Freshmen for the dancing they had together.

There are always hosts of girls whose untiring efforts made such a dance a success. We cannot thank each one, except through the chairmen of the various committees. To Esther Masse, chairman of the door committee, to Priscilla Wakefield, chairman of the refreshment committee, and to Clare Kirkjian, chairman of the decorating committee, special thanks is due.



The Everett debate which is to be held in the Latin School Hall on Friday, February 20th, is considered by many the most important debate this year, as Everett has the reputation of having an excellent team. The subject is: Resolved: That the Smith Towner bill for the federalization of education should be adopted. Everett has the affirmative and Cambridge the negative. Because the question deals directly with the educational problem and with schools, and because the opposing issues are such that they are bound to clash and consequently some lively rebuttal work will be in order, we think that the school will be specially interested in this debate. Certainly, if it is one-half the success it now appears that it will be, we will have a debate which will be the most successful this year. Everett is planning to bring from seventy-five to one hundred pupils to Cambridge to support the team. They have school spirit over there! It is up to C. H. L. S. to show Everett that we support our debating team, too. The members of our team will be MacLaughlin, Sawin and Rowe.

The underclassmen surely are leading the school when it comes to interclass activities. Hardly was the prize-speaking contest over when the Freshman and Sophomore boys arranged a debate for February 13th, the second Freshman vs. Sophomore boys' debate. The former have their organization running in full swing. They recently elected the following officers: President, Duchin; Secretary, Camfield; Treasurer, Drake. Both classes are to hold the trials for the debate on February 3rd. The subject is, Resolved: That the United States should increase her navy. The Freshmen have the negative; the Sophomores the affirmative.

Meanwhile the Freshman girls have by no means been idle. Their newly-elected officers are: President, Hortense Wetherbee; Secretary, Ruth Brodie; Treasurer, Louise Hall. They are planning to give a play entitled, "District School of Blueberry Center" on or around April 9th.

The Clawjhowja Bjustofe '21 is planning to give a dance on the evening of February 14th. This is the second dance this year which this active club has given. Sophomore Girls!—it's up to you to form a club and keep up with the Juniors and Freshmen.

There will be two more debates this year after the Everett-Cambridge affair—the annual prize debate for the Durrell Cup and one with Arlington High School. We regret to say that because of so many activities,—as prize-speaking contests and plays—it will be impossible for us to debate with Winthrop or Melrose, both of whom wish to meet us. The Arlington debate will probably take place on or about April 9 and the prize debate near the middle of May. The subject for the Arlington discussion has not yet been decided upon, but the Durrell Cup Debate will be on the Plumb Plan, a question of government ownership of railroads.

The Prize Speaking Contest

On the evening of Monday, December 22d, the C. H. L. S. Debating Association held a prize speaking contest before a fairly large audience in the Latin School Hall. The selections were rendered in a very eloquent manner by all the speakers.

The winners were: Harry V. Goodwin, Hortense Wetherbee, and Arthur G. King.

We wish to thank Mr. Whoriskey and the orchestra for the selections they rendered before and after the contest, and greatly appreciate their kindness.

The program was as follows:

Aunt Shaw's Pet Jug — T. W. Burgess
Edith M. Quinn

Tommy Atkins — Rudyard Kipling
Frank H. Thomas

Sister Sorrowful Entertains the Minister
Anonymous

Louise Hall
Jean Desprey Robert W. Service
Arthur G. King
America for Me Henry Van Dyke
Althea MacDonald
My Friends Robert W. Service
Richard Fitzgerald
Mrs. Snodgrass Reads the Paper
Anonymous
Hortense Wetherbee
At the Tomb of Napoleon
Robert W. Ingersoll
George A. McLaughlin
Little Orphant Annie James W. Riley
Ruth Brodie
The Prayer Amelia Barr
Harry V. Goodwin
Penelope's Christmas Dance Anonymous
Katherine Bradley
When You Know a Fellow Edgar A. Guest
Edward A. Sawin

Harry Goodwin spoke in his usual eloquent style and undoubtedly deserved the first prize; the second and third prize-winners also merited their rewards. Miss Wetherbee recited in a very dramatic manner and King did well in depicting the different characters in his selection. Honorable mention was given to Ruth Brodie and George McLaughlin.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of talent among the underclassmen and they should be congratulated upon their fine showing. The second prize went to a Freshman, and the third to a Sophomore, while one of the honorable mentions was won by a Freshman. We hope that they will go out for the Liberty Medal next spring.

AMONG THE DEBATERS

The Debating Clubs owe a vote of thanks to Mr. Leonard for the assistance he has given them in all their activities.

It is possible that a debate may be arranged, a little later in the year, with the Harvard Freshmen. Although this would be an unprecedented step, there is no reason why it should not be successful.

Although at the beginning of this year there were only three old debaters back in school, we are confident that if it were necessary we could have three different interscholastic teams preparing for a debate at the same time.

What is the matter with the Senior girls this year? In previous years they have been very active, and last year one of the members of their class won the Liberty Medal.

Maurice Kramer, Frank La Canza, and Isaac Freedman of last year's debating team are now in Harvard and so are Edwin Sage and Abraham Wirin, both of the 1918 C. H. L. S. Debating Team.

An effort is to be made to publish the "Lyceum," a paper edited by the Debating Association, in the near future.

There was a great deal of enthusiasm displayed by the underclassmen in the trials for the prize-speaking contest. Never mind if you did not get into the final contest; keep trying; and when you are Juniors and Seniors, you will be the leading debaters in the school.





Modern Valuation:
"You seem meditative."
"Yes. I was thinking."
"Two cents for your thoughts."

Miss Flanders: "Why does Milton refer to Aeolus as sage Hippotades?"
Crothers: "Perhaps because it was his name."

Our school here is called Cambridge Latin,
Where pupils do sit and are sat on;
Discipline rules,
And of all the high schools
You may use ours the best as a pattern.

Miss Schroeder: "That was a stupid answer, son."
Pupil: "I know it."

Miss Butler: "Why was Sydney Carton not a suitor for Lucie's hand?"
Whisper: "Because he didn't suit her."

This Miss Alice Johnson is vast
And her youth and her spry days are past;
She is such a flirt,
And she wears such a skirt,
That in spite of her age she is "fast."

Lungless:
On and on he went, nobody breathing.

Couldn't put them out:
"He grabbed two wildly scampering forms inextinguishable in the darkness, and roughly pushed them to the end of the room."

Favorite Sayings:
"The lesson for tomorrow"—every teacher.
"I didn't get that far"—Sayward.
"The management has requested me to announce"—James Murphy.
"I did all my work for today except, etc."—Manach.
"Let's go to the Orpheum"—Evans.
"Lend me a nickel."
"I thought today was unprepared"—most any Freshman.
"Isn't Nichols cute?"—the girls.
"*Mr.* Darling"—Miss Ryan.

Charles Dickens was born in 1812 at the age of eleven he died of shortness of breath.

Miss Ruggli: What should I do before finding the volume of this test tube?
Osgood (carefully observing test tube): "Why, wash it."

There was a young scoundrel named Sayward
A youth very rash, and most wayward;
The glances cast toward him
Have always so bored (?) him
That in tears he has "hied himself Hayward."

Chemistry teacher: "Charles, what do you know about Ammonia water?"
Charles (Just from the history class): "Er-er, it is water from the city of Ammon."

The twins by the last name of Barton
Are a model of goodness 'tis sartin;
How grateful we are
That they came from afar
To join us in our school of Latin.

Struck dumb with surprise, she shrieked and shrieked again.

Miss McCarthy: "What kind of 'e' is that?"
Pupil: "Acute 'e'."
Voice: "How cunning."

Our editor's surname is Lane,
She presides o'er the staff with a cane;
And whenever she's able
She raps on the table;
She's a prim and old-maidish young Jane.

Taylor: "Penniman claims that his dog is one of the best retrievers in the country."

Kellogg: "Well, he is pretty good. Every time Art fires his gun the dog brings in either a twig or a bunch of grass."

Skinner is a skinny man,
He skins as much as Skinner can.
And ever as he skins along
He sings his skinning Skinner song,
"A skinner Skinner skin am I,
And I shall skin till life pass by."

She: "Kelly seems less careworn than formerly."

He: "Yes; now that the football season is all over he hasn't anything but studies to worry about."

There's a carrot-top that we call Pugh
Whose motto is: "Darned if I do."
He is darned all the time,
For according to rhyme,
His doings are not very few.

Teacher (referring to an inverted clause): "What kind of a clause is this?"

Pupil (excitedly): "Er-er unnormal."

Young Tisdale is a chubby "ras'"
Fat, ruddy cheeks dear "Tissy" has;
And everybody sees with joy
That happy, hearty, dude-ish boy.

Found in a pupil's outline on "The Winter of 1920":

I Coasting
II Slaying party.

Killam, Mary, Killam
And freeze 'em with your glance;
Don't do it all the time, please,
But give "us boys" a chance.

"Black but such as in esteem Prince Memnon's sister might beseem," etc.

Eisenhauer (explaining): Prince Memnon was a fabled Ethiopian prince, black, and celebrated for his beauty. Therefore, it follows, that his sister was black.

Heard on the way to school:

"Going to the Senior Drama, Art?"

"Yup."

"Going to take a woman?"

"Nope."

"Going to take a *female,* then?"

Miss Fl - - s: "Is Jeffrey here?"

Miss F - - r: "Not yet," and then as Jeffrey enters, breathless, "but soon!"

Extract from "Age of Fable":

"Woman was not yet made. The story (absurd enough!) is that Jupiter - - - - determined that woman should be created and sent to man as a punishment." And then follows the story of Pandora!

Miss Spring: "Are you still going to the tardy room, Jeffrey?"

Jeffrey: "Not yet, but again."

Futurist Poetry

Girl
Boy
Kiss
Joy
Papa
Call
From
Hall
Pa's
Feet
Boy
Street

—Ex.

Boyle Revised:

Why is chemistry like love?

Because the less the gas, the greater the pressure.—Ex.

For Boys Only:

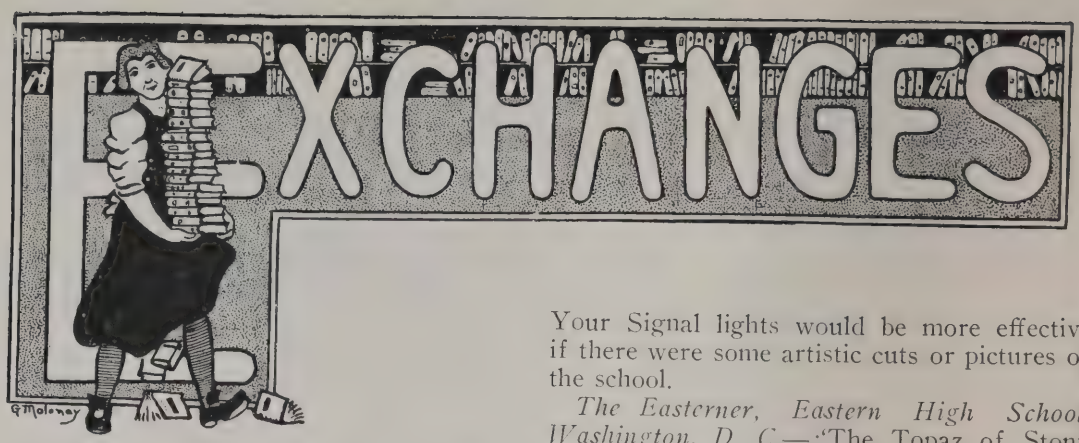
If there is anything worries a girl,
It's something she ought not to know.
But you bet she'll get it out somehow
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now, we'll wager four bits to a doughnut,
This poem she's already read.
We knew she'd get it somehow
If she had to stand on her head.

—Ex.

Music Teacher: You should pause there. Don't you see that it's marked a rest?"

Little One: Yes, teacher, but I aren't tired yet."—Ex.

"We wish to apologize to Mrs. Orville Iverholt. In our paper last week we had as a headline, 'Mrs. Iverholt's Big Feet.' The word we ought to have used is a French word pronounced the same, but spelled fete. It means a celebration, and is considered a very good word."—Ex.



Our office has been just flooded with school papers. We have several brand-new schools to exchange with us. Still, however, we want more. The Review has a voracious appetite.

The Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers of the magazines were got up with some spirit. Cuts and cartoons are sadly a minus quantity in the majority of the magazines. Also good funny stories and jokes are almost nil. If your class notes are not enough, procure jokes from other magazines. Then, too, the editor had a difficult time finding the name of the city or town and state where the school is located. Please paste or print in black letters in a prominent place your exact latitude and longitude. The literary departments are improving. If any of you print detective stories, be sure they are worth printing.

Inspection

Wheat, Ritzville High School, Ritzville, Wash.—What an interesting name you have, O Wheat,

Your cover and contents are so neat
That just to read you is a treat.

"The Bribe" and "Grandmother's Story" are very creditable. "May's Adventure," however, is improbable. Aren't there funny happenings in your school that you could publish in your Joke Department? The discus thrower cut is very clever and appropriate. Develop your Exchange Department and secure some class notes and you will be an all-round good paper.

The Signal, Cambridge High School, Cambridge, Ohio.—It is a joy to see your Signal. Your Signal is no S. O. S., but a C. O. S. (Come on, Schools). "Hardscrabil Banner" is one of the most ingenious departments in a school paper that we have come across. We firmly agree with the last paragraph printed in your Exchange Column about papers not proclaiming in loud tones in what part of the world they are. Your literary department would be better if it were longer. Your Signal lights would be more effective if there were some artistic cuts or pictures of the school.

The Easterner, Eastern High School, Washington, D. C.—'The Topaz of Stony Hill" created a real Oriental atmosphere. The plot was very clever. "Reminiscence" embodies a noble sentiment. Your literary department should be larger. If all your stories are as good as the two in the November issue, you should be proud of yourselves. You are strong on local news. Good for you! You need more cuts, cartoons, and real snappy jokes. Don't forget us next time.

The Echo, Dubuque High School, Dubuque, Iowa.—You sure have a dandy paper. There is variety in your literary department. The poem "Iowa" pays a fine tribute to your State. It was a joy to find some real live, snappy, worth-while editorials. Their advice is well worth following. Every department is efficiently cared for. Keep up the good work, Echo!

The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.—In your paper there are some very interesting news items. Your editorial page is well cared for. Have a little variety in your Literary Department. Two autobiographies in succession are monotonous. Hustle up some of your poets and beseech them to present offerings at the shrine of the Red and Black.

Our Turn

Tattler, Conneaut High, Conneaut, Ohio, says: "We regret that we have not received any magazine from you since June, 1919 issue. (They have now.) However, we are glad to hear you will exchange with schools outside Massachusetts. Your literary department is fine, and we wish to compliment you on the essay, 'Lowell as a Patriotic Citizen.' We like your idea of starting every column with a motto, but your jokes are by far too few.

Listen very carefully while I whisper—I am afraid the Apokeepsian will be jealous. Is it true that to be refined one must be retiring? Do you think your cuts are too refined? *Edward Little High, Auburn, Me.*

We cangratulate you on the excellent make-up of your book,—the same high standard is

maintained throughout, both in the literary and the chronicle departments. Your magazine is an ever-welcome visitor to our desk. *Botolphian, Boston College High.*

The Cambridge Review heads each page with a Latin motto. The idea is unique and good. *Spectator, Brown & Nichols, Cambridge, Mass.*

In comment on your publication we would suggest more cartoons, some pictures of the different societies, and views of the school. Your "Parlez-Vous Francais" Department is fine, and arouses interest in the French language. Would it not be improved if you treat Latin, Spanish, German, and all other languages that are taught in your schools the same way? *Schenley Triangle, Schenley High, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Advertisement in Somerville paper:

"Party that lost purse containing $24 need worry no longer. It has been found."

The Difference:

"Has Maud made up her mind to stay in?"

"No, she has made up her face to go out."

—Ex.

"Now, boys," said the teacher in a juvenile Sunday School class, "our lesson today teaches us that if we are good while on earth we will go to the place of everlasting bliss when we die. But suppose we are bad, and then what would become of us?"

"We'll go to the place of everlasting blister," promptly answered a small boy.—Ex.

A Fad:

They are plodding through this vale of tears
With wads of hair about their ears.
We wonder when in fashion's ten
They will show the world their ears again.

—Ex.

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Gleaner, Pawtucket High, Pawtucket, R. I.
Grotonian, Groton School, Groton, Mass.
Herald, Holyoke High, Holyoke, Mass.
Periscope, Bridgewater High, Bridgewater, Mass.
Voice, Concord High, Concord, Mass.
Easterner, Eastern High, Washington, D. C.
Journal, Wilkes-Barre High, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Delphian, Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.
Tattler, Conneaut High, Conneaut, Ohio.
Maze, May School, Boston, Mass.
Wheat, Ritzville High, Ritzville, Wash.
Distaff, Girls' High, Boston, Mass.
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Broctonia, Brockton High, Brockton, Mass.
Bulletin, Watertown High, Watertown, Mass.
Clarion, Arlington High, Arlington, Mass.
Exponent, Greenfield High, Greenfield, Mass.
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Monitor, Wellesley High, Wellesley, Mass.
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Purple & Gold, Nute High, Milton, N. H.
St. John's Echo, St. John's Univ., Shanghai, China.
Jabberwock, Girls' Latin, Boston, Mass.
Mirror, Pratt High, Pratt, Kansas.
Megaphone, Country Day School, Newton, Mass.
Milton Orange & Blue, Milton Acad., Milton, Mass.
Radiator, Somerville High, Somerville, Mass.
Schenley Triangle, Schenley High, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Spectator, Browne & Nichols, Cambridge, Mass.
Tattler, Pensacola High, Pensacola, Fla.
Rayen Record, Rayen School, Youngstown, Ohio.
Red & White, Rochester High, Rochester, N. H.
Botolphian, Boston College High, Boston, Mass.
High School News, Beaumont High, Beaumont, Tex.
Inde, Hanover High, Hanover, N. H.
Blue Owl, Attleboro High, Attleboro, Mass.
Review, Ball High, Galveston, Texas.
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JUNE

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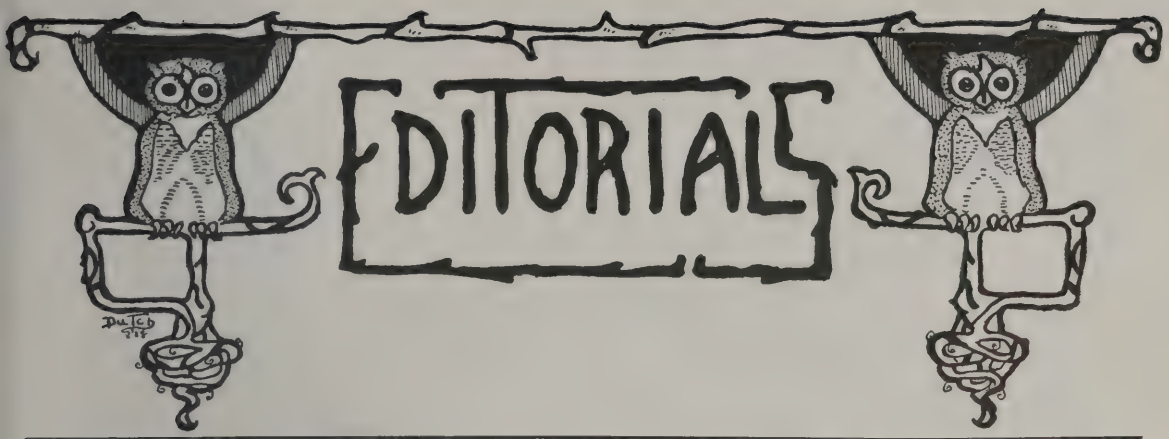
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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Farewell

There are many things which make this season of the year hard for the upper-classmen. There are college exams and graduation always lurking in the background of their thoughts. And one of the hardest things they have to do is to give up whatever positions of importance they have held during the year. It is therefore with great reluctance that we members of the Review staff surrender our positions to the coming board. This thing which we must do would be much harder if we were not sure that those who are to succeed us will accomplish greater things for the Review and the school. The editor for next year will be John R. Robertson, a boy who, although he has attended this school for only one year, has already shown his ability and talent. The business manager has not as yet been chosen.

We wish next year's staff some of the success we have not known. May they make next year's Review a bigger and better paper!

The whole school especially the senior class, should be proud that its vice-president, Alice Johnson, has won third prize in the United States Army School Contest in the Boston district. The beautiful gold watch which she received in recognition of the excellence of her essay entitled "The Benefits of Enlistment in the United States Army" now adorns her left wrist.

We think some mention should be made of the much unselfish work which has been done by the art department in preparing posters to advertise the many events which have taken place in the course of this school year. Many of the pupils of the art department have worked painstakingly and have produced really remarkable results without one word of thanks or commendation. We thank you all now, for we realize how largely your work has contributed to the success of the school activities.

The trustees of the Hopkins fund have established two new prizes which will be awarded each year to those two pupils most successfully completing the second year of ancient history. These prizes will be awarded on the annual prize day when the Hopkins Latin prizes are also awarded.

The College Entrance Examination Board has requested Mr. Bramhall and Miss Sampson to serve on committees to discuss certain questions regarding entrance examinations in mathematics and physics. This is a great honor to the school as well as to them, as this is the only public school from which any teachers have been requested to serve in connection with the Board.

The Pace Institute of Boston offered two scholarships for those getting the highest marks in examinations which they should present. The results of the examinations are as follows:

First—Miss Marguerite Donovan		93⅓%
Tied for second	Miss Barbara Stevenson	86%
	Miss Kathryn A. Graham	86%

The manager in his letter to Mr. Cleveland said:

"We were very favorably impressed with the result of the examination. You are to be particularly congratulated upon the accounting knowledge possessed by your senior class. The examination we feel was a fair one—considerably more difficult, however, than the average scholarship ex-

amination given in high schools. Only two or three of the candidates that tried for the scholarship received an unsatisfactory grading. A fairly large percentage of the students submitted papers rating between seventy and eighty-five per cent."

HAZEL DURPHY
Class of 1923
died April 6, 1920

SCHOOL NEWS

SENIOR HONOR PUPILS

The following members of the class of 1920 have received graduation honors:

Allen, Harriet
Anderson, Alice
Aronson, Jennie
Ashman, Irene
Buckley, Carolyn
Chamberlain, Richard
Chase, Elizabeth
Cox, Marie
Dallinger, Anna
Donovan, Marguerite
Hazzard, Grace
Herman, Earle
Hill, Loretta
Hunt, Hazel
Hurley, Francis
Killam, Mary
Lane, Harriet
L'Esperance, Herbert
McCarthy, Edna
Miles, Ruth
Nelson, Gunhild
Pelletier, Elizabeth
Rapport, Samuel (one year)
Reed, Irma
Stubbs, Carolyn
Taylor, Katherine
Vinet, Horatio

Of these, Carolyn Stubbs ranks highest, and will, therefore, be valedictorian at graduation.

MIKADO

On April 22 and 24, the curtain at Brattle Hall rose on a distinctly Japanese setting. "Mikado" was being presented under the skilful management of Mr. Whoriskey and Miss Hartigan. From beginning to end, the operetta was a complete success. "Nanki- Poo," as played by Arthur Sherrill, lacked nothing to be the most romantic minstrel ever dreamed of, while little "Yum-Yum," née Vedna Bate, was the most attractive creature ever seen. Gordon Harvey, as Pooh-Bah, had a most haughty and bored expression on his face, not wholly unlike that young gentleman's usual appearance. "Pitti-Sing," played by Dorothy Gay, was most coquettish. Very great praise is due Douglas MacKinnon, who, ill with tonsilitis, played the part of "Pish-Tush" to perfection. Thursday night he was assisted by Mr. Whoriskey, but Saturday night he was able to carry his part unaided. We were inclined to think that "Peep-Bo," in real life Ruth Kimber, was rather shy but none the less enchanting for all that. Claire Wait, as "Katisha," with her tooth, shoulder-blade, elbow, and what-not, was excellent. However, "Ko-Ko," usually Wesley Nichols, was the most remarkable character in the performance. His actions, gestures, expression were so—well, I don't know just what to call them, but they were the best yet. He was splendid! Last, but not least, the "Mikado" carried himself with such a majestic and dignified air that we scarcely recognized our athletic hero, "Izzy" Zarakov. The chorus of shy Japanese lassies and rather bolder Japanese laddies added the finishing touch to a *very* successful performance.

CERCLE FRANCAIS

Wednesday, May 19, Mademoiselle Picard of Le Mans and Paris spoke to the Cercle about the Sorbonne and gave two or three of her charming recitations. The clever juniors of the Cercle presented a delightful scene from a French translation of *Henry V*, under the direction of Edith Nolan, and a one-act sketch, *Les Etrennes*, played by Mary and Franklin Williams. Miss McCarthy sang songs by Massenet, Hahn, and Dennée. The presentation of a scene from *Athalie* is being prepared for the near future.

Early in the new year Mr. Bliss gave the Cercle a very interesting account of his experiences in Europe. Beside the usual informal meetings, two musical entertainments were arranged, one in collaboration with our young and flourishing friend, the Four Arts Club, whom we were glad to welcome into the school activities. Special

mention should be made of the violin playing of Philip Doherty and Lillian Gay's fine rendering of the minuet *Vous dansez marquise.* Another musical was held April 14 with the debut in singing of Araxie Brazilian. We also enjoyed Anna Dallinger's impromptu recital at the piano, and those stirring songs the second tribute to Madelon the canteen girl, *Madelon de la Victoire,* and the hymn of the young Belgian Army. The whole Cercle sings popular songs in French. The refreshments met with unanimous approval.

Through the invaluable guidance of our faculty adviser, Mrs. Burton, and the efforts of our student adviser, Irma Reed, of our able President Edna McCarthy, of the officers and directors, and of the members of the Cercle, most of whom have aided in some part of the weekly reunions, we have had an interesting and profitable year.

To underclassmen in particular the Cercle Français should be attractive, for it is their privilege alone to while away an afternoon with no college exam skulking in the murky background.

The Cercle exacts no dues. One joins by signing as a member and attending the meetings. Anyone who has had a year of French can understand what goes on and can sing the French songs.

Irma Reed '20.

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

The fourth annual Prize Speaking Contest took place Friday, May 14, in the Latin School Hall. Those who attended fully appreciated the merits of the individual speakers, as well as their choice of selections. The programme follows:

1—Haunted in Old Japan...Esther Massé
2—Ye Baggage Smasher.....John Walz
3—Charge of the Light Brigade
Richard Fitzgerald
4—Agnes Entertains..Carolyn Humphreys
5—Invective Against Louis Bonaparte
George McLaughlin
6—The Admiral's Ghost...Anna Dallinger
7—The Pettison Twins at Kindergarten
Dorothy Kimball
8a—An Apple Orchard in the Spring
8b—The Brook Story.....Helen Moran
9—Casey at the Bat....Frank H. Thomas
10—Spartacus to the Gladiators
Arthur G. King

The judges, Mrs. E. Charlton Black, Mrs. Elizabeth Paxler-Rice, and Mr. Irvah L. Winters, announced Anna Dallinger and Arthur King winners. We congratulate the judges on their choice, for there was no doubt in the minds of the audience as to who should receive the medals. Miss Dallinger rendered her very difficult selection exceptionally well, holding the interest of the audience every second. King showed remarkable talent, varying the tones of his voice admirably to suit the different emotions which his selection expresses. Both winners have won cups before in speaking contests. We are very sorry that the medals could not be awarded that evening, but they will be later, when we have our annual Prize Day.

THE MATHEMATICAL CLUB

The Mathematical Club of the Cambridge High and Latin School was formed some time ago by the students in advanced mathematics. The officers elected are as follows:

President, Francis V. Storey; Secretary-Treasurer, Nathan L. Olken; Councilors, Henry M. Stevens, Harold Marchant and Philip Evans. The three councilors and the president and secretary form the executive committee.

The meetings are held every two weeks in Room 38. Talks have been given to the club by Mr. Bramhall, Paul Pigors and Professor Osgood of Harvard. The talk of Professor Osgood was of special interest. The club has received the enthusiasm of some students, but it is hoped that more of them will join and give the club their hearty support. All students who have had two years of math are eligible for membership.

J. R. Robertson '21.

OUR SPANISH LIBRARY

The other day we read an article in "La Prensa" commending the Morris High School of New York for holding a Spanish Exhibition. We immediately decided you should know that right here in our Cambridge High and Latin School we have a permanent Spanish Library. With the cooperation of the pupils, our teachers have made a very artistic library out of an old dressing room. La Biblioteca Espanola, as it is called, is tucked away in Room 22.

This little bit of Spain is decorated in red and yellow. Around the wall is a dark strip of burlap on which are mounted many interesting postal cards of quaint Spanish and South American towns. Pictures of prominent painters and writers adorn the wall. For the pupils who are studying "the

beautiful Castilian tongue" are papers and magazines, the commercial pamphlets and folios being kept apart. Professor Ford very kindly donated some excellent books. Hung up in a very conspicuous place is a wonderful Cuban shawl, loaned by a member of the class. It is the handiwork of her patient mother. Among other things of interest are cocoa beans, sugar-cane, water jars, a cow-boy's hat band made of horsehair, cruel banderillas from a real bull fight (la corrida), playing cards from Cuba (forty-eight only), and the flags of the twenty-one American republics.

A visit to our Biblioteca in one of your spare periods will amply repay you.

Madeleine Leslabay '21.

AN INCIDENT OF 1914

Ruth Loomer '21

"So he journeyed westward, westward,
Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Crossed the rushing Esconaba,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains
To the kingdom of the West Wind
Where upon the gusty summits
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven."

There in the kingdom of Mudjekeewis, silhouetted against the sunset sits a dog. He sits quietly, comfortably, but always alertly, gazing into the vast chasm beneath. At last he quivers, and he cocks his head knowingly on one side as his tail swings to and fro. Suddenly he turns about and dashes down the steep incline, with only a yelp of joy to signify his emotions.

It is sunrise now. Seated near the brink of a tinkling waterfall, overlooking the thundering, bellowing river, brooklike below him, sits the dog. This time, also, he has his head cocked on one side, but now he is not alone; by his side sits a man, silent as the dog, and each statue-like in his stillness.

They are both ordinary specimens of their relative stations in life. Neither is much to look upon. The dog is an intelligent looking chap, but nothing more than a common dog. His great-grandfather may have been a mastiff, but his father was a bull and his mother a terrier. The man is also intelligent looking, as you speak of such creatures, but nothing but a common man. He is classified most easily by that strange and mystifying name, "American." This man has no pedigree but is simply (or complexly) an American. The dog's name is Jack; the man's, Snap.

These two live alone in a small, remote clearing. There were no other companions within many miles of them, and that was the reason they had sought the seclusion of the mountains. Snap wanted to be alone. In other words, he was a fugitive. From what? He and heaven alone knew, unless he had confided in Jack.

"Jack, old sport, we've been here a month, and I am no nearer a decision than I was before we left home. Come, old man, what shall I do; give myself up or hide behind Her skirts for Her sake?" The dog answered by looking up into his master's face and giving him a front paw to show that he was willing. To do what? Why, whichever his master wished to do. They sat again in silence, each engrossed with his own thoughts but both subconsciously conscious of the other's comradeship.

By the camp fire they are both found, again in silence. Jack is sensibly sleeping; Snap is foolishly arguing with himself.

"The other fellows gave themselves up, why should not I? I am no better than they are," he thought.

"But if you are gone what will She do and what will become of the business?" parleyed his other self.

"She is old enough to take care of Herself, and I can easily hire someone to carry on the business. What will the fellows think of me? They will call me quitter, say I am yellow, that I have no sand in my backbone. People will point at me, shake their heads and heave a great sigh. The children will laugh at me, caricature me, and say I'm a squealer. What reason is there that *I* should not go?"

"Think who She is; what She is, where She is! You cannot sacrifice yourself, when another can take your place and no one ever know. Think of those dependent upon you and your occupation. Who can run such an industry as you run it? She couldn't run it. She couldn't even speak to the workers."

"Ker-er-che-e," from the dog, arouses Snap and he goes to bed.

Some time later Snap stands knee deep in the river, flinging his pet fly into the current. He feels a nibble and gives a sharp yank; he slaps the old fighter and battles with him. Suddenly his line goes limp. The fish is gone. The man looks into the water, heaves a sigh and slowly winds up his line. Who is that man on the end of the line! Where—a sharp bark informs Snap that it is dinner time and that signifies that he must not stand in the river any longer dreaming.

As he ate his hastily prepared meal, he pondered on that face on his hook. Where had he seen that moustache curled in the most severe fashion? Where had he seen that sinister smile? That night he awoke in those dreary hours just before dawn, only to have a form bend over him and smile. Ah—sinister—most sinister is that smile, and so haunting!

As dawn broke over the eastern peaks, Snap was awakened by an odd scratching sound. At last, in the far corner, Snap saw a cat—not a house cat—ah, no—a prairie cat. As he opened the door, Jack rushed upon the cat with a growl. Have you ever seen a kitten, with her tail erect and hair bristled, hold an over-grown puppy at bay? If so, you may then have some idea of the picture of Jack and the cat. She weighs not more than eighteen pounds, while Jack, old boy, weighs at least four times that. At last Jack turns the tables on the cat and Snap is about to interpose when Jack's attention is diverted by a peculiar noise behind him. He turns, but is too late. He sees only a quiver of the underbrush. He looks about him and is alone, save for his master, who whistles softly to him and enters the cabin.

.

How strange Snap seems sitting comfortably in an armchair after seeing him among the wilds of the mountains! He picks up a telephone at elbow and speaks into the transmitter. "Give me Main 2 double o 7. Hello—This is Snap—is mother home——in the yacht with the Van Astors?—well—wire her I have made my decision. I'll send an explanation to her.—No, I'll not be home again——Take good care of Jack—yes—he's here. I'll send one of the porters around with him—Thank you—Good bye, Barnes."

Mrs. Hortense L. Firstwater, widow of the late K. R. Firstwater, the munition manufacturer, sat reading a letter from her only son.

"My Dear Mother,—

"Inasmuch as you cannot be reached by wire, I am leaving this letter for you. You know how Jack and I have been puzzling over this old bogey. I have decided! Mr. Faxhall is quite capable of running the factory in my absence. You also are quite capable of managing the two houses and yourself. Therefore, dear mother, I see nothing to hinder my going where I feel my duty lies.

"I have joined the Foreign Legion of the French army. When you read this I will be well on my way towards France. Our country has not felt obliged to answer the call of humanity, but, please God, she will soon!

"You probably wonder what finally made me come to this conclusion. It was a snappy fight that a pesky little coon cat put up against Jack. It was ripping!

"Dear mother, don't feel that I'm heartless, for I'm not; but please remember that you aren't dependent upon me for your sustenance as many a poorer woman is on her only son.

"Mother, forgive me, your son, for going against you in this—the greatest call of humanity—the greatest call for men—real men—red blooded men—my greatest duty!

"Forgive me, mother.

"Your loving son,

"SNAP."

"Take good care of Jack, for he's a mighty good friend!"

THE FUGITIVE

Lois Henderson

As I left behind me the dark street, where a single gas light sputtered and flickered bravely trying to lighten the darkness, she glided out of the darkness to scurry like a hunted thing on before me. Why had she been waiting there in the shadow? Lying in wait for me? No,—she must know better than that. She wished to escape. Why, then, had she waited for me in the darkness? It must be for some evil purpose. Where was she planning to lead me? Ah, well! I was safe—of that I was certain. I pulled my hat down over my eyes, ground my teeth, and pressed forward.

The night wind buffeted me. Heaven was bright with a million winter stars; a crescent moon hung low in the sky. It was cold. I shivered. My only comfort was in that steel which gleamed bluely in my gripping fingers. From what storms and dangers could that bright metal free me! If things should become too much involved—!—but I put this thought away. My immediate intention was to fulfill my mission.

A fiercer gust swept through my thick clothing. I looked before me to see her writhing in the sharpness of the blast. She was clothed entirely in black—a black of that cold transparency peculiar to things unreal and supernatural.

Although I could not see her face, I knew it was muffled. Her hat, broad of brim and high of crown, was pulled low upon her face. Black wisps of rebellious hair struggled at her neck.

We were approaching a street light. Still she hurried on. She was almost running now. What could her purpose be? Now she was in evident earnest to escape me. Perhaps she wished me to go so far and no farther. But there was no time for thought. I must follow her, where I did not know, but I hoped—! And, although it was not my will, Fate would have it that she should disappear before we passed into the yellow circle of the swinging arc light. Fatally blinded by the novel glare, I reached the curbing where the iron base of the light-post rose from the sidewalk's red brick.

For a moment only I rejoiced that I had lost her—she had disappeared! But with a sickening consciousness I realized that I must go on in her hurrying footsteps.

I ventured bravely across the street. There was no one in sight, but hearing the distant "click-clack" of a high-heeled shoe, I dove into the chill of an alley between two apartment houses, thinking to return to the avenue when the passer-by was gone. The moon shone unfeelingly on the narrow pavement between the high board fences. I could see everything plainly. I stepped forward. My heart stood still. There she was before me!

Was she—could she be aware of my presence? I glanced about. Yes, she must have known, for, as I turned, her head turned also. And when she knew I was watching she again assumed an attitude of oblivion.

"Fool!" I hissed, and started toward her. But she was too fleet. In hot pursuit, I tracked her.

"I'm no Sherlock!" I thought grimly, as I brought myself to a breathless halt. She knew that I was exhausted, and slackened her pace. But still I hastened onward. We crossed another broad avenue. An auto standing at the curb shed the glow of its brilliant headlight across the sidewalk. I lost her again.—She seemed to know my weakness—the brilliance of the light which blinded me.

But as I turned to cover my eyes from the light, I saw her standing shakily against the stone of the building outside which the motor stood. Determined to catch her at last, I dashed toward her, and again she darted away down an alley between two apartment houses. Into the basement of one of these led a short flight of cement steps, and as I neared the stairs I saw her descending into the cellar. I followed, and opened the door. She was before me. For perhaps five minutes she led me a chase through the dark cellars. At last, when I came to a winding flight of stairs where a dim light burned, I discovered her.

"Fool!" again I exclaimed.

Startled, she fled before me up to the landing. I gripped the metal object.—Now was the time for me to put it to use! I slipped it into the lock of a heavy door which swung open. A bright fire burned on the hearth of the cozy living room inside. In peace we went together to the fireside to warm our hands, my shadow and I.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE, IV.

Pauline Goodrich '20

For a moment only, Kohbrausch stood transfixed. He struggled from his captor's grasp; and before the dumbfounded eyes of the police, he seemed to disappear as by magic. Britain alone appeared to be capable of motion, for he dropped the prostrate girl, none too gently, and leaped after the invisible figure.

Through a swinging door into absolute darkness he rushed, his revolver ready for immediate action. Where to turn? In what direction had Kohbrausch gone? His first question was answered for him as he took two sudden steps forward, his arm outstretched before his eyes, as if to ward off a sudden blow. The whole floor seemed to give way—there was nothing for him to grasp; down, down he slid, bruising his body severely on the shelving surface of the floor.

As from a distance, he heard the mocking voice of Kohbrausch, saying, "You dog of an Englishman—hey? You thought you could beat us. Ach, in fife minutes you and the other swine will go—vell, maybe—who knows? Ja, I have the papers, little Julia saw to that. Now, my little yob has been done; my duty to the Fatherland is finished. These papers will soon be in Kaiser Wilhelm's hands and then you English pigs—then you vill find out who your master is! Then, if not now, you vill find that a hundred such dogs as you are not worth one German. I say goot bye-bye now; and I say that iff in Heaven you meet a soldier of yourself kind, don't be so goot as to do right quick what he wants. Bye-bye. Fife minutes, don't forget!"

The voice was gone. Britain became aware that he was no longer revolving through space. He was sitting down on a damp dirt floor; but his surroundings were completely obscured in the darkness—darkness that swallowed one up in its cavernous maw; darkness that suffocated one in its intensity; darkness that overwhelmed—aye—killed one! But Arthur tried to force his numbed senses into action. He must act, and act quickly, e're it was too late. He must foil the traitor; he must prevent the papers from reaching Germany. But how was he to get out of that dungeon?

He roused himself and felt desperately, madly for a mode of escape. His fingers met only slimy, cold walls. But from where had he dropped? Surely, that would afford a method of egress. Feverishly he groped, stumbled and fell. What was that? The floor down which he had slid, but it was at such a steep angle that it did not seem possible that Arthur could ever climb it.

Five minutes, the wretch had said. Did he mean it—was the house to be blown into atoms, or was—? Never mind, he would die, if need be, fighting.

Off came his shoes, and Britain hurled himself upward on the slanting surface. He struck, slipped and fell to the ground. Again he tried it, with the same result. He must go at it sanely, he reasoned; so he ground his stocking feet into the earth to render them sticky and rough, and opened the blade of his pocket-knife. Using this as a pick to hold himself and his feet to help push himself upward, Britain began his treachersome ascent. His body cried out in pain and his fingers were torn and bleeding from their efforts to clutch some irregularity on the slanting surface; but Arthur toiled on. Inch by inch he gained. Would his only instrument of aid—his knife—hold? Momentarily he expected to feel it break under his hand; but on, ever on, he went.

Surely, he had ascended fifteen feet at least; would the end never come? Snap! went the blade, gashing his right hand deeply. He wildly flung his left arm for something to which to cling, as a drowning man grasps at a straw. Then he struck something, grabbed it, and held on frantically. Bringing his bleeding right hand up, he realized that he had hold of something secure—the floor. Slowly, painfully, he drew himself up, until once more he was standing erect on a solid foundation. But for that everlasting darkness he might once more be ready for a combat. Now that he had attained his objective point, what could he do?

Suddenly a choking odor came to his nostrils and Arthur recognized the unmistakable chlorine gas. So that was the way Kohbrausch was to do it, and thus gain the time in which to successfully embark for Germany with the papers. Locked in a house filled with chlorine! Was he to be foiled now when he had just succeeded in escaping from that hole? No! The bulldog tenacity of the English blood in him rose to the surface. Off came his shirt, which he bound tightly over his mouth and nostrils, thus preventing the deadly fumes from entering his lungs in excess. Now he understood why help had not come. The

officers had been locked in the room and gassed. And Julia, was she dead by this time? He could not believe that she had been a willing participator in this nefarious deed against his country.

With these and many more jumbled thoughts Arthur crept cautiously forward, hugging the wall, and groping for a door or exit.

All at once he was conscious of another's presence. Who was in that room with him? He steeled his muscles for immediate action and brought his fists into a position of defence. He could hear someone breathing as he, too, waited for action.

Then Arthur felt a sweet presence beside him. He relaxed, and warm fingers slid into his hand. Ah, it was Julia; but he could not murmur his words of recognition because of his tightly bound mask. As no words came from Julia, she, too, must be guarding against the gas. Why had she come? If she were a German, the daughter of Kohbrausch, why was she coming to his aid? As by telepathy, a reassuring pressure on his hurt hand came from those soft fingers that made him wince with pain. This was followed by a muffled cry as she felt the warm blood on his injured member. Her hand left his and he heard a rip, rip of cloth that caused him to blush in the darkness as he thought of the devastation that was being done for his benefit.

But there was no time for comfort now; Kohbrausch must be prevented from leaving that house. Gently pushing the girl ahead of him, he imparted the knowledge to her that she must lead him out of that gruesome darkness and those sickening fumes.

He could not remember all that transpired, but he finally reached light and fresh air. They tore off their improvised masks and were able to speak.

"Kohbrausch is in a secret room, but he is armed and you are not," said Julia. "He has the papers, but how will you get them? Oh, I can't let him get his clutches on you again!" The fingers again found his.

"Never mind," said Arthur, weakly; and, thinking of the spy's former words,—"one American is worth more than a hundred Huns! Tell me quickly how to reach him. It is imperative for me to obtain those papers!"

"Hush! This door opens into a corridor which leads to his room. Go quietly, and try to spring on him suddenly, before he has the opportunity to draw a weapon. Go, and God bless you!"

The door opened and, after a last smile and handclasp with Julia, Arthur stepped within. Along the dim corridor he crept, scarcely daring to breathe. Ah, that surely was Kohbrausch muttering in incoherent German. There—he was behind him; easy now, take your time, don't be too sudden, creep up and spring on him unawares. These were Julia's last words. Would she care if he failed in this plan?

But, with a yell of challenge, he sprang on the back of the surprised Hun. Over and over they rolled, each endeavoring to secure a death grip on the other. Arthur was hampered by his bleeding hand and general weakness from loss of blood, but his antagonist, too, was impeded by his corpulent form and lack of iron muscles.

Inch by inch, Arthur forced the German's head backward. Everything seemed to be whirling before his eyes. but he must finish that beast before him first. Down, down he pressed, and Kohbrausch's eyes bulged as he endeavored to shake off those fingers of steel from their vice-like grip on his throat.

He couldn't do it, Arthur thought; so why not just give in to that alluring sleepiness that was stealing over him. It would be so wonderful to lie down and sleep, and sleep, and——

"Oh Arthur, look out! Hold him! ARTHUR!" shrieked Julia's voice. His fingers responded even though his foggy brain could not comprehend her presence, and tightened their grip. This time he held it.

Finally Kohbrausch's inert form dropped to the floor—dead. With a moan, Arthur, too, dropped unconscious beside him. Julia hurried to his aid and frantically tried to arouse him. As she was placing a damp cloth on his forehead, her eye was attracted by a slip of paper that had evidently fallen from Kohbrausch's pocket. Curiosity impelled her to pick it up and examine it. As she perused the faint and nearly obscured writing, her own name—Julia—caught her eye. But, no, it was Julia Webster; Julia Webster, the name had no connection in her mind, so she began methodically at the beginning of the letter. At the first sentence she became completely absorbed, and read on and on until the very last word. As the substance of the text came to her, she uttered a sharp cry that awoke Arthur from his stupor.

"Arthur," Julia said, bursting into tears from her excitement and joy, "this letter says that Kohbrausch was not my step-

father. My name is Julia Webster and I am an American. When I was a baby, Kohbrausch kidnapped me at the time of my father's death, and brought me up as his daughter. Then—but read it yourself, Arthur." Julia could say no more, the sudden revelation being too much for her overwrought nerves.

Wonderingly, Arthur read the evidently very old letter, and obtained for himself the wonderful news. "Then Julia is an American after all," he mused, his eyes still upon the missive, "then perhaps—seems to me—maybe it is not impossible that some day she will—" he faltered and raised his eyes to Julia's. Something in his eyes conveyed the unspoken words to her. She looked at him a moment, smiled, blushed, and averted her gaze; but that action held a thousand meanings for Arthur.

As for the papers—they were safe in Arthur's pocket, and thus ended the great adventure.

UNDER GOD'S CANOPY

S. C. MacNaugher

Rather early one evening, in the latter part of May, I found myself occupying a table before the Cafe de Paris, situated on that now multi-thronged Champs-Elysees. I was there on a quest, but my progress had been discouraging; I had followed every plausible clue as to the whereabouts of Bob without success.

As I was sitting there pondering, the throng which I had been so carefully watching for the object of my quest, was parted by a ray of contentment. It burst upon my overweary mind in the form of a small girl of eleven years whose flowing locks formed a golden background for a pair of blue eyes like the laughing sun-sprayed waters.

Drawing her dark, ragged shawl closer about her, she paused there on the edge of the crowd to gaze around at the gorgeous splendor of the cafe. What strange sensation of familiarity would not allow me to take my eyes from her and follow her gaze to that man-made splendor? Instead, it carried me far beyond to where the flowers were splashes of brilliant color on Mother earth and birds in the new green of the trees were trilling forth at the return of warmth and comfort. I imagined this child clothed in white playing amongst this natural grandeur, making the picture of spring complete.

The child was now edging back towards the crowd, evidently awed by so much display. Timidly, she glanced back, and a wistful, hungry expression cast a shadow over her whole marvelous beauty. I quickly came back to the land of reality and resolved that if it were within my power I would brush this shadow away and satisfy my soul by leaving her like a flower without a fading petal. Intercepting her glance, I beckoned her to come to my table.

Hesitantly, at first, but more bravely as her courage and trust grew, she approached my side. Speaking in perfect English, ever so slightly tinged with an unmistakable Virginia drawl, "Are you an American?" she asked.

I was surprised at her taking the initiative and merely nodded.

"I thought so. Papa was an American; Maman was French. Papa was an artist here in Paris."

"Was?" I queried. "Haven't you any papa and maman now?"

By this time she was eating eagerly the food I had had placed before her.

"No. When the war started Papa enlisted and his aeroplane fell behind the German lines. Maman lived till after the armistice, hoping, I guess, that papa was only a prisoner and would return. But he was killed, and Maman wasn't very strong; so she died," she said, with a pathetic half-smile that lit up her delicate face.

"Some kind Americans of the Red Cross took care of me until I ran away yesterday. Just think, monsieur, I haven't had a thing to eat since then and—I was very hungry.

I was amply rewarded as a light of extreme satisfaction overspread her face when the last bite had vanished.

"Um! I am happy now, and I am ever so grateful. Some kind angel must have sent me here. Don't you think so?"

I took her by the hand, and we started towards the Bois de Boulogne; for she wished to show me where, the night before, she had found rest in the great city. As we walked along, her little hand tucked in mine caused a queer, new sensation to surge through me. I did not then realize that this little waif was in her guileless way

creating love in my heart.

Hand in hand we stood beside a river which barely broke the hush of the evening with its quiet lapping against the faces of hindering rocks.

Hardly disturbing the silence, she said, "Look at the twinkling stars away up there."

"Yes, yes, God is good, little girl. Even at night he lends light, righteous light, to those who will only look and see."

"Papa, if he were here, would pick me up in his arms and say something like that."

"And who was your papa?" I asked, thinking perhaps he might be some unknown Parisian artist.

"You are an American; perhaps you knew him. He was from Virginia, and his name was Robert Ingram."

I dropped to my knees beside her, intoxicated with happiness, and tenderly drew this innocent, carefree child to me. I kissed her and told her in my clumsy way that I was her father's brother. Then I lifted my eyes into the heavens in full thankfulness; for I knew whose was the guiding hand that had brought us together under God's canopy.

A SUMMER SUNRISE

Arthur Louis Penniman '20

In the cool of the morning, which the first rays of the sun disperse, as they appear over the distant hilltop and bathe our face in their halo, we give a momentary shiver on stepping from out the farmhouse upon the old stone doorstep. The copper beams grow warmer, as the sun rolls above the highest trees, and out in the bush polish the hemlock and spruce into cushions of bright steel needles, while a broad sea of precious jewels breaks at our feet. Near-by, from a blackberry swamp, a nesting catbird calls that weird and grating cry, which is answered by her mate, preening his dew-specked feathers beside the road. Farther back, from the peak of an isolated fir tree, an energetic Peabody bird sings without interruption his homely little song. Upon stepping into the grass, which drenches our ankles with a shower of cold dew, a rabbit jumps from behind a clump of wood roses and goes bounding up the path to be hidden by the first turn, startled at this sudden man movement. The apple trees, with many green apples nestled amongst the bright leaves, shelter innumerable songsters whose voices come to us in an ever-varying melody.

But as we cross the road we enter a new world, the woods stretching to the shore. Walking carefully down the path, we blunder, nevertheless, against a juniper, whose low crouching branches effectively hide the bush from heedless eyes, and are plentifully sprinkled in a rain of dew. A woodchuck shrills at us from his secure vantage point in his stonewall cave, while the puppy gallops down to add his voice to the medley of the dawn, and rouse the surly chuck to chattering, but still helpless rage. As we stoop to go through the tunnel of an alder swamp, a brown woodcock whirs up from a hollow in the moist earth under our very feet as we make a foolish backward jump. Now through the delicate birch clump, saluted by the cheerful chickadee and shy little wren. Beyond this a squirrel chirrs loudly above us in a tall cedar; shall we end the course of the red robber of the feathered musicale's nests—but no, not this morning—we'll leave him shrieking at the puppy making futile efforts to climb the tree until forced to cease from absolute breathlessness. A flock of pretty cedar waxwing talk softly as we pass a group of pine tree youngsters.

After many turns and twists, each revealing a new vista for our delight, we finally break through a rim of thick bushes and stand with the ripples breaking on the rocks at our feet as we gaze across the cove awakening to the clarion call of the sunrise. Bits of foam and pieces of floating seaweed and flotsam drift by on the incoming tide, while on the opposite shore a great blue heron gazes rigid at this sudden intrusion of his morning hunt, until, upon final realization, he jumps into the air with a hoarse "quoarrk," rocking crazily as he gets under way in his lumbering flight. The white gulls and garrulous mackerel terns shriek and quarrel over the minnows in the shallows, the general babble interspersed at intervals by the maniacal laughter of the big herring gulls. A solitary beetle-head wings his way overhead and his plaintive whistle follows in his wake. Several fish-hawk soar in crossing circles high in the air, while now and again the defiant cry of this king of the hawks comes ringing down

to our ears. Now one lower than the rest, folding his wings after hovering an instant over the water, drops, from far above the tree-tops, a feathered plumet, to strike the water and disappear in a miniature explosion of spray. After a moment he emerges, a fine flounder squirming and kicking in the grip of those sharp talons, and after shaking himself vigorously in mid-air to rid his feathers of any clinging drops of water, he flaps with ever increasing speed up and away. We watch him dwindle in size as he nears the distant point, where the broad river may be seen through the mouth of the cove, to tear at his breakfast upon the tall tree, bare of bark and leaves, that is his favorite perch. But this rouses the pangs of our own hunger, and we turn toward the house for the breakfast that is heralded by the towering column of smoke rising far above the chimney from the wood fire.

BIOGRAPHY OF MY LITTLE BROTHER

Harold Marchant '20

To see my small brother as he glances up from reading a fairy story and fixes solemn, dark, mysterious eyes upon you, you would think, surely here is a quiet little lad given to dreams and meditation. But how different is the reality! Ever since, eight years ago, he came into this world and was greeted by the weeping of his slighted brother, he has diligently seen to it that we should not rest in peace.

In his earlier days he insisted, by threats of banshee howls and mournful wails, possible only to him, on being sung to sleep every night; and pitiable indeed were the attempts of our unmusical family. His impious brother even composed a song for the occasion, the chorus of which was, "Always in the way, when I go out to play," and rendered it with deep feeling. Even when safely asleep, perhaps in the "center" of the night, as he would say, at the ring of the fire-bell, wide-awake in an instant, out he would bounce and rouse the family to hear the alarm. And always in the morning he awoke at some ungodly hour and would brightly greet Aurora with song, cheerfully regardless of his utterly tuneless voice. This nightly program, I might add, is still kept up, except that the even song is replaced by a story. But the nocturnal performances of this autocrat of the household are as nothing to his deeds of the day.

How shall I speak of his enmity toward his sister's favorite cat? Twice she rescued it from the water-barrel, twice from the oven, once from a box half its size, once from a bureau drawer, and lastly, but unfortunately not completely, from the cruel blow, accidental, however, of a croquet mallet, a blow which deprived it of its last life. Only at its decease did my brother's dislike quite vanish, and he spoke very touchingly of the "poor little kitty."

With what shame do I record his behavior in Sunday School! To see him arrayed in Sunday best, a subdued smile enwreathing his face, a shy, sweet look in his great dark eyes, would win a deacon's heart; and then, the next minute, to behold him using those same liquid orbs with telling effect on the girls, innocently brushing a pile of hymnals to the floor, dropping a penny down his teacher's back, or, as on one occasion, ardently embracing the knees of the clergyman, nearly causing the overthrow of the startled divine.

And yet how gentle he could be at times! I well remember a certain day when he came to me, his eyes shining with affection, as it seemed, and politely requested that he might go out and play. "Why, of course," I replied, almost liking him for a minute, "run out and play as much as you want"; and with a charming, albeit a rather jagged smile—for he was losing his teeth—he departed. And it was with a softened heart that I watched him through the window, his scarlet sweater making a bright dash of color on the green lawn. Then I suddenly felt hard-hearted again—for I discovered that his antics were a sort of individual foot-ball, the ball being a lovely new pin-cushion of his sister's, which I had given her only the day before.

It was not long after this that he went to a play at the high school and for the first time experienced the pangs of love. It was to the leading lady that he lost his heart and I heard him seriously asking my father, "Papa, when I grow up will Doris be too old for me to marry?" Papa gently said he feared so.

Whether as a result of this disappointment, I know not, but latterly it seems to me that he has grown pessimistic in his views; for the last time I saw him before his going away to school, he moodily remarked, on seeing a baby pass comfortable and happy in his carriage, "Oh, dear, I wish I were a baby." On my suggesting that he had had his share of that state, he replied, "Well, I didn't have any joy when I was a baby; I want some joy!"

THE SOUL OF A MILLIONAIRE

William Campbell '23

If I were a millionaire, I know precisely what I should do and have. Therefore, when my soul transmigrates, if it ever does, the most convenient thing for it to do would be to instill itself into a millionaire. The following would be about the course of events on a day in June, if the migration took place.

One would think that the first joy of a free man on a summer's day would be to lie in bed until late; but, realizing that there is no pleasure in lying in bed unless another person wants you to get up, I introduced my future self as he is riding his favorite bay in the early morning. He is on his way to a private rifle range, whither a servant has already gone with the rifles. After half an hour's steady practice, he returns to his mansion, and breakfasts. This necessary duty performed, it is natural for him to go to see how the work on the tennis courts progresses, for friends are expected on the morrow. The rest of the morning passes quickly away. Mail has to be opened and letters answered whether it's vacation or not.

After a light lunch, the library with its crowded shelves looks inviting, and thither he repairs. The greatest number of the books were written by such authors as Dickens, Scott and Thackeray; but A. Conan Doyle is not forgotten, for within my future self's manly breast still lingers a taste for Sherlock Holmes, and our French hero, Gerard. Dumas is there in full force, for if there is any book to compare with "The Three Musketeers," my future self would be glad to see it.

Having selected a few of the books, the man I am to be strolls toward a private lake, where he is presently joined by his collie. A rowboat conveys them quickly across the lake, and the dog and his master follow a path through the underbrush, until they come to a great elm. The man goes up a stairway which winds around the trunk of the tree. At last he reaches a small house built among the branches, and opens the door. Small things found in the woods hang on the wall, and the furniture is rough. Passing through another door on the opposite side of the small house, he steps upon a narrow porch. There he settles into an easy chair and with his dog at his feet he reads, and reads. But all good things come to an end, and this is no exception to the rule; so, as the sun sinks lower and lower into the west, he and his dog go home.

The dinner is one which would delight my present self beyond description, but my future self eats it silently and without any external emotion. The viands are almost equal to those consumed by the famous Monte Cristo, but never a word of approval or a smile to indicate that he is enjoying himself, for the servants might think that he has not been accustomed to this all his life.

Then the tired millionaire retires to his room and goes to sleep, never dreaming that in the morning he will be instantaneously converted into a freshman in high school, struggling desperately to catch the early morning car to the school, and thereby avoid a sojourn in the "Tardy Room."





¡SALIMOS A LUZ!

George A. Carlson, '20

Nos gusta de una manera indecible poder iniciar en este número la página que leen Vds. ahora, y decirles algo de lo que se hace de día en día sobretodo en las clases superiores de español. Porque la obra hace los ultimos siete meses es de tanta importancia y también de interés tan grande a todos, que no dejará de agradarles el leerla aquí.

Nosotros los alumnos hacemos de agentes de las Republicas Hispano-americanas, procurando conseguir toda la información posible acerca de un país elegido. ¿De dónde? De dos modos: de todo lo que leemos y de la correspondencia comercial y social.

Cada día recibimos "La Prensa," cada mes "El Boletín de la Unión Panamericana" y de vez en cuando unas veinte otras revistas como "Blanco y Negro," "El Social," "El Exportador Americano," "El Panorama," etc. en la mayor parte de las cuales hallamos siempre mucho que nos ayuda e interesa. Escribimos cartas en español pidiendo catálogos, literatura, libros, material, y las respuestas recibidas han sido todo lo que se pueda desear. Firmas, editores, profesores a quienes nos hemos dirigido han tenido la bondad de contestarnos en castellano, dándonos frases de elogio y la mayor ayuda del mundo.

Abajo se puede leer dos extractos de dichas respuestas, el primero de la de la "Companía Nash Motors" a George A. Carlson y el siguiente de la del Sub-Director de la "Unión Panamericana," El Señor Yánes, a Mary Duggan. Aunque tenemos varias otras cartas igualmente interesantes, especialmente una del Señor Ford de la "Universidad Harvard," escrita ésta a Julia Mostofsky, la escasez de espacio no nos permitirá imprimirlas este mes.

.....Nos damos el gusto de corresponder a su solicitud fecha 6 del que rige, remitiéndole por separado material anunciante en castellano descriptivo de los automóviles y autocamiones marca "Nash" y para otros pormenores acerca de nuestro producto, le referimos a la agencia nuestra en la ciudad de Boston.....

.....Mucho me ha complacido la lectura de su estimable cartita del 3 de este mes. La felicito a Vd. y a todo el Departamento de Español de su escuela por la magnífica idea de establecer una biblioteca española y deseo muy sinceramente que dicha biblioteca llegue a ser un modelo para las otras escuelas de segunda enseñanza de este país.

Con fecha de hoy he dado orden para que se le remitan 32 de nuestras publicaciones, ojalá que sean de algún servicio en "La Biblioteca Española."....

VERSIÓN

Joseph Curtin, '20

Quietas una tras otra, en la vega sublime
del cielo,
Brotan estrellas hermosas, miosotas celestes
del Santo.

LA PRENSA

Eric Swanfeldt, '21

La Prensa es un diario español publicado en Nueva York, el cual se usa mucho en las clases que estudian ese idioma en la escuela nuestra. Semejante a los periódicos norteamericanos contiene todas las noticias del día hasta la columna de "pérdidas y halladas," lo solo que falta siendo una sección cómica.

Leen los discípulos lo todo, para resumirlo en español o traducirlo al inglés. Eligen sujetos que les gusten, sacando unos lo político, otros el cine, el teatro, o la moda. Para saber mejor la extensión del trabajo que se les ha ofrecido en la Prensa, así como en varias otras publicaciones españolas, vayan Vds. a la Biblioteca Nueva!

LA BIBLIOTECA

Madeleine Leslabay, '21

Al entrar en el cuarto 22 se ven, alrededor, las paredes cubiertas de arpillera, sobre la cual se fijan tarjetas postales de las ciudades de España y América del Sur, retratos, y anuncios. Encima, en un anaquel, están las banderas de veinte y un repúblicas de Las Américas. El pabellón de España se distingue fácilmente con su bonita unión de lo rojo y lo amarillo.

(Continued on Page 18)



Well, it's all over but the cheering. This has been a dandy year; but, as is the custom with all things, it couldn't last forever. So this year has slipped by and with it two interclass debates, two prize-speaking contests, two interscholastic debates, and the Durrell Cup debate—a very full and thoroughly successful year. Paul Rowe is the only Senior on the debating team; and so, if we are any judge at all, next year's debating prospects bid fair to outstrip even this year's rosy promises—promises which have been fulfilled.

The debating classic of the year took place on May 28, when the Durrell Cup debate took place. The question was, "Resolved: That Congress should pass all necessary measures for the prohibition of strikes in essential industries." The affirmative team was composed of Edward A. Sawin, Paul E. Rowe and Nathaniel Simmons, while the negative was upheld by Harry V. Goodwin, Richard Fitzgerald and Charles Rose. Sawin and Goodwin were the rebuttal speakers. The timekeepers were Drake and King; and the judges, Mr. Sidney Curtis of Boston, Judge Arthur P. Stone of Belmont and Mr. Harold Clarke Durrell of Arlington. Unfortunately, at the time this goes to press, the result of the debate is not known; but all indications from the enemy camp point toward a hot and evenly contested struggle which will make a merry evening for the judges. The orchestra, under Mr. Whoriskey's able guidance, furnished the music for the program.

On the same evening gold medals were presented to the boys who have been on a winning interscholastic team. The gold medals were presented to George A. MacLaughlin, Nathaniel Simmons and William Seivers.

Here's hoping that the year of 1920-1921 will bring such a successful and enjoyable season as this one, and will add another list of victories to the already over-crowded annals of C. H. L. S. debating!

AMONG THE DEBATERS

It's a fact, vacation's with us! There will be a drouth of debates for the next three or four months, so you'll have to live on recollections for a while. Can you stand it?

The underclassmen are getting to be rather prominent as far as prize-speaking goes. In every Liberty Medal Contest so far the boy's prize has gone to a Sophomore. Moreover, this year there were four Sophomores in the final contest.

The Clawjhowja Bustofe of '21 ended the year gloriously with another dance.

Congratulations to the Freshman Boys' and Girls' Debating Clubs. You've been very wide-awake societies. Keep it up next year!

Speaking of congratulations, the Sophomore Boys' Debating Club must not be forgotten. They have a very able debating team and it is probable that next year will find some of their number on the school team.

An unusual and unprecedented jollification will be held by the Debating Association as a final event of the year and to celebrate the end of a successful debating year. This will probably take place in the form of a dance near the end of June on a date not as yet determined.

NOTAS ESPANOLAS

(Continued from Page 17)

Al centro, una de las mesas está dedicada a folletos y periódicos comerciales, otra a revistas sociales y cómicas. Hay, tambien, varios diccionarios, dados graciosamente por la ciudad, y libros interesantes que pueden usar los que estudian el castellano.

Entre otros objetos de interés, hay una cinta de sombrero del gaucho mejicano, una botija para agua, bandarillas de la corrida, un chal magnífico bordado de flores, y un hermoso cuadro colorado del Patio de Los Leones de la Alhambra. En un rincón particular se colocan los temas mejores de todas las clases.

Pero hay tantas cosas de provecho aquí que sería imposible nombrarlas. ¡Vengan Vds. a verlas por sí mismos!





BASEBALL

Cambridge vs. Somerville

Cambridge defeated Somerville 5—4 on April 10 in its first game of the season at Russell Field. Up to the fifth inning Somerville led by 3 runs. Then Cambridge rallied and pushed over five runs. With two out and the bases filled, Goutreau, Cambridge Latin catcher, connected with the second ball pitched, driving it to right field, sending McGowan and Cronin across the plate. D'Ambrosio hit to right, but White let the ball get away from him, Foley scoring. Then Captain Cote for Cambridge responded with a double, scoring Goutreau and D'Ambrosio.

Somerville came back in the sixth and scored a run. Captain Cote replaced McCrehan in the box for Cambridge. In the eighth inning, Currier replaced Barker for Somerville.

The score:

Somerville	0	0	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	— 4
Cambridge	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	— 5

Batteries—For Somerville: Barker, Currier and Donaldson; for Cambridge: Cote, McCrehan and Goutreau.

Cambridge vs. Brookline

Cambridge defeated Brookline 19—6 on their own field April 17. Our boys fully outclassed their opponents, making 7 runs in the first two innings and 11 in the last four. Vickers had his first test this year and pitched a fine game.

The score:

Brookline	0	0	4	0	0	2	0	0	0	— 6
Cambridge	3	4	1	0	0	4	1	1	5	—19

Batteries—For Brookline: Mitchell and Corcoran; for Cambridge: Vickers and Goutreau.

Cambridge vs. Newton

Cambridge defeated Newton at Russell Field on April 19 by the score of 5—4 in a close and interesting game. Up to the fifth inning the score was tied, but in this one our team added another run and in the eighth, 3 more. Newton rallied in the ninth and made their total 4. "Izzy" Zarakov, with fine support, pitched a clean game. Bob Cowing, Newton twirler, showed up in good style.

The score:

Newton	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	— 4
Cambridge	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	— 5

Batteries—For Newton: Murphy and Seavey; for Cambridge: Zarakov and Goutreau.

Cambridge vs. Rindge

Rindge was defeated April 21 by Cambridge with an 8—1 score at Russell Field. McCrehan was on the mound for Latin and was master of the situation throughout the game. Only three hits were made off his delivery. His team-mates gave him good support. Walter Goutreau and Isadore Zarakov carried off the hitting honors for Cambridge, each getting three hits. The former's catching was high grade.

Cambridge Latin started its scoring in the first inning, when I. Zarakov drove in two runners on his single. In the third another rally netted three more tallies and two more were contributed in the sixth. Rindge's only marker came in the fifth.

The score:

Rindge	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	— 1
Cambridge	2	0	3	2	0	1	0	0	0	— 8

Batteries—For Rindge: Smith and Walsh; for Cambridge: McCrehan and Goutreau.



On April 29 the Harvard Freshmen beat Cambridge 8—3.

Cambridge vs. Malden

Cambridge defeated Malden High's snappy nine 2—0 at Russell Field. McCrehan pitched an almost no-hit, no-run game, only one safe drive being made against his offerings, a two-bagger by Connolly. He struck out 12. Glennon, the Malden pitcher, fanned 9 men.

For eight innings the game was a tight squeeze, but in this session a Malden error, followed by a triple and a double by Cambridge batters, put two runs over. McGowan, Cambridge's first baseman, reached first just on a slip by Locke, the Malden shortstop. Zarakov then tripled, scoring McGowan. Hurley came through with a double and counted Zarakov.

The score:

Malden	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0
Cambridge	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	— 2

Batteries—For Malden: Glennon and Lewin; for Cambridge Latin: McCrehan and Zarakov.

Cambridge vs. Everett

Shortly after the Malden game Everett defeated Cambridge Latin 6—5 at Russell Field in a close and exciting game. Everett's diminutive shortstop, Roger Sweetland, was most of the opposing team, scoring three of his team's runs and smashing out a triple. Cambridge's defeat pulls it down to a top tie with Somerville, each having won six games and lost one in the Suburban League during the first round. Vickers and McCrehan pitched a hard game. Porter hurled for the victors.

The score:

Everett	1	0	0	1	0	3	1	0	0	— 6
Cambridge	0	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	1	— 5

Batteries—For Everett: Porter and Reynolds; for Cambridge: Vickers, McCrehan, McCarron and Zarakov.

Cambridge vs. Somerville

On May 5 Somerville defeated Cambridge Latin 8—3 at Recreation Field, West Somerville, thus taking first place in the Suburban League. Myles Toulouse, the Somerville High shortstop, proved the big man of the game, making a homer and double besides playing a good game in the field. "Sonny" Foley was Cambridge's best hitter, banging out three clean hits. McCrehan pitched a fine ball for Cambridge Latin.

The score:

Somerville	0	3	1	0	1	0	2	1	0	— 8
Cambridge	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	— 3

Batteries—For Somerville: Barker and Donaldson; for Cambridge: McCrehan and Zarakov.

Cambridge vs. Newton

In its second game of the season with Newton High, Cambridge Latin was defeated 6—0 at Claflin Field, Newtonville. Both teams went along scoreless until the fifth, when through a walk, a sacrifice, a double steal, and a bunt, a run was scored. A double, a single, and another sacrifice brought in more tallies. The seventh inning produced the other two runs for the Newton players. McCrehan pitched a hard game and Foley excelled for Cambridge.

The score:

Newton	0	0	0	0	4	0	2	0	0	— 6
Cambridge	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

Batteries—For Newton: Lyon and Seavey; for Cambridge: McCrehan and Zarakov.

Cambridge vs. Rindge

Cambridge scored the schoolboy championship of Cambridge and boosted their average in the Suburban League by defeating Rindge 7—1 at Russell Field. Cote pitched a good game for Latin, striking out nine men. The game was too one-sided to prove exciting. McGowan, Cambridge Latin's first baseman, made a fine one-hand stop and spoiled what looked like a safe hit. Cohen also made a neat catch in the Rindge outfield.

The score:

Rindge	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 1
Cambridge	1	0	0	1	3	0	2	0	0	— 7

Batteries—For Rindge: Smith and Walsh; for Cambridge: Cote and Goutreau.

Cambridge vs. Brookline

Cambridge defeated Brookline High 13—2 at Russell Field on May 17. The game was easily won, Brookline's team being slow and unable to score when its men did get on bases. A series of hit-and-run plays netted three tallies in the fourth and four more in the fifth. In the eighth three more runs counted for Cambridge. McCrehan and Zarakov both got triples.

The score:

Brookline	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	— 2
Cambridge	0	0	0	3	4	1	2	3	0	—13

Batteries—For Brookline: Maloney and Donovan; for Cambridge: McCrehan and Zarakov.

Cambridge defeated Everett at Everett on May 19 with a score of 5—1.

TENNIS

As a result of a tournament held the last month, a team of four men, Baker, Sherrill, Waltz and Darrow, has been picked to represent the school. The tournament was won by George Baker, with Sherrill, Baker, Darrow and B. Zarakov coming into the semi-finals, and Barney Zarakov and Baker into the finals. The team lost their first match with Boston English High on May 17, but defeated Somerville 4—1 on May 18. With Mr. Egbert's excellent coaching the team shows very good promise. There are matches with Browne and Nichols, Newton and Brookline on the team's schedule. Arthur Bliss was chosen as manager and Baker as captain.

CREW

Two years ago the Cambridge Latin School had the youngest and lightest crew on the river and as everyone knows it proved to be the best. Again this year the school is represented by a light and young crew, weighing on the average of 142 pounds, not including the weight of the coxswain, 87 pounds. The crews are now rowing in the following order: First boat, Anderson, stroke; Smith, 3; Frye, 2; Captain Stevens, bow; Cunningham, coxswain. Second boat, Kelley, stroke; Rudman, 3; Lynch, 2; Penniman, bow; Bunyon, coxswain.

On Saturday, May 15, the first crew went to Concord and raced the Middlesex School's second boat over a half-mile course. The Middlesex crew took the lead on the start and finished a length and a half ahead of the Cambridge boat. This being the first race, and a very difficult course, our future hopes should not be darkened by such a defeat.

ALUMNI NOTES

'92 Colonel John F. Osborn has been placed in command of the 101st Engineers of the Mass. National Guard.

'08 Morton S. Robbins is with the G. H. Meade Co., pulp and paper manufacturers, City National Bank Building, Dayton, Ohio.

'95 George A. Goodridge is association educational service secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., New York City.

'11 John H. Baker is in Batavia, Java. He is on his way around the world in the interests of the American International Corporation of New York City.

'01 Edgar L. Smith is vice-president of the National Farming Corporation and of the National Farm Equipment Co.

'93 Benjamin S. Baker is industrial editor of the New York Evening Post. His home address is 26 Chase Avenue, White Plains, New York.

'92 Allen Jacobs is rector of the St. Luke's Church, Des Moines, Iowa. His home address is 1802 W. 10th Street, Des Moines.

'04 Ernest W. Carman has moved his offices to Springfield, Mass., where he will continue to practise law.

'99 Merton S. Keith, Jr., is assistant treasurer of the Walker Coal & Ice Co., Worcester, Mass.

'19 Ruth Smith has been pledged to the Sigma Phi at B. U.

'19 Esther Anderson has been initiated into the Gamma Phi Beta at B. U.

'18 Lyle Ring has been elected secretary of the Harvard Glee Club.

'18 Miss Bertha Wiener has recently won the highest honors in an examination in chemistry given by Technology to candidates competing for non-resident scholarship.

'13 Ernest Benshimol, who graduated in '17 from Harvard with a *magna cum laude*, has become quite a well-known poet and has been especially commended by Dean Briggs of Harvard.



As we come to the end of each year we cannot help looking back at the actions and events of that time. Considering the G. A. A. in 1919-20, we feel that we have enjoyed an exceptionally fine year. In the first place, many girls have shown splendid G. A. A. spirit,—the willingness to help and co-operate, besides producing excellent entertainments, has proved beneficial in many less noticeable but equally important undertakings of the G. A. A. Speaking of entertainments, they surely have been given in remarkably good time, and we cannot thank the officers enough for saving us as much as possible from that terrible tragedy of having four events to go to at exactly the same time.

During the football season an unusually large crowd of girls attended games, many of whom had never been to a school game before. Thanks to our president and the spirit she aroused, we made a fitting number of spectators for such a fine team.

The enthusiastic girls who went out for basketball and other athletic activities deserve praise and encouragement. We have not for many years had two teams of Freshmen and Sophomores in basketball, and surely the gym floor has never had a larger number of "good sports" racing around on it.

Besides many interesting meetings, we have had all of the regular entertainments, the Freshman Party, Boy Dance, and Girl Dance. The latter, at which Miss Brown and Miss McElroy were the matrons, was a splendid success.

In basketball results have been wavering. No one team has shown itself far above all others. Each one has had its defeats and its victories, and almost every game has proved the futility of conjectures. At present the team which is composed of Post Graduates and Juniors seems to be the strongest.

For the average pupil the senior year is the hardest of any, but this year the number and extent of senior undertakings has been perhaps greater than ever. Because the members of the team have entered other activities, thus showing their class spirit, the basketball season has been very much interrupted. The senior players, however, persevered, and, following the example of their captain, Eleanor Fuller, showed a spirit which overcame all obstacles.

The officers for next year are as follows:
President, Dorothy Rand.
Vice-President, Alice Johnson.
Secretary, Ruth Norman.

Executive Committee,
Irene De Ronde,
Claire Kirkjian,
Eleanor Groden
Elizabeth Putnam.

We are sure that these girls will be as helpful and earnest officers as they have been faithful workers for the highest aims of the G. A. A.

May the G. A. A. have the best of success in the coming year!



In French I

Quand toutes les places sont prises, on montre cette plaque "complet."
When all the places are taken they climb up to the top, full???

A conceited young Henderson girl
Did her banner of genius unfurl,
And from far and from wide
The fame was outcried
Of this vain little Henderson girl.

Pupil: I can bisect a circle into five equal parts.

Daly (translating Spanish): The older people stood somewhat apart seated on the gunwales of the boats.
Miss Mc—: I don't quite get the picture.

Sayward: Where did Rapport learn to swim?
Smith: He and McKeever used to be traffic cops in Venice before the war.

Mr. Coolidge: How do you measure the height of a building with a telescope?
Burke: Hang it by a string till it touches the ground, then measure the string.

Phil: I wonder why Fred is so often late.
MacK: I don't blame him; I was at Rindge myself once.

Skinner: Yes, she loves but one.
Manach: At a time.

Miss Sawyer: What is a farrier?
McCrehan: One who cures animals after they're dead.

Didn't Addison become insane?
No, he died.
What's the difference?

Crowley: This school is improving each year.
Dave Boyle: Yep, pretty soon they'll have a branch Orpheum Ticket Office here.

Graham: They say that considerable warmth comes from the trees.
Keefe: True enough. I've often been warmed by the birch.

Mr. Derry: What is the feminine form of Juan?
Brennen: Yes, sir.
What's the matter with Brennen?

Below is the way Storey signs his Solid Geometry papers:
Francis Storey, Solid, April 1, 1920.

Miss D-l-n: England is governed today by a responsible government.
Teacher: Well, then, how did George III rule during his reign?
Miss D-l-n: Oh, he wasn't responsible!

Miss Hardy (holding up a side comb): Has any boy or girl lost a comb?

First Freshman: Which end of the street car are you supposed to get off?
Second Freshie: It really makes no difference. Both ends stop.

Miss Ruggli: Where in the U. S. is graphite found?
Johnston: Oklahoma.
Hurley: Mexico.

Miss Mc—: Translate the next sentence, Kennedy.
Kennedy: I don't think I can just now; my foot's asleep.
Miss Mc—: Is that the only part of you that's asleep?


Watch the Birdy!
Aw Shut up!
HAW!
HA! HAW! HAW!
Being "shot at sunrise" has nothing on having one's graduation picture taken.
HINTS FOR GRADUATES
The proofs
POWDER
GLUE
Stick to it!
How to obtain a rapid rise
"Look round" and you will surely find a position
STRIKE TWO
C.H.L.S seeing it through

Mr. McDonald: That problem's wrong by two cents. Go back to your seat and do it over again.

R. M.: I'd rather pay the difference, if you don't mind.

Plays and People

Alice—"Too Much Johnson."
Roger Pugh—"The Crimson Cocoanut."
Miss Gass—"Bab."
Henry Stevens—"Seventeen."
Mr. Derry—"Dear Brutus."
Miss Wright—"Friend (H)Anna(h)."
Lois Henderson—"The Taming of the Shrew."
Luther Macnair—"The Little Minister."

Miss Wood: Higley, stop laughing.

Higley: Pardon, ma'm, but it was a mistake. I smiled and it busted.

Mr. Coolidge: Where do bugs go in winter?

Burke: Search me!

Manach: Comó está Vd?
Lawson: Wery punko.

Miss Sawyer: What was Orlando's first misfortune?
Boyle: His marriage.

Conroy: My brother falls asleep the minute I start playing the piano.
Curtin: Lucky dog!

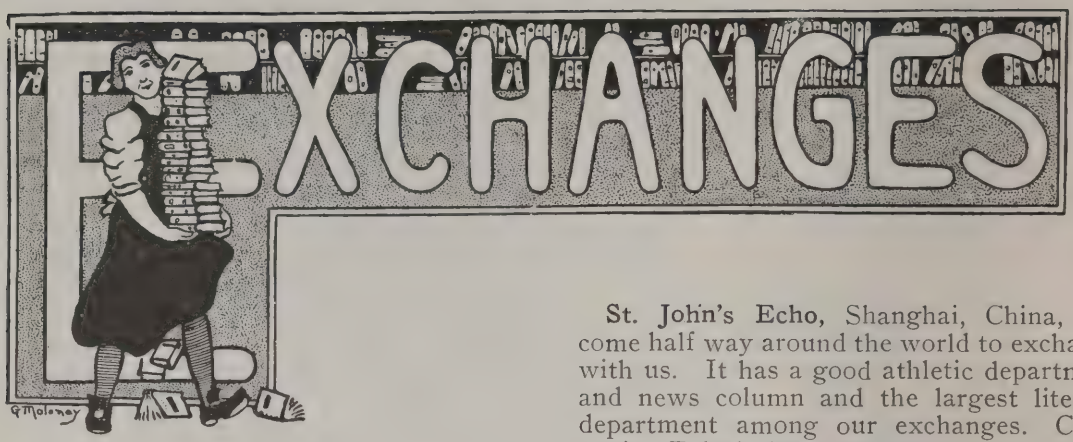
Things That Never Happen

Room 95 getting out at 1.30.
Sam McNaugher getting through.
Conroy on time.
Silence in the corridors.

Miss Daly: What do you think of my new shoes?
Curtin: Immense, immense!



Seen (scene) in Room 38 late in April



The Review meets its exchanges again for the fifth and last time this year. They come from various parts of the country, and even one from China. Each brings the atmosphere of its school with it, that we may partake in a certain measure of its fun and good times. During the year we have received many valuable ideas; and we wish to thank all our exchanges for the kindness and interest displayed by them in their criticisms of our paper.

Attic, Nutley, N. J.—You have a good paper but don't you think more editorials would improve it?

Arlington High Clarion.—We like your school spirit. Why not have a larger literary department?

Distaff, Boston, Mass., is an interesting paper. We would suggest a cartoon now and then.

Flashlight, Harrisville, W. Va., is having a popularity contest which ought to prove interesting if everyone takes it good-naturedly.

Inde, Hanover, N. H., has several short stories and a long poem. Congratulations! Poetry is valuable.

Oracle, Auburn, Maine, has some snappy out-door stories.

Periscope, Bridgewater, Mass,, has made only its second appearance, but it is a fine all-round paper. We wish it a long and prosperous life.

Ravelings, Decatur, Indiana, is published by the Senior Class but represents the whole school. If you don't have a good subscription to your year book after all that advertising we'll be surprised.

Spectator, Cambridge, Mass., has some good artists with some good ideas. Couldn't you make a better arrangement of subject matter?

St. John's Echo, Shanghai, China, has come half way around the world to exchange with us. It has a good athletic department and news column and the largest literary department among our exchanges. Come again, Echo! We are glad to hear from our brothers so far away.

A fine paper with an unusually large and interesting literary department. Your paper is evidently the representative of a first-class school.—*"Clarion,"* Arlington, Mass.

You have an interesting paper. Your mottoes at the top of the pages add much. "Parlez-vous Francais" looks good.—*"Periscope,"* Bridgewater, Mass.

The editorials are what all editorials should be—enthusiastic. The long stories, such as "Juanita," are certainly commendable. With so many exchanges it would be impossible to comment on all of them, but more than two or three should be criticized.—*"Monitor,"* Wellesley, Mass.

We like your motto headings for each page and your "Parlez-vous Francais" department is unusual, to say the least.—*"Inde,"* Hanover, N. H.

We like your Exchange department and wide variety of stories in your literary department, which, with numerous other distinctive features, form one of the best papers on our exchange list.—*"Attic,"* Nutley, N. J.

The full page cartoons in "The Cambridge Review" were very well drawn. The pictures were not as personal as the funny pictures printed in most magazines, which is preferable.—*"Spectator,"* Cambridge, Mass.

Our French students say your "Parlez-vous Francais" department is good. We don't know. Your paper is excellent.—*"Flashlight,"* Harrisville, W. Va.

We wish to acknowledge the Review as a new exchange. It is an exceptionally good school paper in which everyone delights reading. The proverbs at the heading of each page are good and the idea is something original and unique. Your athletic department is very well represented. We

hope the Review will be a regular exchange. —"*The Habbit,*" Charles City, Iowa.

The exchange editor of the Academy Student says that she admires the "Hallig" in the "Inde," particularly because of the masterful way in which the writer creates atmosphere; one almost feels the ocean air. We are sure that she is mistaken and that she means the Cambridge Review.

The "Review" gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges:

Academy Student, St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Archon, Dummer Academy, S. Byfield, Mass.

Attic, Nutley High, Nutley, N. J.

Brocktonia, Brockton High, Brockton, Mass.

Clarion, Arlington High, Arlington, Mass.

Distaff, Girls' High, Boston, Mass.

Electric Sparks, School of Engineering, Milwaukee, Wis.

Flashlight, Harrisville High, Harrisville, W. Va.

Grotonian, Groton School, Groton, Mass.

Habbit, Charles City High, Charles City, Iowa (2 copies).

High School News, Beaumont High, Beaumont, Texas.

Inde, Hanover High, Hanover, N. H.

Megaphone, Country Day, Newton, Mass.

Milton Orange and Blue, Milton Academy, Milton, Mass. (2 copies).

Mirror, Waltham High, Waltham, Mass.

Mirror, Pratt High, Pratt, Kansas.

Monitor, Wellesley High, Wellesley, Mass.

Oracle, Edward Little High, Auburn, Maine.

Pantograph, Kansas City High, Kansas City, Kansas.

Periscope, Bridgewater High, Bridgewater, Mass.

Polytechnic, Rennsselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

Radiator, Somerville High, Somerville, Mass.

Ravelings, Decatur High, Decatur, Indiana.

Sassamon, Natick High, Natick, Mass.

Signal, Cambridge High, Cambridge, Ohio.

Spectator, Browne & Nichols, Cambridge, Mass.

St. John's Echo, St. John's University, Shanghai, China.

Tech Life, Technical High, Springfield, Mass.

Drawing cartoons has its unusual moments. During a period of preparing work for the Year Book, Karl had hard work making L. H. G. open her mouth. Strange, Karl! For further information see 1920 Year Book.

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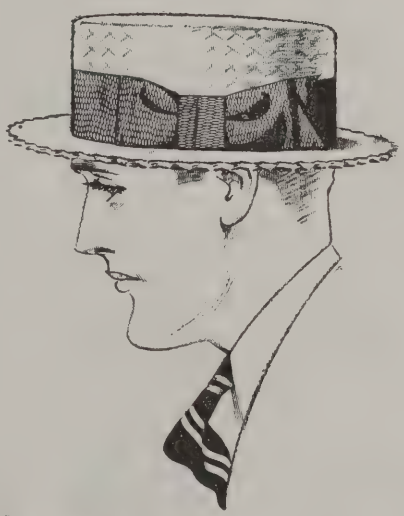
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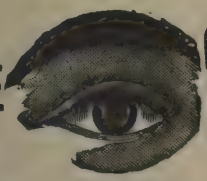
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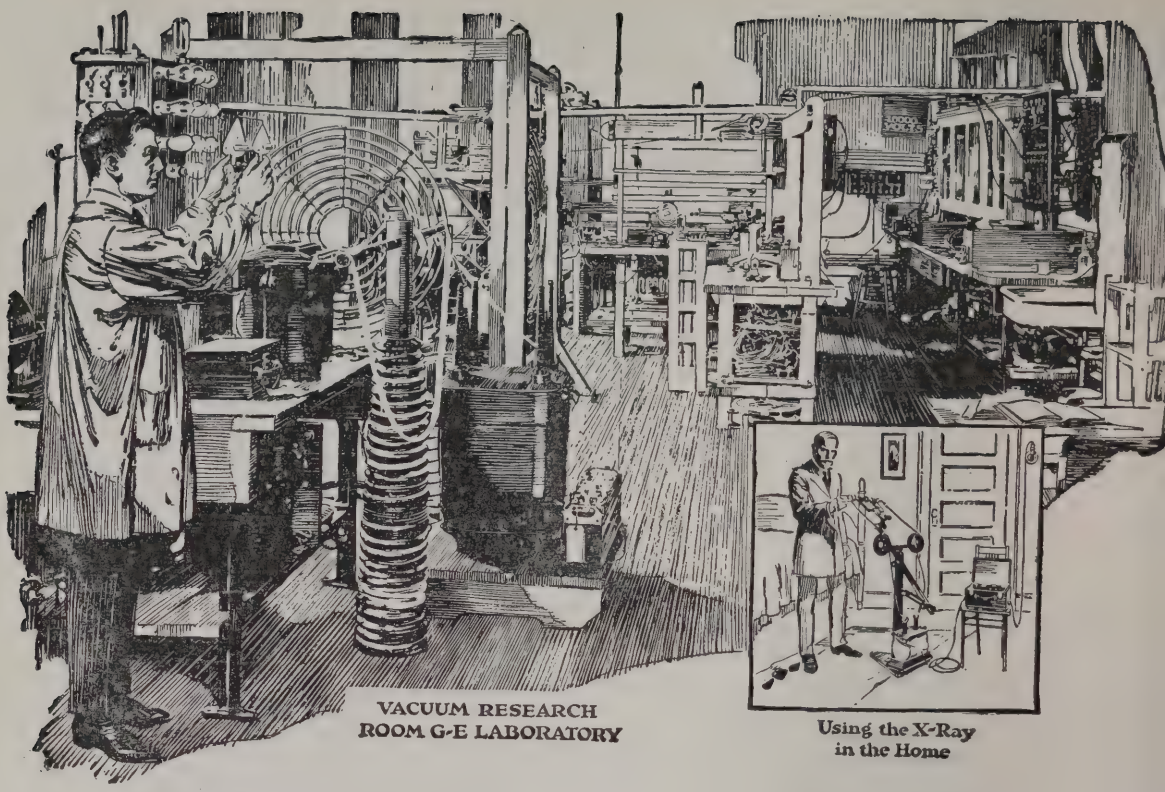
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Vita sine literas mors est

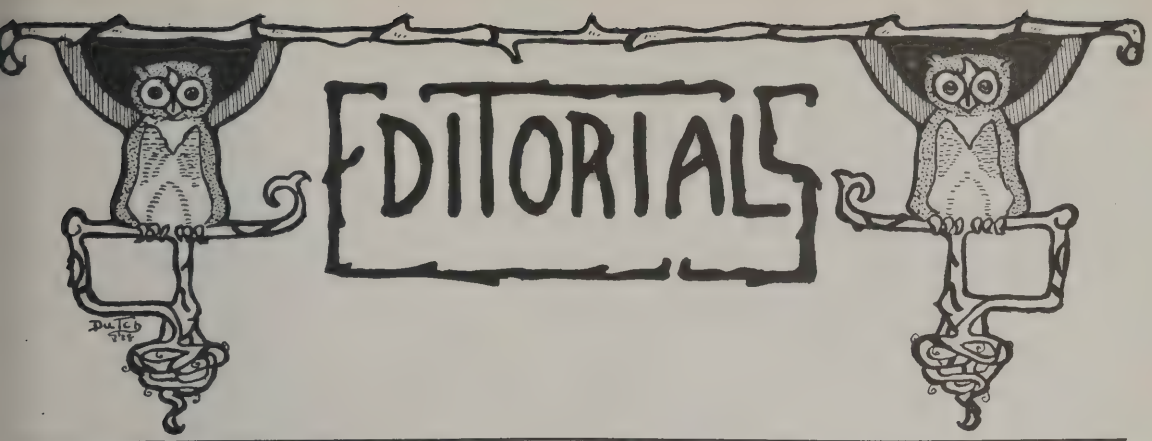
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Pauline F. Goodrich, 20



COACH LEANDER MCDONALD
THE POWER BEHIND
A SUCCESSFUL ATHLETIC YEAR.



CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Our Forbears

We hope that you are not one of those unsatisfactory people who plunge right into the middle of a book or magazine, because we wish to introduce you to this result of our hopes first. In preparing for this "Graduates' Number" we have learned much about our distinguished predecessors in these halls of learning. How many of you realize that such eminent men as our representative to Congress, Mr. Frederick W. Dallinger and the President of Radcliffe, Mr. Le Baron R. Briggs, graduated from Cambridge Latin School? We are proud to have secured an article from the former, and regret extremely that the latter could not find time to favor us. You will learn other interesting facts by reading the Alumni Notes which we have tried to make unusually interesting.

We wish to thank Mr. Durrell and Mr. George G. Wright for their help in the preparation of this number.

The editor received the following note from one of our contributors. Its cleverness really deserves a place here:

My dear editor: I remember
Years ago, when I was small,
How my efforts at Review work
Simply wouldn't do at all.

Now that I am old and tired
They come asking for my name.
But as Homer said to Dante,
"Ever thus was fickle fame."

Let the children have the glory
While they're young enough to sprint:
For, when we are old and hoary,
We are too passe for print.

Spring Fever

It makes me feel uncomfortably like a preacher even to broach the subject of this editorial—especially since I have had a pretty bad case of spring fever myself. Every year spring comes as a surprise and new delight to us; but this year after all the snow and zero weather we have shivered through, during which we thought we would never see green grass again, the songs of the robins, and blueness of the sky and softness of the breezes fill our hearts with desire to chuck our Caesars and our Shakespeares far away where they will never trouble us again.

And then our teachers start afternoon classes, and add a few more examples on our "lessons for tomorrow," and our spirits rebel. But when we stop to think about it, I think we all will see that this spring fever is just one of the things which, conquered, strengthens our characters, but which, allowed to conquer us, weakens our wills. And, after all, our instructors have the best of intentions no doubt. They want us to pass our exams, perhaps more than we do ourselves! However, that is neither here nor there. I'm sure I'd rather work a little harder now, and not have to spend an extra spring here in the future!

The decision of the senior girls to wear white middy-blouses and skirts at graduation has doubtless pleased some and disappointed others. But oh, disappointed ones, now that the majority of the class has voted for simplicity and economy, do abide by their decision! You will only make yourself disagreeably conspicuous and bring upon yourself the ill-will of your classmates, if you appear at graduation in a fancier dress of any sort.

We are glad to see that interest in girls' athletics is reviving with the return of inter-class basket ball. There is nothing so effective in uniting the girls as a common cause. The enthusiasm at the games already played has run high; and we hope to see even more class spirit displayed in the games which are to come. In this way we may sometime gain a varsity!

The whole school, and the "Review" especially, because it has the literary standard of the school most at heart, rejoice in the fact that the Longfellow Medal has once more been won by one of our schoolmates, Miss Lillian Gleason of the senior class. Her excellent essay, "The Saga of King Olaf," is published in this number.

SCHOOL NEWS

THE MIKADO

Mr. Whoriskey will conduct Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" in Brattle Hall on April 22 and 24. Tickets are 50 cents and may be obtained from the members of the cast and chorus. The principal characters have been redistributed; so that at present they are as follows:

The Mikado of Japan	Isadore Zarakov
Ko-Koo	Wesley Nichols
Pooh Bah	Gordon Harvey
Pish Tush	Douglas MacKinnon
Nankie Poo	Arthur Sherrill
Pitti Sing	Dorothy Gay
Yum Yum (three little maids)	Vedna Bate
PeepBo	Ruth Kimber
Katisha	Claire Wait

F. A. C.

People all are wondering what the three dignified and mysterious letters "F. A. C." mean. Well, we've decided to tell you. Perhaps you'd like to become a F. A. C.-ite. Think it over.

The Four-Arts Club was organized by twelve enthusiastic charter members; the constitution formed, and a room given for an office. Elections resulted as follows: President, Lois Henderson; Secretary and Treasurer, Paul Pigors; and Exec. Committee, John Robertson, Robert Benninck and Henry Stevens. The four arts, music, literature, fine arts and dramatics are represented by members interested in these respective branches of the club. The requirements will be given to any pupils wishing information preparatory to entrance. Please apply in wrtting to John Robertson, Room 46L. The club will meet to decide on your entrance, and will send you a written statement of the requirements.

The first open meeting was a success. The club had a musical, literary and dramatic program which proved very interesting. A musical in collaboration with the French Club was the next public appearance. The club hopes to do great things before June 30. Here's your chance to make a name for yourself.

Can you pass the requirements?

SENIOR SOCIALS.

To the real snappy jazzy music of Murphy's Orchestra about seventy-five joyful couples fox-trotted and one-stepped around the old gym floor on Friday, Jan. 16. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall looked out from the observation platform and saw that the jazz didn't get to anyone's head. Of course the seniors did things in style and served ushers (class officers and reception committees) and also ice cream and cake. The coffers of the class of 1920 were considerably enriched by this first social. The writer enjoyed a real social time and is sure everyone else did.

The reception committee is to be congratulated upon their hard work to make this dance a succecss.

On Friday, Mar. 19, the second Senior Social was held in the gym. It is nigh impossible to decorate that huge barn, for it is filled with unsightly pipes, beams and ropes. To cover all these eye-sores would require a great deal of money which the class of 1920 has other uses for. However a very large American flag was draped under the further basket-ball basket and the old red, white, and blue lent an inspiring touch of color to the bleakness of the gym. Miss Morton and Miss Townsend were chaperones. Young's Orchestra provided some music that sure did have the right pep and rhythm. Although there was not as large an attendance as at the first social, there was plenty of room, great music, and a dandy time for those who went.

Just bring on that next social, seniors!

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL

George G. Wright '67

I doubt whether the scholars of the present day can ever have such pleasant, happy memories of their school days as those which fill the minds of the scholars of 60 years or more ago as they recall the years spent in the small schoolhouse on Amory Street. The city had not at that time grown so diverse and unwieldy, there was not that difference in the population, our city was a more homogeneous body. We had not as yet entirely grown away from the time, as Lowell wrote, when everybody knew everybody and all about everybody.

In the early part of the century, the necessity of preparing boys for admission to Harvard College had caused the town to povide instruction in Latin and Greek. In 1811, the regulations provided "In all the schools shall be taught Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Composition, Arithmetic and Geography and in the Grammar school in addition to these branches the Latin and Greek language." Many of the schools were not kept for the whole year, but District No. One had a Latin Grammar school for 12 months in each year. In March 1819, Edward Dickinson commenced a High School on Main Street nearly opposite Inman Street, upon the suggestion of President Kirkland of Harvard University, Rev. Dr. Abiel Holmes, minister of the First Church and others. While several who became distinguished in after life were enrolled among its members, the school had but a short existence. The Hopkins Classical School, a semi-private school, occupied for a period the place of a High School for a limited number of boys also.

The mixed character of the public schools which were neither Grammar schools nor High schools, and whose scope depended largely upon the master in charge of them, finally called for one High School for the whole town—a school which should be an advanced school only. This resulted in the establishment of a "Central High School" for the whole town in 1838, when a two-story wooden building 70x30 ft. was erected on Broadway, corner of Windsor Street, for a classical school. At that time the population of the town was less than 800 with a strong sectional feeling on the part of the residents of the different parts of the town. This feeling was undoubtedly the strongest influence in preventing the continuance of the single school, although objection was made by the citizens of the First and Third wards to sending their children so far. The old arrangement of classical instruction in the Grammar schools was consequently restored and continued until 1847.

In September, 1847, the School Committee again voted to establish a "Central High School" in the building erected in 1838 and on September 3, 1847, a contract was made for the erection of a new High School house on Amory Street. The "Central High School" was organized October 4, 1847, with 74 scholars from the second and third wards, and two teachers, the scholars from Ward One not joining until June, 1848. The new building was dedicated June 27, 1848, and the dedication was a notable event in the city. Among the speakers was Hon. Edward Everett at that time President of Harvard College, who delivered the principal address which was considered worthy of a place in his published work. The building which now stands on Amory Street was built of brick two stories in height and contained two rooms on the lower floor for the use of a middle and a primary grade school. On the second floor there was one large room seating about 100 scholars with two recitation rooms for the use of the High School. The lower rooms were later given over to the High School.

The new building was first used in October 1848 when a second assistant teacher was added. Some idea of the crowded conditions under which the school began its work in the new building may be gathered from the statement that 108 scholars were admitted the previous June and 31 in September to a school with a total seating capacity of about 100. Until the school was removed to Fayette Street in 1864, its work was always carried on under very unsatisfactory conditions—lack of proper chemical and philosophical appliances in addition to narrow and inconvenient quarters. This lack of proper room may, in a measure have been the result of the difference of opinion as to the wisdom of having more than 100 scholars in the same school. Admission was by written examination of all those scholars of the Grammar schools who had completed the prescribed course and who had given their names to the principal of their

Grammar school. Every applicant received a numbered envelope in which was placed a card bearing his name. All the papers were marked only with that number and the result was announced by number only—my own number was 1514. The examination covered two whole days and at the close of the second day the applicants assembled at the school when the successful numbers were read off. In the earlier days, the papers were distributed alternately so that no scholar was seated by the side of another writing upon the same subject.

Twice a year the High School was examined by the whole school committee, each class being assigned to some member of the board. The members were often assisted by professors connected with Harvard College and the examination of the school covered two days. The annual exhibition was held in August at the City Hall which was in the early days located at the corner of Harvard and Norfolk Streets—later at the corner of Main Street (now Mass. Ave.) and Pleasant Street. A very extended programme of 20 or more numbers was carried out and the participants were not confined to those who graduated. At the close of the exercises, prominent speakers were invited to address the gathering and several notable addresses were made in the early days, an address by Edward Everett being described as one of great beauty and eloquence. It is also interesting as evidence of the great interest in the school to mention that in those days the School Committee printed the names of the graduates in their annual report published at the end of the municipal year.

The first master of the school, Elbridge Smith, did much during his nine years of service to establish the school upon a solid foundation, and the present institution stands as a monument to his unselfish efforts. The library was secured by the gift of over 400 volumes from his own private library, which, in addition to the books previously owned by the school, secured an allowance for additional books from the State Treasury of $825. Mr. Smith obtained funds for other equipment by a course of lectures given by him and by personal appeals to citizens and also furnished a piano for the use of the school at his own expense. Mr. Bradbury says of him: "He also spent money lavishly from his own pocket in increasing the appliances of the chemical and philosophical departments — in fact, he looked upon the school as his own child and made no account of time or money spent in fostering it.

The Classical course covered four years and the English course three years, and a number of the scholars completed both courses, graduating as members of two successive classes covering 16 subjects in the English, 5 subjects in the Classical. Among the early graduates were William V. Winter, 1852, Author and Dramatc Critic of New York, Alexander Agassiz 1851, son of Louis Agassiz, Rutharia Bates, 1851-1852, later a well known and loved teacher in the school for seven years, William Everett, 1852, Master of Adams Academy, Quincy, William S. Barbour, 1852, for many years City Engineer of Cambridge.

Mr. Smith resigned as Master in 1856 to take charge of a school in another state. The School Committee in their report at the end of the year say "whatever of reputation or usefulness the High School has attained is due in no slight measure to his devoted labors. The library now containing about 1800 volumes, owes its origin to his liberality; valuable additions were made by him to the philosophical apparatus; and he was ever devising ways and means to advance the interests of his pupils and to promote their improvement. His heart was in his work; and his aim and ambition were to make his school one of the best of its kind in this Commonmealth." Mr. Smith was succeeded by Osgood Johnson who died suddenly the following year, being succeeded by Lyman R. Williston, who resigned in 1863 to establish a school for young ladies. Mr. Williston was succeeded by William J. Rolfe, a Shakespearian scholar of world-wide reputation. In announcing his election, the committee say, "We had the good fortune to obtain as his successor Mr. Rolfe, a gentleman of long and large experience in the conduct of schools of the class to which our High School belongs." Mr. Rolfe had previously been Master of the High Schools of Dorchester, Lawrence and Salem.

In the first part of his service, the crowded condition of the building on Amory Street, where more than 200 pupils were crowded into quarters suitable for only 100, compelled the removal of all of the boys and about one-half of the girls of the lower class to the second floor of a small wooden primary schoolhouse on the same street. It was Mr. Rolfe's good fortune in 1864 to remove the school to the new building on Fayette Street. Such an advance was the building considered that the Fall opening of

all the schools of the city was delayed for one day to avoid interference with the ceremonies of its dedication. The School Committee say, "The new schoolhouse is, we believe, all that can be desired. The architecture is handsome, the ground ample, the rooms spacious, lofty and well lighted, the interior finish and the furniture solid and in good taste. The arrangements for warmth and ventilation are excellent and everything possible has been done for the health and comfort of the pupils. In short, the whole style of the building is thoroughly liberal without the least extravagance." It was the first public school in Cambridge, built with a hall in which the whole school could be gathered, and in this hall the annual exhibition of the school was subsequently held. It was a great good fortune to all who were privileged to belong to the school while Mr. Rolfe was its Master, but the space alloted to me will not permit me to say more. There was much in the years of which I have written deserving of mention, as for instance, the career of the Cambridge High School Association organized August 6, 1853. The widespread influence of the school is shown by the fact that in 1882, its graduates were found in nearly 150 cities and towns, in 30 states or territories of the United States, as well as in six foreign countries.

It is difficult for one who was a member of the school in writing of those early days to find a place to stop. The relations between the teachers and the scholars were generally that of friends and advisers. As one instance the actual not the nominal President of the debating club organized by the boys was by their own request, the Master of the school, Mr. Rolfe. It is safe to say that few, if any, of those who benefited by the thorough and kindly instruction of those days can fail to look back with the kindliest feelings for all who were a part of that life.

COBWEBS.

Theodora Keith '16

Once upon a time there was a Princess—but she did not know that she was a Princess, and no one else knew that she was a Princess, at least almost no one. She lived, not as she should have lived, in marble halls with golden furniture and fountains,—but in a tiny fishing village on an obscure coast. It was a sunny place of vines, and orange trees, and mimosa, and small white-washed houses and high walls, and simple fisherfolk—hardly the place for a Princess, you will say; yet she was quite happy.

She was the most beautiful maiden in the country. You would have thought so, even had you seen the daughters of the great nobleman in the castle on the hill, when they drove out in silks and satins. Every morning the Princess used to sit on the quay fishing. The fisher lads came to help her because her hair was like liquid, rippling sunshine, and her eyes like the dancing sea water, and her skin like the inside of a shell. There was a favorite tradition amongst these village lads that if any could touch her silken locks, they would change in his fingers to real gold. But was any lad so daring? Above the low neck of her coarse blue dress, her little throat was tantalizingly white.

The Princess lived in a wee cottage at the foot of the hill with an Old Old Woman. How she had come to be there instead of where she belonged is a long story—too long to tell here, and it does not matter.

One day the Old Old Woman sat on a bench before the door, and the Princess sat close by, spinning. All at once they heard a clatter of hoofs upon the road. A stranger drew near; he was richly clad; his spurs jangled; the little Princess' eyes were dazzled by the hilt of his sword. She tried to go on with her spinning, but it was the Prince, and he was the handsomest man in all the world.

"My good woman," said he, addressing the grandmother, "can you give me something to eat? I am on my way to the castle yonder. But since yesterday noon, I have travelled far, and have had no food."

His steed foamed at the bit, and stamped on the sod. The old woman merely chuckled. At last she spoke:

"The eldest maid is very fair—"

"Yes," said the Prince, "I come to carry her back with me."

"—but very faithless, and not e'en so fair as some," muttered the Old Old Woman half to herself. "Come, come, tie the beast in the shade, while I get thee some supper."

The little Princess began to spin again. But the wheel went slower and more slowly.

The cracked voice called to her, "Child, call the Prince and come give him his broth."

The young man was so tall that as he passed through the low doorway, some cobwebs brushed gently across his face. At first he wiped them off with annoyance—then laughing. And as he looked now for the first time at the little Princess, who handed him the bowl of broth with a curtsey, the most beautiful smile she had ever seen lingered on his lips. With an air of discovery, he watched her cut the great loaf.

'Princess," said he, "ask the grandmother if I may stay here this night. There is little haste about gaining the castle."

The Princess skipped to the side of the Old Old Woman and whispered in her ear, "Granny, were those your spiders? He wants to stay until tomorrow."

The Old Old Woman chuckled again. "Aye, my three trusty spiders!"

Very, very early in the morning the Princess stole into the garden to clip some cool grapes for His Highness' breakfast. She wore a gray misty gown: the dawn touched her little flower face with a rosy light; some dew drops shook themselves down from the vines and glistened diamond-like in her hair.

Scarce had she found a fine enough cluster of grapes, when lo! the Prince himself knelt before her, kissing her little hand.

"Princess," he cried softly, "Come away with me and live in a wonderful palace and be my Queen!"

She let him draw down her head and kiss her ruby lips. "'Twere happiness to be your slave," she murmured.

So he swung her up to the bow of his saddle, and they galloped away through the dim, grey dawn to a distant city of spires.

For seven months the Princess lived as a princess should, in marble halls with golden furniture and fountains, and was happy with the Prince, and made herself beloved by everyone. Then on one luckless day she beheld passing through the street the carriage of the nobleman who had used to live in the castle near her little fishing village. The face of his eldest daughter was loking sadly out of the window. And it made the little Princess sad, and she was sad all day, and she wept herself to sleep at night, for she was a princess with a strong sense of duty, and she knew her love had been won by enchantment.

Then when the moon looked over the housetops, shining through the lattice on her bed, she arose, wrapped herself in a dark cloak, and sadly kissed the Prince as he lay sleeping,—the handsomest man in all the world.

She crept out of the palace and made her way with all speed back to the little fishing village. She found again the wee cottage under the hill, but no grandmother; the Old Old Woman was dead—the little Princess felt a lump in her throat. But, knowing that he would soon follow her, she searched hastily on all the dusty shelves and in all the dark corners and under all the cupboards, till she found that for which she looked—a tiny box marked "Three Trusty Spiders."

All three were inside; she picked them out gingerly with her slim white fingers and put them on the doorway to weave their magic web. For they were the spiders whose webs, brushing across a man's face, could change his thoughts or desires to the precise opposite of what they had been. She well remembered how she and the Old, Old Woman had made use of them for many a joke—how when the landlord had come, clamoring for his rent, these silken threads brushing across his face had made him forget his errand and turn affably away time and time again—till the neighbors could not understand, but they two had laughed and laughed.

So the Princess once more set them at work to weave, and herself sat waiting all day. In the twilight came the clatter of hoofs. She dropped her head on the oaken table and sobbed, a forlorn little figure with the black cloak wound about her. Nearer and nearer he came, till he flung himself from his steed.

He came toward the cottage calling, "Little Princess, are you there? I want you!"

"Ah," thought the maid, "not after you meet the cobwebs—and then see the lord's daughter out for her daily ride."

But as she waited, trembling, in the dusk, a bat flew through the doorway, tearing the web. What the bat was thinking no one knows, and so it is impossible to tell how his thoughts were altered. The little Princess was so intent on the Prince that she did not see the bat.

The prince passed through the door, and said, "My little Princess, if you are here, come!"

"Do you still want me?" she gasped, dropping to her knees to look for the spiders, and thinking that she would have to try it all over again. But the spiders had run away.

"Forever and ever!" declared the Prince, smiling his beautiful smile. Then he seized her in his strong arms, and carried her tenderly back to the palace. They lived happily ever after—except sometimes.

THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING AND THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Frederick W. Dallinger '89

It is a great advantage to anyone to be able to express his views in public with clearness and without embarrassment. In this day and generation every educated person is expected to be able thus to express himself. To a young man or young woman who intends to be a lawyer or a teacher, this accomplishment is absolutely necessary.

In order to be able to speak well in public, two things are necessary. In the first place, the speaker must be thoroughly familiar with the subject,—that is, he must know what he is talking about and thus be able to give information to his hearers and hence be a source of help to them. It frequently happens that men and women speak in public in excellent literary style, and often with eloquence; but when their addresses are analyzed, it is found that they have not said anything of value and have not given anything to their hearers which they can carry away. No one should presume to address a body of his fellows unless he has something worth while to speak about and is thoroughly familiar with his subject. Moreover, in the presentation of an argumentative subject, the speaker should not only carefully prepare himself upon his own side of the argument, but should also be thoroughly familiar with the arguments on the other side of the question.

The second requisite for successful public speaking is a good delivery. While some persons seem to have a natural gift of public speech, nevertheless, in most cases a good delivery is only the result of long practice. Moreover, the earlier the habit of speaking in public is acquired, the better. It is very much like learning to swim. The earlier a boy or girl learns to overcome the natural fear of the water which exists in every human being and learns the necessary motions of the arms and legs so that they become second nature, the better swimmer will that boy or girl become. The older a person gets, the harder it is to learn to swim. So it is with speaking in public. The earlier in life a person gets over the natural embarrassment which comes from the presence of an audience and becomes accustomed to express his thoughts to a large group just as he would to his chum or to his family, the better speaker he will prove to be in after life.

I have always been very thankful that in my second year in the old Cambridge Latin School, I joined the Cambridge Latin School Debating Society which had just then been organized. Joint debates were arranged between our society and similar societies in the Newton High School, the Dorchester High School, and the Roxbury Latin School. It was as a member of the Cambridge team in these joint debates that I overcame the embarrassment that inevitably accompanies the facing of an audience, and from that day to this I have always felt at home whenever called upon to speak in public. I cannot urge too strongly upon all the pupils of the Cambridge High and Latin School, especially those who expect to become teachers or lawyers, the importance of joining a debating society and availing themselves of every opportunty that offers of speaking in public.

In the matter of delivery one of the commonest failings of a young speaker is the cultivation of an artificial style of oratory combined with an aping of the mannerisms of some prominent personage. The result of such affectation is to make the speaker appear ridiculous to the average person in this practical age. If there is one thing above all others which should be impressed upon the young speaker at the outset, it is to be one's self at all times. One should speak in public in the same way that one would speak in private conversation and in his natural tone of voice, simply taking care to project his voice in such a way as to reach all of his hearers. An excellent way is to address one's self to some person in the last row of the hall in which he is speaking and talk to that person as if he were trying to interest or convince him. If he succeeds in this he will interest and convince all the other people in the hall. To be natural and to make one's hearers feel that he is familiar with his subject and means what he says, is the secret of success in public speech.

Apart from the opportunity for practice afforded to those who intend to use the art of public speaking in their life work, public debates in a preparatory school are of the utmost importance to the entire body of pupils. A very large proportion of the boys and girls in our preparatory schools do not go to college. They will soon, however, be-

come voters and this will, in the very near future, apply to the girls as well as to the boys. If our representative democracy is to be a success it is absolutely essential that all our voters should be well informed upon public questions, and there is no better way for them to get that information than by attending public debates where both sides of the important questions before the public are presented. In a large school like the Cambridge High and Latin School, I should like to see a live debating society in every class in the school, meeting at least once a fortnight. I also believe that the teachers should be interested in these societies and that systematic work by pupils participating in the debates should in some way be counted as a credit in their school work.

Lately, there has been a strong popular movement looking towards the Americanization of the large numbers of aliens living in the United States. Many of the states have passed legislation for the Americanization of aliens, and there is a bill before the Committee on Education of the National House of Representatives of which I am a member, providing for Federal aid to the States in this important work. While we are making every effort, however, to teach those who have come here from foreign lands the history of our country and the nature and purpose of its institutions, we must not neglect the boys and girls who are born in this country and who are soon to exercise the sovereign powers of citizenship. There is no better school of Americanism than an active and up to date debating society, the meetings of which are open to the public and which are attended by the great body of the pupils. As a graduate of the Cambridge High and Latin School and as one who feels under great obligation to the school and to the City of Cambridge for his education, and also as one who is deeply interested in the future of our beloved country, I would plead for a greater cultivation of the art of public speaking and a greater interest in public affairs through an increased interest in debating on the part of the pupils of the Cambridge High and Latin School.

SNOWFLAKES.

Dorothy Henderson '17

In this day of musical comedy there is no company better known or more prosperous than that of the Holstein brothers. Yet there is great competition on the modern musical stage, and the Holsteins had to earn recognition as well as the rest. Only two years ago they were struggling against bankruptcy. Now the very name Holstein on a theatrical poster insures publicity and patronage for any show or any star.

The career of the company had been dangerously near an end during the production of "Terry-O."

"There's a flat somewhere," fumed the stage manager Holstein to the Holstein who composed the music, "but damned if I know where it is."

"Peppy music and a good chorus," defended composer Holstein, "You can't deny it."

"'Twon't go," said the stage manager. "Go back there, you, to the middle of the house and watch. This show'll be life or death to us, Sammy, and there's some slight difference between the two. Now see if you can get it."

The chorus, badly in need of a long-deferred lunch, sank back wearily to hear, the third time that morning, an inane dialogue between a drunken brewer and a religious policeman. Maidie Allen of the first row climbed to a wooden packing case, where she sat with hunched shoulders and swinging legs, yawning freely. Janice Towne of the second row followed, and was given half the packing case and a weary grunt of greeting. Janice had some gum, and they chewed in silence for some moments. Then Jance leaned forward suddenly.

"There IS something wrong with this show!" she stated, with the conviction of sixteen.

"Sure, so I heard," replied Maidie, without enthusiasm.

"If this don't swing, who's gonna pay us?" demanded Janice.

"Not me, fer one," said Maidie.

"Yeah, and that's just why we've gotta do something."

"Do something—are you the new manager?"

"No foolin', Maidie. I bet I know where the trouble is."

"Sure; go on."

"In all this show there's nothin'—well—artistic. Pep—lots of it; chorus—good; but no art."

"How 'bout that dream-waltz thing they're beginnin' now? Peachy—I call it!"

"Say, girl, d'you know where this scene's laid?"

Maidie was not one to inquire into such details.

"Well, this here's a bar-room, Maidie. Some art—a bar-room waltz!—No, I mean somethin' really pretty. Real settin', real dancin',—no jazz."

Maidie shrugged. "Suit yourself, Jan. Say, girl, you wanta look out for that cold of yours. Can't have a 'con' in the chorus, y'know."

"'Con'"? questioned Janice curiously.

"Con-sumption," exclaimed Maidie. "Where'd you come from, Missouri? Well, s'long, kid. Here's where I do some 'light fantastic.'"

All that day Janice considered the "peppy" "Terry-O." After the night rehearsal she lost two cars, because she considered obviously, even at car stops. She considered for a day or two more, and then they sent her home with pneumonia. There were just a few days of don't-careness, but with returning strength came messages from the theatre. Next week the show went on the road. Holstein had tried a few changes here and there, but fundamentally it was the same. They had decided to "take a chance" because the music was so "catchy," and that, Holstein said, was what people wanted nowadays. The girls weren't worried. They did their work well, and left the rest to Holstein.

But Janice worried. From beginning to end she recalled "Terry-O," with all its "pep"—still lacking. The music was good, the dances were good. It was all good, only it needed something more. Still, when the hero is a bar-tender and the heroine a spectacled college-girl, it is hard to work in anything "prettier" than the bar-room waltz. And the doctor began to realize that Janice' pulse was keeping waltz time, jazz time, anything but normal time. He said she must have no excitement, no visitors; so they kept her head on the pillow even when her feet were moving up and down with impatience. Sometimes when she thought very intently about "Terry-O" her heart beat so hard that she had to shut her eyes and stop thinking for a while. No, Janice did not think herself important. It was her first engagement, and she was second row; but she loved "Terry-O" with all the love bestowed on any first-born project.

"Be a good girl," said her young doctor (who took more than a professional interest), and you'll be dancing again in a month."

"Then I won't have you to hold my hand," dared Janice.

"Oh, yes," said he, "if you like. It'll be your turn to visit me, then. You owe me lots of calls."

"All right," smiled Janice obediently, and snuggled down to review again the third act. She had decided that what Mr. Holstein called the "flat" came in the third act.

Then after many weeks came the news that "Terry-O" was returning—to play in town at last! Janice' heart beat very hard. One momentous day Maidie Allen came to call on her. Janice was still in bed, but "almost sitting up, now."

"Poor little red-head," said Maidie, with cheerful sympathy. "Whad-d-you do for amusement?"

"Count the snowflakes," lied Janice smiling, "or add the roses on the wallpaper."

"This is the life," sighed Maidie. Traveling and rehearsals had not improved her complexion or her patience. The show had paid its bills all along, and nobody was wanting; but there hadn't been any large surplus.

"Some of the girls," she confided mysteriously, "are thinkin' of strikin'."

"Oh, wait," begged Janice eagerly. "You may have a wonderful run here—never can tell! Besides, Holstein's a Jew. Whoever heard of a Jew not gettin' rich some day? Stick around, Maidie, and look over the profits."

"Well, believe me, I wouldn't overlook the profits, if there were any!" said Maidie.

"When d'you play?" asked Janice, all fire.

"Next Monday," said Maidie. "Wisht you could be there. S'long, kiddy. Spunk up. When we make our little million I'll give you a raise."

All that night Janice lay with wide eyes. Her fingers beat a little orchestra on the spread, her feet were treading chorus music. In the morning they were frightened at her white face.

"I'm all right, Ma," she exclaimed for the fifth time, sharply impatient. "Send Bill here before he goes out."

And when Bill had dressed, eaten his breakfast, and donned overcoat and cap, he thrust a grudging head through the narrow opening of his sister's door.

"Bill, come here and shut that door," demanded Janice with authority.

"Look here, little one. Who d'you think

you're talkin' to? Do you know what time it is?"

"No, an' I don't care," snapped Janice. "Come in here, 'n' don't waste any more time, since you're in such a hurry."

More in curiosity than good-will, he did as she asked, and Janice was not slow in delivering her orders.

"Mind now," she called after him, "make it quite clear that I don't want anything. This'll be my party, tell him."

She spent a restless morning watching the snow still falling, falling—fidgeting with her hands and feet——

"Janice Towne," said her mother sternly. "You know what the doctor said about you keepin' quiet. Stop that now, or I'll call him on the phone."

"Go ahead," said Janice with sweet impertinence. "Ask him to lunch, Ma. I like that young feller."

A little later Janice called, "Ma!"

"What is it now?" demanded her mother.

"I want some ice cream this afternoon."

"Wouldn't you like some now, too?" with sarcasm.

"No, Ma dear. This afternoon, about three o'clock."

"Well now Jan," said her mother. "You know I'd like to get it for you, but your sister won't be here then, and I can't leave you alone. Besides, there's goin' to be a blizzard out doors."

"It ain't snowin' very bad now, Ma; an' I can stay with Sal."

"That baby? Well—we'll see," and Janice' mother returned to her washing.

Janice reached for a postcard from her bureau and read the verse again.

"Perhaps you think that you are dull
When you're ill,
When you watch the snow that falls
Softly, on the window sill;
But you can think, and dream, and plan, and be happy—yes, you can!
Just as if your feet were dancing,
Dancing still."

It was from her young doctor. She chuckled a little, and began again the restless tattoo of orchestra on her spread.

No morning had ever dragged more than that one. No afternoon had ever been so slow in progress. At last it was three o'clock, and Janice' mother was wearily buttoning on her flimsy coat to brave the blizzard.

"'Tain't like Jan to be so sellsh," she thought, a little puzzled, "but then the doctor says I ought to thank my lucky stars to have her still here!" Then aloud to little Sal she said, "Now, Sally, mind you don't let no one in till I come back. And watch that Janice don't try none of her tricks of wigglin' out of bed."

The door closed behind her and there was a long period of silence, during which Janice wiggled incessantly. Then came the pound of knocking at the door.

"Sal," called Janice, "That may be mother. Go open the door."

"Mother wouldn't knock," reasoned little Sal. "She has a key."

"Sal," coaxed Janice. "I think maybe it's a man with candy."

Sally went without further scruples.

Holstein was very much disgusted with himself for coming at all, especially after he was led into Janice' tiny, bare little room. Janice had been a good chorus girl; but this white-faced, red-haired child lying back on her pillows presented no possibilities to Holstein.

"How-d'you-do?" she asked nervously. "—Mr. Holstein, I've got a proposition to make to you. It's business."

"Hurry up then," said Holstein. "If you're wasting my time, you, you'll be sorry for it. What have you been doing?"

"Y'know the overture at the front of the whole thing, Mr. Holstein."

"I've heard it enough to know it—sure! Have yuh got me a new one?"

"I'm not fooling," pleaded Janice earnestly. "No, it's a good piece, all right, but you've only used it once."

"Well——"

"That—that 'Baby-love' song, y'know, that runs all through?"

"Yes?"

"Peppy, but kinder tiresome. Now if you kin cut out some of them Baby-loves an' put in the overture—"

"Who'll sing the overture, you?" asked Holstein suspiciously.

"Nobody," snapped Janice impatiently. "Just listen, Mr. Holstein. You know the third act, at the end—"

"Sure."

"—The winter scene where people come in sleigh bells to the inn—"

"You mean sleighs, I s'pose—"

"Sure. Well, y'know its kinder 'samey' all them people goin' in, one party after another, all doing some fool song or step—"

"Those are good steps there, you—"

"Oh, sure. But too many of em—joke, song, and dance; joke, song, and dance—all through just like that. D'you know what I mean?"

"I'm gettin' it," said Holstein. He leaned forward suddenly, eyes narrowing with interest. The color rose in Janice' thin cheeks. Her fingers began their tattoo.

"What would you give for a tip?" she asked breathlessly.

Holstein's face darkened. "Is that all?" he demanded.

"Oh, no, dearie," said Janice. "I haven't told you yet."

"What d'you mean?"

"Y' know now where yuh want it. But y' don't know what you want! Do yuh?"

"Maybe I can think it out," said Holstein cautiously.

"Yeah. An maybe y'can't. Come on, what do I get?"

"What's it for?"

Janice sobered suddenly and leaned back on the pillows.

"My brother Bill—the one who went for you this morning—what d'you think of him?"

"Out of a job?" questioned Holstein still suspicious.

"Not on your life. I said, 'What do you think of him?' But never mind. Anyway, he can play the organ. Oh, Mr. Holstein, you ought to hear him! He could be a real one some day, if he could get lessons. He took a few last fall, but he's given 'em up since I've been sick. Bills, y' know—an' he says there's no use him goin' on. Everythin's so high now. Well, I want enough money to give him another start. You've got plenty, an' you'll have more if you do what I tell you—"

"Hold on, there, kid. You haven't done anything yet to deserve this large fortune, so far's I kin see."

"Not yet—but I'm gonna make "Terry-O" a real one if you'll let me."

"Go on. It sounds all right."

"Mr. Holstein, will you pay me?"

"Not until I hear it."

Janice' color was higher than ever. Her eyes were snapping.

"Don't fool with me," she said tensely. "I'm not foolin' with you."

Holstein was impressed in spite of himself.

"Why, I guess I kin pay fer any real improvement," he ceded—"but a mere suggestion—"

"This here aint no 'mere suggestion.' I've got the whole act for you. Open that closet door please. Wider—it won't bite. Hand me the kid slippers on the shelf—to the left, stupid. There—thanks."

She pulled herself up with difficulty until she sat almost upright against the pillows.

"Gonna get up?" questioned Holstein uneasily. This second-row person was too quick for him.

"Don't get sassy," said Janice through her teeth. "Now listen here. Your sleighbells have all been an' gone, an all the people are inside laughin' an' talkin'."

"'Curtain'."

"No, that's tame. Wait a minute. The sky gets darker and the fiddles begin that overture thing. It begins to snow—get it?"

"Not yet—go on!"

"A little girl, all in white—not ballet—Greek, or somethin'—she comes forward sort of fluttery—like a snow flake—Say, Mr. Holstein—whistle the overture, won't you? Now look."

The soiled kid slippers in Janice' fingers began moving on the bed spread. They drifted across, poised, hesitated, drifted back again. The movement was repeated, it quickened. They danced, they flew, they whirled.

"Snow's comin' down out of a dark sky," explained Janice wth difficulty through tight lips. "—snow's comin' faster an' faster—it's a real blizzard fer a little while."

The slippers were gray flashes against the clean spread.

"—now it's easin' up a little—music softer —slower—slower—sky still dark, snow much slower—slower—"

The slippers drifted once across the bed spread, poised, hesitated; drifted back again, poised, hesitated; dropped with the last measure of the overture.

"Snow's stopped," said Janice, "dancer has fluttered off. Sky gets clear, maybe you kin get some stars to come out. Another sleighbell or two, 'n' curtain."

"Great stuff!" cried Holstein, almost as breathless as Janice. "Good girl!" He caught her hands.

"Then you've done away with one 'Babylove,'" went on Janice. "There wasn't no point in bringin' her in there, anyhow—an you kin get out a little more with choppin'. You've caught your end closer to your beginnin' with that overture. Get it in once more—just the music, I mean—at the very end, an' you're made. Too much pep, y' know, won't go. Too much waltz gets sickish. But that stuff—that's light and soft. Can't have too much of it. Variety—"

"Say, kid, you've said enough. Leave the rest to Sam 'n' me. You look kinder beat out—want a drink, er anythin'?"

"No, no. Will you take it?"

"You bet your young life I'll take it, little girl. I'll work it in tomorrow, talk it over with my brother, and you'll have your first installment Saturday—if all goes well. Who's the girl, by the way?"

"Why not Maidie?" suggested Janice, generously. "She's sort of more peaceful than the rest. Not so bouncing."

Holsten laughed.

"You want a glider, don't you?" he asked. "Well, I guess you're right. Sure you don't want a drink? Well, that's fine. Of course, you understand, you won't hear from me until I've worked this thing a little bit. But don't you worry, little kid. Don't see how you ever thought it up—steps 'n' all—right here in bed!"

"The snow," smiled Janice, pointing to the window. "I've had to watch it fer so long."

The grateful manager had a strange impulse to kiss her as he stood looking down at her thin flushed face and eager eyes. But it was business first with Holstein, always. Instead he took her hand and patted it.

"It'll make the show. Sam'll be tickled pink"—and he was gone.

The echoes of the music lingered in the room. Once more the slippers drifted slowly across the spread, poised, hesitated—and dropped to the floor.

Little Sal had been watching out the window. She ran to open the door for her mother.

"There's been a nice man here, Ma," she said excitedly. "Can I have some ice cream, too?—N—Jan—Jan—why, Ma, how quick she went to sleep!"

11 E

Russell Gerould '16

Really I never would have urged Archie so thunderingly hard to go to the fool wedding if I had known he was going to get so cut up about it. And things did turn out sort of rough for him, after all. But it was his own dear maiden aunt's half-sister's nuptials that were to be solemnized, and as dear auntie had us out to the most satisfying Sunday dinners in greater Boston and always was fixing up marvelous theatre parties and all that junk that rich aunties are useful for, I felt it quite vital that diplomatic relations should not be severed through any neglect on our part. However, it was some time before I could convince Archie that it was his bounden duty and all that. We roomed together and I felt more or less responsible for Arch, because he wasn't much of a social light and had to be poked up to gadding about a bit. I really couldn't have him make a bad family faux pas like this,—gross ingratitude, and all that; besides I didn't want to get cut off from my inheritance of Sunday dinners, for we were as close as collar and tie, so that should he fall from favor I couldn't very well keep my drag.

He maintained that he was no couch-cootie and that ladies always made him feel unnecessary, and that he wouldn't know how to act at a wedding, anyhow, and that no one but himself would know or care whether he was there or not and that he did care very strongly and didn't see why his feelings shouldn't be respected in a case like this. I finally brow-beat him out of all these and a lot more "ands", until with a sigh of relief and moistened forehead, at last I figured that his family honor and my Sunday dinners were safe.

Archie always was a serious minded cuss and this wedding business made him more so,—after it was over. But his serious mindedness wasn't at all practical, as I have often found to be the case with great thinkers and men of letters. That is to say, in more specific terms, Archie forgot all about the fact that he was expected to wear anything to the affair until he saw me injecting studs into my boiled breastplate.

"Sweet mother of mackerel!" he argued, "I can't go! My duds are at home and I haven't worn them for so long they would probably fit me too soon even if I had them here."

With great sang froid, avoirdupois, reconnaissance, and what not in the way of expression of intelligent superiority, I told him to borrow some glad rags and waste no time about it. I think I really frightened him into action. At any rate, by the time I was "rastling" with my tie Archie came back with an assortment. Had I not been quite occupied with my own troubles I think upon reflection that I should have been considerably amused at watching him fit himself to his collection. I was unreasonably incensed at my tie, however, and was quite sure it was Archie's fault for having a maid-

en aunt's half-sister's wedding or I probably would have thought how funny he looked in his composite evening clothes. He just seemed ridiculous at the time and not worth wasting breath on or about.

I finally got dressed and was beginning to coax my patience when he up's and out's with, "Sufferin' cats, but I haven't got any shoes!"

"You simple buzzard!" I sympathized.

"Well," he gloomed, "My low blacks are worn clean through, and I think I gave 'em away, anyhow,—and my high blacks are at the cobbler's. I've got some sneakers here. And here are some bed slippers—oh yes—some light tan issue army shoes!"

"Wear the issues," I snapped, sliding into my Burberry and placing my hand on the door knob. As Archie's pedal impedimenta rivaled Ichy Crane's scuttles—if you know that gentleman—I knew that borrowing would be useless as well as slanderous, and besides tempus was fudging.

It was quite a blow, but Archie didn't have a chance to ponder. He was soon clumping down the hall after me and we were off. When we got settled down on the train and he had a bit of time to reflect, Archie began to get a bad case of cold feet. I must admit that the shoes did look a bit jazzy, with the black trou and the snowy front and derby, and all that, you know. Every once in a while I got spells of hoping we wouldn't meet anyone we knew on the way, and that I could get separated from him when we got there. I was beginning to get ashamed of him, you know, for those shoes did look awfully noisy. Besides, he was beginning to get fidgety and seemed a trifle self conscious. He would tuck his feet down under the seat, until after a while he'd forget and out they'd pop. All of a sudden he would see them—just as though he had seen a ghost or snakes, or something, and he would get all fussed and fidget around some more,—tuck his feet back and look nervously around to see if anyone had been watching. Sometimes he would catch an amused glance, then he would get ridiculously red and puffy looking and stare straight ahead for five minutes at a time. It made me feel uneasy; I was afraid people would think I was with him or something.

He was evidently figuring how he could best get away with the situation, for after a while he confided in me that he had doped out a scheme. "I'll stand around the edge of things," he began, with a note of nascent hope in his voice. "If I keep my coat on my arm and let it drag down over my feet, they will be almost unobstrusive, don't you think?"

I didn't, but not wishing to dampen his prospects, answered as he wished. Having arrived at this decision, Archie became calm for a time, but it was not long before he got restless again, probably as he pictured new contingencies which might arise. He pulled his pipe out of his coat pocket and started chewing the stem viciously. "It's all your fault, anyhow," he growled in the same spirit, with no provocation at all.

Just then the conductor happened along and saw Archie with his pipe in his mouth. Really, the poor chap must have been born under an unlucky move of the Ouija board. "Young man," said the portly puncher of pasteboards, "I am very sorry, but you will have to take that pipe out of your mouth."

"But, sir," rejoined Arch, who was headed for law school and seized on every chance for laboratory work, "But, sir—you see I am not smoking."

"Well, you've got a pipe in your mouth, haven't you?" rejoined the prosecuting attorney.

I was becoming interested, but was hardly prepared for the force of my friend's final answering argument,—a superb specimen of argument by analogy.

"Yes indeed sir," Archie triumphed, "But I have shoes on my feet, sir, haven't I, and I'm not walking, am I?" And with that, as though to clinch the argument, he hoisted his feet and those shoes out from under the seat and almost waved them in the startled conductor's face. They both saw the feet at the same time—as did several innocent bystanders—and Archie put the pipe away very, very quickly—for some reason or other.

"Damn you, anyway!" he growled at me, quite without provocation.

Finally we neared our goal and the zero hour. At it was fairly dark by the time we arrived, we got up from the station almost inconspiciously. The wedding was such a huge affair that I began to believe with Archie that his plan might work. People were swarming everywhere on the big country estate: everybody was chattering like mad and so busy about nothing that you might just as well have been an ant in an ant hill for all the attention you drew. Archie verged on the buovant, but his hopes were due to be short lived.

At the end of the straightaway, once inside the house, we were met by an array of

butlers and second assistant butler candidates, arrayed in company front. Archie's stock went down ten points; I tried hard to appear aloof and disconnected from the situation. And it was well that I did, for Archie brought down upon his head the distinct disapproval of the entire squad. He actually entered into a spirited altercation with the ringleader of the outfit, who insisted that Archie should entrust his wraps to them and assured him politely but pityingly that it would be extremely gauche, should he do otherwise. But Archie was firm; the die was cast.

I trailed at a safe distance. At first I had feared that Archie would demand that I stick by him, but once in the arena he seemed to forget everything except himself. It was really quite amusing to watch him stumbling around over his coat tails. Every once in a while he would think that someone was watching him; then he would try to sink into the background in a most ridiculously awkward way, draping his coat nonchalantly over his feet and evidently trying to look like a palm or a vase, or something ornamental, you know. I was a bit sorry for him, but of course it was his own lack of forethought that brought it all on his head. I didn't see how I could help him out any, either, for there was no sense in my looking like a jack ass and I couldn't look ornamental—I mean like a palm or a vase, you know. Nobody seemed to be minding him much, although I caught a few amused stares directed in his wake.

After the ceremony I missed him for a time. Finally I found him in the room where the presents were laid out for exhibition, a gorgeous and costly array, representing I don't know how many dollars. Over in a corner by the silver stood Archie, fidgeting and uncomfortable looking. Every once in a while he would shift his coat around nervously and stalk back and forth in a hunted manner, if you know what I mean. A sallow looking man kept at his heels, almost trailing him, it seemed to me. Archie, who was aware of this, evidently thought the man was just rudely staring at him and several times seemed to be on the point of angrily accosting the stranger, but each time refrained. Finally Archie in embarrassed desperation began nervously handling some of the knives and forks.

Imagine my surprise, as well as Archie's, at this juncture to see "sallow-face" pounce on Archie and pin him against the wall. "Ah-hah, my man," he growled. "No you don't; not this time!" Two knives and a fork clattered to the floor; it was quite dramatic, but also quite beyond me. I tried to appear disconnected again, but Archie's pleas for help were too distressing. By this time a little audience had gathered, of course.

"Just because his shoes don't belong," I blurted, roused to angry sympathy, "You don't have to get sore about it and treat him like that. He's got a right to wear yellow kicks if he wants to." With that I made a dive to free Archie.

The stranger had a gun on me in a second. "Just you keep out of this," he said coolly, "This man was acting queer from the start. An' when I saw them shoes I knowed he was no weddin' guest, but just what I suspected. I was just waitin' for him to make for the silver. I'm a detective, see! And now come on, you!" he concluded, grabbing Archie by the collar.

I burst out laughing, but Archie couldn't seem to see the joke—which indeed was too bad, for really it was very amusing. Of course he had to be marched all over the house at the head of a curious and tittering procession until auntie could be found for purposes of identification. Archie was about as red as the shoes were tan, if you know what I mean.

As soon as he and auntie and the detective had straightened things out a bit Archie came tearing after me and insisted that we go home. Funny chap, Archie; I always like to stick a party out.

All the way home, too, he was very uncommunicative, if not even reticent,—and every once in a while he would mutter, "Curse you, anyhow!"—quite without provocation.

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

From "The Tales of a Wayside Inn"

Lillian Gleason '20

Winner of the Longfellow Medal

Longfellow planned his "Tales of a Wayside Inn" after the manner of the Italian poet, Boccaccio in "Decameron" and Chaucer in "Canterbury Tales." By the plan originated by Boccaccio and followed in turn by the English and American poets, the

author imagines a group of people gathered together, each of whom relates one or more stories for the entertainment of the company.

Neither of Longfellow's great prototypes brought together a more interesting group of story-tellers than did Longfellow, even though they were but a circle of his own friends, thinly disguised. The group consisted of the Landlord of the Wayside Inn, a Poet, a Spanish Jew, a Student, a Sicilian exile, a Theologian, and a Norwegian musician. The variety of nationalities and professions gave Longfellow opportunity to draw material from many sources; so we find legends from the "Talmud," Boccaccio's "Decameron," Danish folk-lore, writings of Marco Polo, and even from the early history of Massachusetts. Each of these stories appeals to some strong human emotion, such as love, hate, faith, patriotism, and religious zeal.

The latter is illustrated by "The Saga of King Olaf Tryggveson," which forms the third part of the "Heimskringla," an Icelandic record of the deeds of the Kings of Norway, written by Snorrus Sturleson, and translated into the English, some centuries later, by the scholar, Laing. It was from this source that Longfellow gathered his material for his "Saga of King Olaf."

According to the old Norse legends, Olaf was the son of King Tryggve of Norway, and his queen Astrid. After the murder of her husband by enemies, Astrid was forced to flee with her little son. A long period of exile followed, during which Olaf had been sold as a slave, had obtained his freedom, and followed the sea. Finally he was converted to Christianity by an old hermit. Immediately he turned his face to the Northland that he might spread the gospel of the "White Christ" among his people, and incidentally to recover his throne.

Olaf was the ideal hero of the old Norse Vikings. His prowess, his courage in battle, and his physical strength were qualities best loved and most revered by the flaxen-haired heroes of the North. Longfellow has caught the wild, free spirit of the Norsemen, and placed it on the lips of his musician. The "Saga" as Longfellow has written it, is but to be sung in the voice of a Northern gale. The poem gets its strength and vigor from the change of metre which varies according to the mood and action of the poem.

Longfellow wrote this poem before the other parts of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" except "The Challenge of Thor," which was published separately. When the plan for the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" was made, it was natural that Longfellow should associate the "Saga of King Olaf" with his friend, Ole Bull, the famous musician, who is scarcely disguised as the "blue-eyed Norseman," charming the company with strange old legends woven together by the music of his beloved instrument. One can almost hear the wild, defiant strains of the violin through the short impetuous lines of "The Challenge of Thor," dropping into a soft flowing under-tone with the description of "King Olaf's Return," and passing through the varying moods of the poem until it reaches a glorious, triumphal end with its message of Christianity.

Besides relating the old legends of the "Saga" because of their wonderful poetic possibilities, Longfellow has done even more. He has shown the trials that the young ruler had to undergo while converting his people. He has depicted not only the Christian zeal of Olaf, but also the natural instincts and characteristics of the Norsemen and blended them together into a perfect whole.

The poem itself is made up of several parts, each of which is a legend, telling of some incident in the life of King Olaf, and illustrating the fulfillment of his duties as a Christian missionary, and a ruler.

As Longfellow has drawn him, we see Olaf as a newly converted Christian, but with the impetuous spirit of his sea-faring ancestors still unsubdued. Although touched with the reality of the Christian religion, he followed his viking instincts and resorted to force in his methods of conversion.

Along with the characteristics of the freedom-loving Norseman, he inherited the old viking pride of his ships, and eagerness for the sea-fight. To illustrate this, Longfellow has given us the legends of "The Long Serpent," and Olaf's great sea-fight with Svend and his allies. This combat shows the delight and inspiration that any strong man feels in meeting a worthy foe. Although Olaf finally lost his life in this battle, he lost it as a vanquished hero.

The section that follows the story of the sea fight is in strong contrast, for the scene shifts to a peaceful cell in a cloister to which Astrid, the mother of Olaf, had retired as a nun. Here she received in the voice of St. John, the Divine, a message that answers the challenge to Christianity, not in defiant phrases, but with gentle words,—

"Cross against corselet!
Love against hatred
Peace-cry for War-cry
Patience is powerful
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations."

Such was the answer of Christianity to the heathen gods of King Olaf's time, and so it is today. Even though Olaf conquered by force, he was but a pioneer breaking the way for Christianity as best he knew. Are we not doing the same today with our strifes and factions, our unrest, and misdirected labor, siill pushing forward and accomplishing something, but not doing our best because we do not follow truly the teaching of the Great Master.

To me, this passage in the "Saga of King Olaf," is one of the finest messages of Christianity ever written. It gives the message of Christ's life in a few words, simple enough to be understood by anyone, and though Longfellow may not have realized the greatness of his interpretations, others cannot help be influenced by it.

Besides the story of the poem with its splendid ending, the work itself is the most artistic of any of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Throughout the poem there is vivid description, and one can almost sense the influence of Nature as felt by the Norsemen, who read in its changes the messages of their gods. Even Olaf read Thor's challenge in a thunder-storm,—

"The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind
Affrighting the nations."

Not only description gives artistic touch to the "Saga," but also the metre which varies according to the mood of the poem. With the opening lines, "The Challenge of Thor," the verses are short and concise,—

"I am the god, Thor,
I am the War god,"

while the section of the poem which tells Olaf's love story is written in a soft, flowing metre with a tender lilt to it,—

"A little bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri, the Fair
The sister of Svend the Dane."

Throughout the poem, Longfellow has caught the atmosphere of the old viking-life with the strife between the new religion and the old, with its customs and its pleasures. The last two are illustrated by King Olaf's Christmas, and the old method of protecting a ruler, for Kolbion, a member of his crew, is dressed as his leader in order to attract the foemen from Olaf.

Thus we see that Longfellow has used all devices for the perfection of the "Saga," description, metre, religion, and customs. Not only this, but he has also mingled the strength of the freedom-loving vikings with the gentleness of Christianity, balancing quality against quality after the manner of the Great Master-builder.

Thus I have been able to read "The Saga of King Olaf" with its wonderful tale of the Northland, with the theme of conversion to Christianity running through it. Is there any wonder, then, that I prefer this poem so fraught with its message to mankind, to any of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

THE GREAT ADVENTURE, III

Helen Coolidge '21

Meanwhile the psuedo lieutenant in the King's service reached the railroad station of the nearest town just in time to kick off his snowshoes and clamber on the baggage car. He stumbled over a suitcase that immediately poured forth an assortment of men's clothing. Seeing these clothes,—Britain realized the soaking condition of his newly-acquired uniform.

Several minutes later a suitcase was thrown out of the baggage car, and still later a young aristocrat, clad as the present fasion demanded of the upper class, strode into the foremost coach and seated himself with an air of possession. The fare was soon paid from the fat wallet found in one of the pockets of Mr. Rudolph Corstorphine, who a card in the same wallet informed Britain was the owner of the clothes.

"Corstorphine," thought Britain as he gazed at his monogrammed cuff links, "I must have a new name—Corstorphine. Coster, Chester, Christopher! O! Good morning Mr. Christopher!"

The new Mr. Christopher, once Franz La Bon, born Arthur Britain, took the packet out of his inside coat pocket and proceeded to investigate.

"To be delivered to
Mr. Rudolph Corstorphine,
2150 William Street, Montreal,
at noon, Dec. 11, ," he read.

"Oh my holy aunt, what a muddle!" poor Britain gasped. "Well, one thing's certain —some of the stolen clothes must be discarded before I see him!" Carefully replacing the packet, supplying himself with magazines and sandwiches, Britain settled down to while away the time to Montreal. But his curiosity was aroused by a dirty book wedged between the seat and the side of the car. He jerked it out, and was scornfully turning the pages of the ancient novel when he unconsciously became interested in the life history of Orphelia, the dishpan queen, who fell heiress to untold millions. He was deep in the story when an underlined letter attracted his attention. He discovered another and still another. Taking a monogrammed pad and pencil out of the ever resourceful pockets of the kind Mr. Corstorphine, Mr. Christopher amused himself by copying the message of the greasy novel. The message copied, the book followed the suitcase.

This is what he wrote: "You are sitting in first coach, sixth seat forward, as instructed. Find Arthur Britain—five feet eleven, thin, hair and eyes brown, nose straight, chin square, full curved lips, good teeth, scar upper right cheekbone, large hands, masquerading as Bonsch. Follow. Meet Balgar and gang on lower Wood St. then sandbag Britain on Will St., get papers inside coat and bring me at two on steps of Pleasure theater. Look out for C and daughter. Hurry."

Britain felt very weak and incapable beside this strong force that was working against him. With his life in the balance, he exerted his brains to their utmost capacity to devise a scheme that would foil his pursuers.

But he was given no more time for planning, for a beautiful, young stranger slipped breathlessly into the seat beside him. He stiffened and began reading his newspaper. She dropped her purse, and in giving it back to her, he had a glimpse of lovely started eyes. "What was the matter?" he asked himself. She was anxiously scanning the seat, then she raised her head and seemed to be counting the seats in front of her.

"Montreal next," bellowed the conductor.

The face of the stranger beside him blanched with terror, her hands groped for help, her whole figure swayed to and fro. She half rose, dropping her muff as she did so. Instantly the sharp report of a revolver rent the air, and the stranger vanished. Confusion reigned. Everyone thoughtlessly asked questions. Trainmen hurried back and forth. The muff and revolver were seized. Explanations were offered. In the midst of it all the train reached Montreal, and Britain thankfully made his escape.

Hurrying through the huge station, he thought he saw the young stranger sobbing in the arms of a cruel-looking woman. A few minutes later, he was sure he saw them attended by a man whose face was marked with every evil of passion.

"I suppose," he muttered, "that's the way those Germans treat their women."

Once in Montreal walking down a street in the morning sunshine, Britain felt conscience-stricken, but only for a moment, for he saw the evil-faced man of the station come out of the house opposite Britain, hail a cab, and hurry away.

Meanwhile Birks and the real La Bon had peacefully continued their journey, and were, at that minute, eating a substantial meal at a railroad station lunch counter. The supposition that they were observed had proved to be only the eyes of a starved wildcat peering at them in the dark.

Britain, awakened instantly by the sight of the man, asked a policeman where William Street was. He was sarcastically informed that he must be an idiot for "that there" was William Street. Seeing the welcome sign of "Hotel Wilhelm," Britain walked in, engaged a room under the name of Mr. Christopher, and after a sumptuous meal, retired and slept until the next morning.

His spirits revived, he proceeded to follow his carefully thought out plan. He discarded Mr. Corstorphine's monocle, hat, tie, gloves, spats, and monogrammed property, and bought himself a cap. He fastened the packet inside his coat with huge safety-pins. Then he went out and patrolled the street. The outside of No. 2150 seemed undisturbed, and Britain met no one but a postman. At exactly quarter of twelve, he went down an alley behind No. 2150 and forced his entrance into the kitchen. No one was there, and investigation into the pantry revealed no food. Did no one live there? Stepping into the hall he heard voices.

"You slobbering swine of an Englishwoman,—you had my orders, you—you—."

"Father, you are a loyal American citizen!"

"Corstorphine—wait."

"Shut up, Schneider."

"Stop, Kohlrausch!"

"Julia, you were to find Balgar's book and bring it to me. You did not. Now you—."

"Herr Kohlrausch, you promised—that is I was to have Fraulein Julia."

"Father!" the voice rose to a shriek.

"Fools! Devils! They have it now. You failed. Julia is not for you."

Britain heard the heavy tread of an angry man, and the shouts of a foiled mob in the street. Necessity steeled the boy for the combat he knew was to come. He locked the front door and telephoned for the police to come in by the back door, and also to send a strong force on William Street. Then he resumed his post at the keyhole.

"You Englishwoman, you are not my child. You think I would own to you but as a step-child. You mistake yourself. You lie. You failed me—you traitor. Now Schneider if you want her you pay for her and pay well at that. Ach, you want her! But she wants Bonsch, that dear La Bon. Ach, he is faithful to our fatherland. But Julia, yes, yes, you will be Schneider's for he will pay. Ach, Julia I lof you. Come kiss your goot papa bye-bye." The harsh gutteral laugh that followed this tirade determined Britain.

With his blood boiling, he threw open the door, and rushed in with the police at his heels. He caught Julia Corstorphine, the stranger of the train, as she fainted. Herr Rudolph Kohlrausch, and Schneider, the evil man of the station, were seized by the police. Kohlrausch, his lips fallen, his eyes protruding, his skin the color of putty, glared at the packet that was held before him by Britain.

"Gott im Himmel," shrieked the spy.

(To be Continued)

ALUMNI NOTES

'98 Donald C. Barnes is manager of the electric division of the Puget Sound Traction, Light & Power Co., Seattle, Wash.

'01 Harry S. Foster is executive cost accountant with the Moore Drop Forging Co., Springfield, Mass.

'01 Irving N. Sinnell is American Consul at Plymouth, England.

'02 Clifford M. Holland is chief engineer in construction of the proposed $12,000,000 tunnel under the Hudson River from Canal Street to the Jersey Shore.

'05 Major Louis Grandgent has received a citation for "distinguished and exceptional gallantry" and a commission as major of reserves.

'07 Arnold W. Sohee is in the Foreign Department of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank, New York City.

'08 Morton S. Robbins is in the pulp sales department of the G. H. Mead & Co., Dayton, Ohio.

'10 Wallace O. Fenn is doing research work in the Harvard Medical School.

'10 The engagement of Edward H. Marrett to Helen G. Riese of Somerville has been announced. Marrett was a First Lieutenant in Battery A, 101 Field Artillery, A. E. F.

'11 Clifford Wood, Jr. is assistant to the Comptroller of the Sever Brothers Co., soap and glycerine manufacturers, Cambridge.

'12 Le Baron R. Briggs, Jr. formerly a First Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps, A. E. F. is now with the Eastern Manufacturing Co., Bangor, Me.

'15 William Richmond has left Connecticut Wesleyan to take a position as assistant secretary of the National Fire Protection Association.

'15 Edwin C. Whittemore is with Marshall-Jones Co., book publishers, at 212 Summer St., Boston.

'16 The annual play of the Pi Eta Club at Harvard was written by Russell Gerould '16. The name of the play was "Al Fareedah." Lauriat Lane and Richard Place had parts. Russell had a prominent role in the play.

'18 Ida Horblit has a staff position of the Beacon, the monthly paper of the College of Liberal Arts at Boston University.

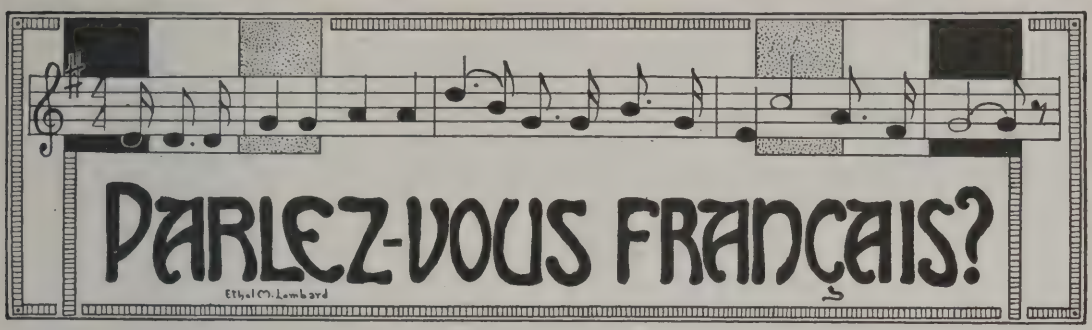
'18 Grace MacGarvie is private secretary to Colonel N. C. Jones, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C.

'18 Jack Collier is rowing bow on the Harvard Freshman Crew.

'18 Hester Pratt will graduate from Miss Wheelock's School in Brookline and then will teach kindergarten.

'19 Rosamond Coolidge took part in the Freshman Play at Radcliffe.

'19 Richard Gerould has won several scholarships at Exeter.



LE MONT-SAINT-MICHEL

Le Mont-Saint-Michel est une masse de granit en forme de cône. Anciennement il était entièrement isolé, mais en 1879 on construisit une digue de pierre longue d'un kilomètre qui joint le mont au rivage. La base du mont a une circonférence de trois kilomètres et est entourée par des remparts, des tours, et des créneaux du seizième siècle. Sur la pente au sud il y a une petite ville à laquelle une seule porte donne entrée.

Le mont était l'ancien 'Mont Tumba,' une élévation au sommet de laquelle était un temple des Druides; mais une inondation submergea tout le mont au septième siècle. En 709 Saint Aubert y fonda une abbaye qui devint un sanctuaire des pèlerins. Au douzième siècle cette abbaye était célèbre pour sa bibliothèque et pour l'érudition de ses moines. Les soldats de Philippe Auguste brûlèrent l'abbaye en 1203. Après, on rebâtit les édifices, qui résistèrent victorieusement aux assauts des Anglais et des Huguenots. Pendant la Révolution on la dépouilla et la fit servir comme prison politique.

A présent le Mont-Saint-Michel est classé parmi les monuments historiques de France. Couronné d'une masse imposante d'édifices monastiques, il se dessine à l'horizon, le point le plus frappant du paysage.

Extraits d'une lettre d'une jeune Francais, ecrite au mois de mars.

....Comment nous avons passé la nuit de Noël!....car pour réveillon, nous avons eu l'inondation. Notre ville de Nancy cependant est située à plus de cinq cents mètres de la Meurthe, mais les montagnes des Vosges ayant été deboisées par les suites de la guerre, les neiges ont fondu brusquement et la Meurthe ayant dépassé le niveau des égouts a laissé passer les infiltrations. Nous avons été avertis le 24 décembre à neuf heures du soir car que l'on craignait les inondations; Maman ne voulut pas y croire cela ne produisait jamais. Pourtant une demi-heure plus tard tout de même inquiète, elle était descendue à la cave et trompée par la couleur du sol avait les pieds dans l'eau. Elle nous appela et chacun aida à monter un peu de légumes et un peu de chauffage. Il y a une mètre trente d'eau dans les caves et pendant deux jours nous fûmes condamnés à rester chez nous car l'eau arrivait devant notre porte. Heureusement que la maison est élevée de six escaliers car il y aurait eu de l'eau au rez-de-chaussée. Maman lava et sècha toutes nos pommes de terre qui, cependant, ne se conservent ppas. Mais malgré cela nous ne sommes pas tant à plaindre que bien des personnes de notre quartier qui eurent toute leur literie inondée; pour ces personnes-là c'est un vrai désastre car leur logements ne sont plus sains et beaucoup de gens furent malades à la suite de l'humidité.

Un jour, dans une classe du premier semestre, une des élèves lisait la phrase française: "J'ai vu les garçons; ils sont grands." En la traduisant en anglais elle a dit: "I have seen the boys; they are grand!" C'est très naturel, n'est-ce pas? — Ex.

La Professeur.— Y a-t-il quelque chose que vous pouvez mieux faire que personne?

L'eleve — Oui, je peux lire ma propre écriture. — Ex.

— Hé! dis donc, Justin, est-ce que tu dors?

— Qu'est-ce que tu voudrais, si je ne dormais pas?

— Que tu me prêtes dix francs pour aller demain à la foire.

— Je dors. — Ex.



They came and they went and with them went the "bacon" not to mention the one hundred odd supporters who came with them. That in a nut-shell is the Cambridge-Everett Debate which resulted in one of the best debates heard in the Latin School hall for many years.

Although our encounter with Everett was by far the most important event during the last few months, nevertheless it was not the only activity in the debating circles of the school. The Freshmen and Sophomores had another debate, (the second this year), in which the Sophomores won by a small margin. It was one of the best debates staged by the underclassmen within the last two or three years, due to the enthusiastic support which debating is receiving from the Freshmen and Sophomores. The subject was, Resolved: that immigration should be restricted for five years. The winners had the affirmative; the Freshmen upheld the negative. The latter class was represented by I. Duchin, L. King and M. Drake, with Duchin handling the rebuttal, while R. Fitzgerald, Wm. Bunyon, and A. King made up the Sophomore team. Dick Fitzgerald of the Sophomores was easily the best speaker while A. King and I. Duchin were a tie for second choice honors. The judges, Mr. Glasheen, Nathaniel Simmons, '21, and Albert Sievers, '22, rendered the decision by a ballot vote. Thomas Bunyon, Boston College, '21, was chairman while Frank Thomas, '22 and David Dow, '23 were the timekeepers.

The Liberty Medal Prize Speaking Contest will be held for the third time on May 14th. The date for the trials has not yet been decided upon, but will probably be in the latter part of April. So much interest has been shown this year in prize-speaking that the coming contest is bound to be a great success.

Alhough a debate had been arranged with Arlington this school has withdrawn from debating us, and as it is rather late in the year, we feel that it is not advisable to arrange another interscholastic contest. We feel that the team has given a good account of itself although, as with all other things, it might have done better. Our average of having broken even with Quincy and been defeated by Everett by no means shows the strength of the team, for in both defeats we lost two judges to one, while our victory was a unanimous one.

The long postponed Durrel Cup Debate is to take place on May 28th in the Latin School Hall. On account of the other intervening activities in the school it was thought wisest to schedule this debate late in May instead of in March or April. However the postponing of the debate will in no way dampen the enthusiasm shown by the contestants. The trials will probably take place on April 30. As the Plumb Plan for the Government ownership of railroads is practically defeated it is thought best to choose a subject that is more appropriate and of universal interest in the school rather than the Plumb Plan which was at first decided upon.

The Clawjhowja Bustofe '21 held another dance with their usual success on March 14th. This club is getting the reputation of being one of the most successful in the school.

The Everett Debate

One of the closest, most interesting, and exciting debates, which ever took place in the Latin School Hall, was held on February 20 with Everett High School. Everett presented a very eloquent team which managed to win a two to one decision over our boys.

Not only did Everett bring a winning team, but over one hundred students accompanied them besides the Girls' Glee Club, which sang before and after the debate itself.

Professor Hanus of Harvard University was chairman while Kenneth C. Avery, Everett '22 and William P. Bunyon, Cambridge '22 were the timekeepers. Everett was represented by Albert Vanderhoof '20, Theodore Von Rosenvinge '20, and Carl J. Wennerblad '20 with Wennerblad as rebuttal speaker. The Cambridge team was composed of Paul E. Rowe '20, George A. McLaughlin, rebuttal speaker, and Edward A. Sawin. The alternates were: Joseph D.

McDonagh for Everett and Arthur G. King for Cambridge. The question was Resolved: that the United States should adopt the Smith-Towner Bill providing for the federalization of education. Everett had the affirmative; we upheld the negative.

The first Everett speaker, Albert Vanderhoof, presented a very finished and eloquent speech which was evidently learned by heart. It was noticeable that none of the Everett speakers consulted any notes whatsoever except in the rebuttal. Most of Vanderhoof's time was occupied in outlining the affirmative case and explaining the bill itself and all of its sections. As the bill was presented to the satisfaction of the affirmative Paul E. Rowe, the first Cambridge speaker immediately presented the case of the negative in the denouncing of this bill. He contended that our present educational system has not failed and therefore we do not need such a radical move; moreover he claimed that systems similar to the Smith-Towner bill have failed, and again that this is a poor time to consider such a plan.

Theodore Von Rosenvinge sounded the key note of Everett's whole case when he declared in exact opposition to the negative that this bill is necessary because our present educational systems have failed! Thus began a series of arguments which made the debate the best for a long time. One side would hardly have declared something to be true before the other side had contradicted it. In such cases it was a matter of deciding which of the authorities cited should be accepted.

George A. McLaughlin, our second speaker delivered a very forceful argument in which he declared that the bill is unconstitutional (an argument which Everett failed to meet), that would open the educational department to politics, and that it is a step nearer an autocratic government.

Carl J. Wennerblad, Everett's last speaker, maintained that this would financially help the country and re-echoed the fact that the bill was necessary. He was easily Everett's most forceful and brilliant speaker and probably the best of the evening.

Edward A. Sawin of Cambridge concluded the negative case by reiterating the point that the bill was not necessary and maintaining that the bill was in every aspect financially unsound and that the only part of the country which would be benefited by this bill was the South and this was at the expense of the rest of the country.

The teams then retired for ten minutes to prepare their rebuttals. McLaughlin in his rebuttal maintained that the illiteracy was not nearly so bad as Everett claimed it to be. He also claimed that the bill was not necessary.

Wennerblad rendered his rebuttal with many gestures but in a forceful manner. He defended the affirmatives, stand concerning illiteracy and once more declared that the bill was necessary. He also defended the financial aspect of the question.

The judges by a ballot vote gave the debate to Everett.

Thus ended one of the most spirited debates in which a Cambridge team ever took part.

Among the Debaters

Although Everett was able to bring one hundred supporters to Cambridge, we feel that Cambridge was well supported, too, for we had three or four hundred pupils rally to our support. The debating team extends its hearty thanks to the school for the support received at the debate.

A new and very successful timekeeping system was attempted at the debate. Instead of the old method of ringing a bell—which is often not heard at all—two boys (one from each school) sit in the front row, one standing up when the speaker has but two minutes left in which to talk and both when the speaker's time is up.

It would be a good idea for those intending to contend for the Liberty Medal to "keep their eyes open" for a piece to speak at the contest and thus avoid the mad rush to the library at the very last moment which often results in choosing a poor piece.

The Girls' Glee Club at Everett must be quite a popular club with the boys.

We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Whoriskey and the orchestra for the excellent musical program they furnished.

It is interesting to note that the three boys who were on the Everett debating team were Seniors, so when they meet us next year they will have quite a job to find three such excellent speakers.

Everett debated with Salem High, on the same night as our debate, taking the negative of the question—and won.

The underclassmen don't want to get discouraged and stay out of the Liberty Medal Prize Speaking Contest. They must remember that the two winners of the boy's prize have been Sophomores.



HOCKEY

Latin vs. Pomfret

Cambridge Latin School defeated Pomfret High School on the latter's rink by the score of 8—2. As usual, the brilliant passing game of the Latin boys featured the contest. Foley, the Cambridge center-man, was the individual star caging 4 goals. He was ably assisted by the Zarakov brothers who scored two apiece. Our boys lined up as follows: Brennan, l. w.; I Zarakov, r; Foley, c; B. Zarakov, r. w.; Sayward, c. p.; McGowan, p; Fitzgerald, g.

Latin vs. Arlington

Latin School added another victory to its long list by taking the Arlington boys into camp by an 8—2 score. The game was played at the Cambridge Pavilion. The Cambridge boys found little opposition from the Arlington team, and scored almost at will. As usual "Sonny" Foley was the star of the game, but he was ably assisted by the whole team. Johnny Fitzgerald made several brilliant stops. The game was played with six men teams. The lineup:

Latin	Arlington
I. Zarakov (Brennan) l. w.	r. w., Lynch
Foley, c.	c., Bomer
B. Zarakov (Cronin) r. w.	l. w., Hardy (Tobin)
Sayward (Culhane) c. p.	c. p., Crosby
Tobin (MacGowan) p.	p., Sheehan
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Murphy

Latin vs. Brookline

Cambridge defeated Brookline 10—2 in a rather listless game at the Cambridge Pavilion. The Brookline boys did not provide much opposition for the powerful Cambridge combination. Sayward, Brennan, and Culhane played exceptionally well for Cambridge. The lineup:

Latin	Brookline
Brennan (Foley) l. w.	r. w., Leonardi (Walsh)
Foley (I. Zarakov) c.	c., Conroy
B. Zarakov (Cronin) r. m.	l. w., Duane
Sayward (Tobin) c. p.	c. p., M. Casson
Culhane (MacGowan) p.	p., Johnson
Fitzgerald, g.	g., H. Casson

Latin vs. Newton

In the deciding game of the interscholastic series, Newton defeated Latin School in an overtime game by 4 goals to 3. The Newton team had more stamina at the end of the contest, and Capt. Crosby poked in the winning goals with only 50 seconds to play.

The game was closely fought all the way through, with Cambridge holding a slight advantage in the first two periods. Cambridge scored first on a long shot by "Barney" Zarakov. Newton evened things up a moment later only to have Cambridge come back and score again. In the third period Cambridge led 3—2, but here Crosby got a goal past Fitzgerald after a scramble in front of the net. The regular three periods ended in a tie and it was not until late in the second overtime period that Newton won.

Johnny Fitzgerald played a wonderful game for Cambridge at goal, making 22 stops as against 10 for Leonard of Newton. The lineup:

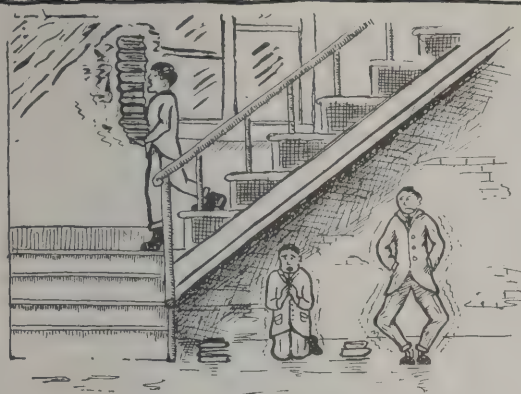
Latin	Newton
Foley, l. w.	r. m., Ayles (Harris)
I. Zarakov, c.	c., Crosby
B. Zarakov (Brennan) r. w.	l. w., Coady (Macomber)
Sayward, c. p.	c. p., Hodder
Culhane (B. Zarakov) p.	p., Sly (Crosby)
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Leonard

CREW

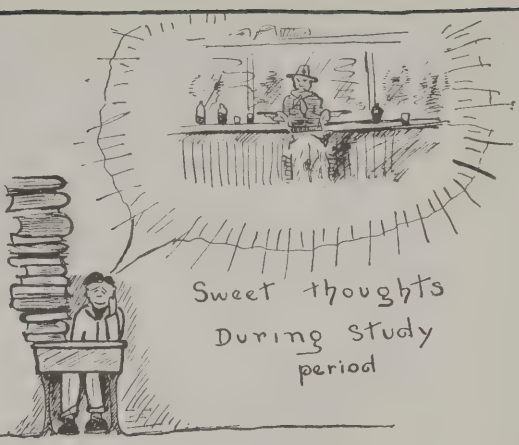
Candidates were called out March 1 and have been working out since at the Newell boat house. Candidates who have shown some promise are: Skinner, Smith, Anderson, and Manach. The annual regatta will be held on the Charles River, June 8 and 10. Other races in prospect are with Browne & Nichols, Pomfret, and Tech. Freshman.

SWIMMING

For the first time in four years, Cambridge Latin was represented by a swimming team. Led by Capt. Ray McKeever the team put up a very creditable showing, considering the difficulties with which they had to contend.



Victor O. La & Grafon O. La — two brothers. That awful moment when they should be in recitation



Sweet thoughts During Study period



Scenes at Everett-C.H.L.S Debate



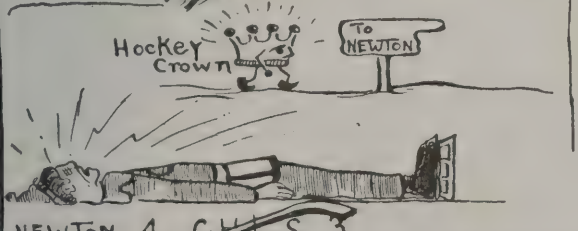
Wennerblad..... taking his physical exercise



G. McLaughlin brought a library along with him.



Prof. Hanus says:—"At one time I was principal of a High School, I am only a Prof. at Harvard now."



NEWTON 4 C.H.L.S. 3



High School Today.

G. Moloney.

Although losing to Boston English and Huntington, the boys made up for it by defeating the strong B. C. H. team.

Capt. McKeever in the 20 and 40 yds., Rapport in the plunge, Eisenhauer in the dive, and Murphy and Sayward in the 100 and 200 were the steadiest performers. Eisenhauer and Rapport were awarded C's at the end of the season.

BASEBALL

The losing of the championship in both football and hockey by defeats at the hands of Newton proved an incentive rather than a drawback for the possibility of a baseball championship. An army of baseballers, would-bes and have-beens, responded to Coach McDonald's call for candidates. A fast, hard-hitting infield seems to be the nucleus of a strong team. Foley, a veteran of the Jay, O'Connor, Vickers championship team, three years ago, will probably hold down third base. Captain Cote at short-stop, and Hurley, Cronin, or Dambrosio at second, will cover the middle of the infield, while McGowan, a veteran of two seasons, will again cavort around first. Among the individuals who are endeavoring to relieve Coach McDonald's anxiety over the pitching problem are Vickers, McCrehan, Emery, Foster, Wadden, and Nichols. The outfield will probably be built around I. Zarakov and Culhane. "Punk" Gotro will handle the catching department, and in case of an accident "Issi" Zarakov will shift from the outfield to behind the bat.

TENNIS TEAM

Because of the great enthusiasm which has been aroused in the school for tennis, a tennis club has been formed from which a team of four will be picked.

The first meeting of the club was held on March 23, in which the plans for the coming season were discussed. On Friday, March 26, the following officers were elected: President, R. Estabrook; Secretary, A. Sherrill. A tennis tournament will take place during the week of April 5, in which all boys in the school are eligible.

It is planned to have an interscholastic match every Saturday. Quincy, Newton, Somerville, and Browne and Nichols will probably be included in our schedule.

This is the first year that a tennis club has been formed in this school but there is no doubt that it will be a great success. The club will hold a dance about the last of May.

The captain and manager of the school team will be chosen entirely on merit with no regard of their standing in the Club.

The team is coached this year by Mr. Egbert, a champion of the University of Michigan, and a man of great experience in high school and college tennis. It is expected also that such men as R. Norris Williams will give talks to the Club.

CANTAB NOTES

Well, it's up to the baseball team to break that Newton jinx!

"Sonny" Foley surely has played great hockey this last winter. "Sonny" although the smallest member of the team was the most brilliant performer.

Johnny Fitzgerald deserves a great deal of praise for his work this season. Johnny proved himself to be the best goaltender of the season.

Barney Zarakov sure has some eye for the net. Barney scored all our tallies against Newton in the championship game.

Now that football and hockey are over, "Izzi" Zarakov will turn his attention to baseball. Some athlete, we'll say!

Warren Cote has been elected to lead this year's baseball team. Cote will probably play short-stop.

John Tobin and Leonard McGillivray are football and baseball managers, respectively.

Coach MacDonald had over 50 candidates report to him for baseball. Among that number are 12 pitchers.



Since the last "Review" came out the G. A. A. has held a—well we might call it an encouragingly animated meeting, and has put out its first issue of that original paper known as the "Periscope."

The meeting occurred in the hall on Wednesday, March 17. The question of the dance orders for the Boy Dance was put before the house, and it evoked many interesting opinions. Some brave damsels stood up for the young gentleman, claiming that he might not want to dance with the young lady whom his partner had picked out. But there are two ways of looking at any subject, and the statement that young ladies frequently have to dance with someone for whom they have no particular preference, brought forth great applause. To Miss Brown, who suggested a compromise, we owe the solving of our difficulties. Following her suggestion, the dance orders will be given out before the dance, and those who wish to do so may fill them out with the exception of about three dances to be saved until the evening of the dance. Only Seniors, Juniors, and those who have been in school three years may come to the Boy Dance, which this year comes on April 10.

As to Monsieur Periscope, he made the acquaintance of many G. A. A. girls in his first appearance, but he wants to meet more. Get out your banks or bank books, as the case may be, and see if you can not find ten stray pennies for five issues of the G. A. A. paper. Consider it a part of your duty, G. A. A. girls, to support the paper with your subscription, and to contribute to the literary or cartoon departments. Subscriptions may be obtained from Esther Masse, room 95; Mary Killam, room 70; or Ruth Norman, room 65.

Did you see those splendid basketball games played by the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Seniors? They were thrilling, too. If we were not wondering if that ball would ever stop rolling around the rim of the basket, we were probably waiting in anxious suspense to see who was fatally wounded in a headlong plunge toward the piano. The Freshmen and Sophomores had more girls out to practice than the upper classes and their work has certainly been exceptionally good. The captains are as follows: seniors, Eleanor Fuller; sophomores, 1st team, Margaret Bacon, 2nd team, Ruth Norman; freshmen, 1st team, Elizabeth Putnam, 2nd team, Bessie Gruber. They all ought to be proud of their teams which have shown such ability.

Unfortunately Alice Wright was taken sick soon after her appointment to the Exec. Committee, and she has left school for this year. Dorothy Rand, a junior, has been chosen to take her place.

Johnny—Can you define space?

Tommy—I have it in my head, but I can't express it.—Ex.

———

Man at the door—"I've called to tune your piano, Miss."

Young lady—"But I didn't send for you. I didn't tell you my piano needed tuning."

Man—"No, but the neighbors did."—Ex.

———

"Yus," said Bill, "It were superstition made me marry my misses."

How's that?

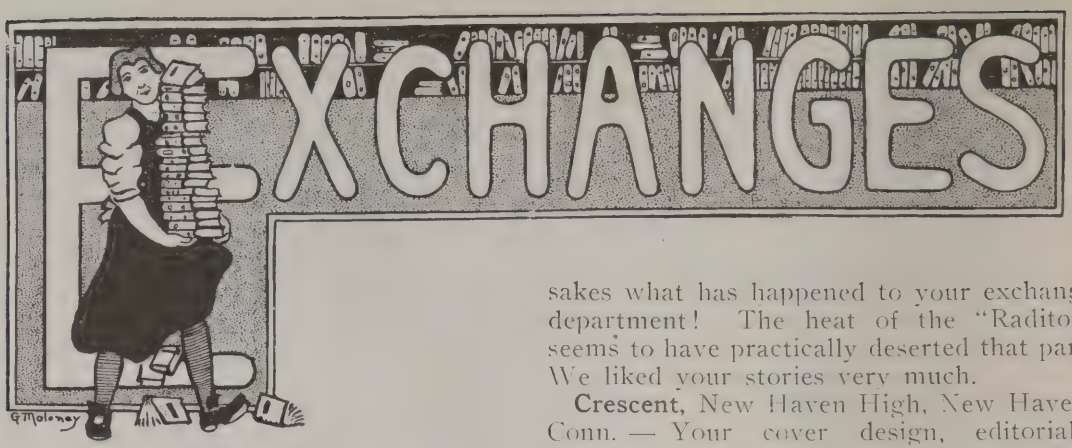
"Why, it were a toss up twixt her and Mary Jane. One day, I was walkin' along, thinkin' which one I'd have, when I see a cigar lying on the ground. I picked it up, and blessed if it didn't say on it Hav-anna. So I had her."—Ex.

———

A minister in a small town placed a placard giving the subject of his services, in front of his church.

Subject for morning service—"The Devil."

Subject for evening service—"Be not afraid, it is I."—Ex.



"THE GRAND REVIEW"

Everett High Clarion, Everett, Mass.—We liked the interesting way in which the news in your weekly is written up. The Clarion is essentially a school paper.

Archon, Dummer Academy, S. Byfield, Mass.—The editorial "College Education" contains more truth than poetry. All the stories in your Literary Department were good, but they are all of a serious nature. We suggest a humorous sketch for your next issue. Evidently you are an exchange departmentless paper. We wish you would at least acknowledge exchanges. Perhaps later you may desire to criticize us.

The Forum, Lockport High, Lockport, N. Y.—If Jazzers was exceutionally clever and quite modern. We were quite surprised to find such a jazzy poem (?) in the "Forum," the dignified "Forum" of the Empire State. The prize story was good. Local news and exchanges were well written up. More stories would add interest to your paper.

High School News, Beaumont, Texas.—We enjoyed seeing what happened in Texas in January. We noticed you didn't have any ice hockey games or sleigh parties. Your business manager is wide awake all right if your many ads. are any proof. But you know, there is something you lack—good, snappy stories. Your editorials are just splendid, but we think your paper might be more attractively arranged.

The Voice, Concord High, Concord, Mass.—"The Message of Death" was uttered in a sad, tragical tone of "Voice." We enjoyed it very much. Your editorial was sensible. However, your "Voice" could be made much louder and more forcible by better written up reports, and by more stories and jokes.

Radiator, Somerville High, Somerville, Mass.—The Editorial Page of the "Radiator" radiates good, warm articles. The one on books is very creditable. For mercy sakes what has happened to your exchange department! The heat of the "Raditor" seems to have practically deserted that part. We liked your stories very much.

Crescent, New Haven High, New Haven, Conn. — Your cover design, editorials, stories, and "Goose Quill" are fine. The Girls' Department has great possibilities if further developed. In jokes you seem to be as deficient as we.

Mirror, Pratt, Kansas.—We enjoy your paper ever so much. The "Mirror" does its duty and reflects everything in a most professional way. Congratulations on your exchange list and your editorials. None of your staff is asleep.

Habit, Charles City, Iowa.—You have some real jokes. Your story "Pioneer Days" has created the desired suspense. Hurry up with your next issue.

Tech Life, Springfield, Mass.—Your prize stories were the best we have read yet. The news in your paper was well reported.

Academy Journal, Norwich, Conn.—Was it a typographical error which attributed "The Colonel's Moment" to the "Westminster Review" instead of the "Cambridge Review?"

Sassamon's News department is real newsy. Its editorials are exceptional and rarely found in most school papers. What a variety of stories you have! They all showed well developed talent.

VOICES FROM AFAR

The Cambridge Review:

Parlez-Vous Francais is the interesting feature of this paper.

"Monitor," Wellesley, Mass.

Your paper is very good, especially your literary department, but it smacks a little too much of self-conceit. (Please explain.)

"Purple & Gold," Milton, N. H.

Who did you say that bright, glowing individual was? Oh, the Christmas number of "The Cambridge Review" and as attractive on the inside as on the outside. We admire exceedingly the way in which your Exchanges are written up. We think that if other magazines followed your example of more short, snappy stories, their books would be much more interesting. Come

again, we would like to "review" you some more.

"Forum," Lockport, N. Y.

You have a fine all-round paper.

"Sassamon," Natick, Mass.

The "Crocus" says "The Cambridge Review" has stories both numerous and excellent.

"The Echo," Dubuque, Ohio, says we are a literary contribution. Why not create new departments? Please criticize us.

Christmas number is an interesting exchange. Your headings on each page are very well done.

High School Journal, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

"Broctonia" says—"The Cambridge Review" is to be complimented upon its excellent Exchange Department. We certainly did enjoy reading your Christmas number, which was one of the best exchanges we have received. Judging from the Debating column, Cambridge High must be strong for debating. The cartoons were particularly interesting, and the stories give your literary depatment a high standard.

The Cambridge Review, Cambridge, H. S., suits its name to perfection. The athletic department is splendid. The material could be better arranged. The cartoons are good, but all of them portray members of the opposite sex. Why?

Julia Richman High, New York, N. Y.

The Review says "Thank You" to the following:

Academy Journal, Norwich Academy, Norwich, Ct.
Archon, Dummer Academy, S. Byfield, Mass.
Broctonia, Brocton High, Brocton, Mass.
Blue Owl, Attleboro High, Attleboro, Mass.
Blue Bird, Julia Richman High, New York City.
Brown Alumni Monthly, Providence, R. I.
Bulletin, Montclair High, Montclair, N. J.
Crocus, Mitchell High, Mitchell, S. Dakota.
Carolinean, C. H. S., Denton, Md.
Chara-De-Lix, Norwich, N. Y.
Crescent, New Haven High, New Haven, Conn.
Electric Sparks, Milwaukee School of Engineering.
Echo, St. John's University, Shanghai, China.
Everett High Clarion, Everett, Mass.
Forum, Lockport High, Lockport N. Y.
Gleaner, Pawtucket High, Pawtucket, R. I.
Grotonian, Groton School, Groton, Mass.
Gale, Revere High Lit. Club, Revere, Mass.
Harrisville Flashlight, Harrisville, W. Va.
Habit, Charles City High, Charles City, Iowa.
Herald, Holyoke High, Holyoke, Mass.
High School News, Beaumont High, Beaumont, Tex.
Imp, Boston High, Boston, Mass.
Journal, Wilkes-Barre High, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Midi-Gazette, Montpellier, France.
Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.
Maze, May School, Boston, Mass.
Monitor, Wellesley High, Wellesley, Mass.
Mirror, Pratt High, Pratt, Kansas.
Mirror, Waltham High, Waltham, Mass.
Minutes, Waltham Watch Employees, Waltham Mass.
Purple & Gold, Nute High, Milton, N. H.
Polytechnic, Rensselaer Institute, Troy, N. Y.
Panograph, Kansas City High, Kansas City, Mo.
Ravellings, Decatur High, Decatur, Indiana.
Radiator, Somerville High, Somerville, Mass.
Sassamon, Natick High, Natick, Mass.
Schenley Triangle, Schenley High, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Signal, Cabmridge High, Cambridge, Ohio.
Student Life, Northland College Ashland, Wis.
Tattler, Conneaut High, Conneaut, Ohio.
Tech Life, Springfield Tech. School, Springfield, Mass.
Voice, Concord High, Concord, Mass.
Wheat, Ritzville High, Ritzville, Wash.
X-Ray, Sacramento High, Sacramento, Cal.

A Tragic Week

The year had gloriously begun
For Rastus Brown, a poor man's
Sun.
He was upset with bill and dun
And had but very little
Mon.
"The cash," said he, "won't pay my dues
I've nothing here but ones and
Tues.
A bright thought struck him and he said
That rich Mrs. Hambone I will
Wed.
But when he made his plea to her
She shook her head and said, "No,
Thur."
Now I'm done and doomed to die
I'll choke, I'll drown, I'll burn, "I'll
Fri."
They found his shoes, his coat and hat
Joe Bush, the coroner, on them
Sat.

—Ex.

Socialist—I want land reform; I want educational reform; I want housing reform, I want——

Bored Voice—Chloroform.—Ex.

An officer was showing an old lady over the ship. "This," he said, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell." "No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped on it myself." —Ex.

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